From Darkness to Light

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Chapter #1

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Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
HOW CAN WE SAVE HUMANITY FROM FALLING EVEN MORE?

It is one of the trade secrets of all the religions to propose propaganda that humanity has to be saved.
It is a very strange idea, but it is so old that nobody seems to look into the implications. Nobody asks why you are worried about saving humanity. And you have been saving humanity for thousands of years, but nothing seems to be saved.
In the first place, does humanity need any saving?
To answer this question all the religions have created an absolutely fictitious idea of the original fall, because unless

there is a fall the question of saving does not arise. And the religious conception of the original fall is just rubbish. Man has been evolving -- not falling -- in every possible way. The only way the original fall can be supported is by the idea of evolution proposed by Charles Darwin; but religions cannot use that -- they are very much offended. Charles Darwin's idea certainly can be put in such a way -- at least by the monkeys if not by man -- that it was an original fall. Certainly if man has evolved out of monkeys he must have fallen from the trees, and the monkeys who did not fall must have laughed at these idiots who had fallen. And there is a possibility that these were the weaker monkeys who could not survive in the trees.

In monkeys there exists a hierarchy. Perhaps the same mind and the same hierarchy are carried by man too; it is the same mind. If you see monkeys sitting in a tree you can know who's the chief: he will be at the top of the tree. Then there will be a big group of ladies, his harem -- the most beautiful, young. After that will be a third group.

I was thinking about this third group for many days but I had no word for it. In India we call that group the chamchas. Chamcha means a spoon, and these people are suckers. Just the way you take, with a spoon, things out of a bottle, they go on taking things -- power, money -- from those who have. Of course, they have to buttress these people, they have to praise these people.

But Devaraj has sent by coincidence today the right word -- because chamcha cannot be exactly translated; "spoon" loses all meaning. He has sent me a word which is Californian: the brownnose. And he sent me the Webster's dictionary also because I might not understand what a

brownnose is; and certainly I would not have understood what a brownnose is.
He sent a note also, thinking perhaps that even the dictionary may not be helpful because Webster writes it in such a way that it does not look in any way obscene, dirty. So he sent me a note also: "In Europe we call these people `arse-kissers'." That's exactly the meaning of chamchas. The chief on the top, then the harem of the ladies whom he controls, then the brownnoses! And then you come down to lower categories of the hierarchy. On the lowest branches are the poorest monkeys, without girlfriends, boyfriends -- servants. But perhaps from this very group humanity has grown.
Even in this group there may have been a few people who were so weak that they could not even manage to stay on the lowest branches. They were pushed, pulled, thrown, and somehow they found themselves fallen onto the earth. That is the original fall.
Monkeys still go on laughing at man. Certainly if you think from the monkey's side, a monkey walking on two legs ... if you are a monkey and you think from its side, seeing a monkey walking on two legs, you will think, "Has he joined a circus or something? And what happened to the poor guy? He just lives on the ground; he never comes to the trees, the wild freedom of the trees, the higher status of the trees. This is really the fallen one, the downtrodden."
Except for this, religions don't have any logical support for the idea of the original fall. Stories they have, but stories are not arguments, stories are not proofs. And stories can have just the opposite meaning to that which you wanted to give to them. For example, the original fall in Christianity

makes God the real culprit, and if anybody needs saving it is the Christian God.

A father preventing his children from being wise, from living forever, is certainly insane. Even the worst father would like his children to be wise, intelligent. Even the cruelest father would like his children to live forever.

But God prevents man from eating of two trees -- the tree of knowledge and the tree of eternal life. This seems to be a strange kind of God; it is not in any way possible to conceive Him as fatherly. He seems to be the enemy of man. Who needs saving? Your God is jealous: that's what was the argument of the devil who came in the form of a serpent and seduced the mind of Eve.

To me, there are many significant things to be understood. Why did he choose Eve and not Adam? He could have chosen Adam directly, but men by nature are less sensitive, less vulnerable, more arrogant, egoistic. Adam may not even have liked to have a conversation with a serpent, may have thought it was below his dignity. And to be persuaded by a serpent's argument would have been impossible for man. He would have argued against him; he would have struggled, fought -- because to agree with someone seems to the ego as if you are defeated.

The ego knows only disagreement, struggle, victory or defeat -- as if there is no other way, as if there are only two ways: victory and defeat. For the ego certainly there are only two ways.

But for a sensitive soul there is only one way -- to understand whatever is true. It is not a question of me and you, it is not a question of somebody being defeated or victorious. The question is: What is the truth?

The woman was not interested in arguing. She listened and she found that it was perfectly right. Wisdom was prohibited because, the serpent said, "God does not want man to become godlike, and if you are wise you will be godlike. And once you are wise it will not be very difficult for you to find the tree of eternal life."

It is really the other side of wisdom -- eternity. And if you are wise and you have eternal life, then who bothers about God? What has He got that you have not got? Just to keep you a slave, eternally dependent -- never allowing you to become a knowing being, never allowing you to taste something of the eternal -- in this vast garden of Eden He has prohibited only two trees. The argument was simply a statement of the fact.

Now, the person who brings the truth to humanity is condemned as the devil; and the person who was preventing humanity from knowing the truth, from knowing life, is praised as God. But the priests can live only with this kind of God; the devil will destroy them completely.

If God Himself becomes useless, futile, by man becoming wise and having eternal life, what about the priests? What about all the religions, the churches, the temples, the synagogues? What about these millions of people who are just parasites sucking humanity's blood in every possible way? They can exist only with that kind of God. Naturally the person who should be condemned as the devil is praised as God, and the person who should be praised as God is condemned as the devil.

Just try to see the story without any prejudice; just try to understand it from many aspects. This is only one of the

aspects but it is of tremendous importance -- because if God becomes the devil, the devil becomes God: then there is no original fall. If Adam and Eve had declined the devil's wise advice, that would have been the fall, and then there would have been a need to save man. But they did not decline. And the serpent was certainly wise, certainly wiser than your God.

Just see. Anybody knows, even a very mediocre person knows, that if you say to children, "Don't eat that fruit: you can eat anything that is available in the house but don't eat that fruit" -- the children will become absolutely disinterested in all kinds of foods; their only interest will be in that fruit which has been prohibited.

Prohibition is invitation.

The God of this story seems to be absolutely a fool. The garden was huge, with millions of trees. If He had not said anything about these two trees I don't think even by now man would have been able to find those two trees. But He started His religious sermons with this sermon. This is the first sermon: "Don't eat from these two trees." He pointed out the trees: "These are the two trees that you have to avoid." This is provocation.

Who says that the devil seduced Adam and Eve? It was God! Even without the devil, I say to you Adam and Eve would have eaten those fruits. The devil is not needed; God has done the work Himself. Sooner or later it would have been impossible to resist the temptation. Why should God prevent them?

All efforts to make people obedient simply lead them into disobedience. All efforts to enslave people make them more and more strong to rebel, to be free.

Even Sigmund Freud knows more psychology than your God, and Sigmund Freud is a Jew, just in the same tradition of Adam and Eve. Adam and Eve are his forefathers' forefathers' forefathers, but somewhere the same bloodstream is flowing. Sigmund Freud is more intelligent; and in fact there is no need for much intelligence to see a simple fact.

In my childhood, in my neighborhood, lived the richest man of the city. He had the only palatial building -- all marble. Around his house there was a beautiful garden, lawn. One day I was standing just outside his fence, and he was telling something to his gardener. I told him, "Dada" -- he was known as dada; dada means big brother. The whole town called him Dada, even people who were older than him, because he was rich.

I said to him, "You should remember one thing. Put a few posters around the garden that nobody should urinate here, because I have seen a few people urinating around your house." And it was a good place to urinate because a big garden, trees ... you could go behind them.

He said, "That's right!" The next day he painted a few instructions around the garden: "No Pissing Allowed" -- and since that day the whole town has been pissing around his house! He came to see my father. He said, "Where is your boy? -- he has made my house hell. And who has said to him that he has to advise me?"

My father said, "But what advice has he given to you? If you had asked me I would have told you never to listen to him; it always leads into some trouble. What happened?"

He said, "Nothing. I was just talking to the gardeners. He said, `Dada, I have seen a few people urinating.' I have

never seen them myself, my gardeners said, `We have never seen anybody,' but the idea struck me that it is true: huge trees, bushes ... people may be urinating in my garden or around my garden. This is not to be allowed anymore. So he suggested to me to make a few posters around the house: `No Pissing Allowed.' So I did that, and since that day the whole town is pissing around my garden. Where is your boy?"

My father said, "It is very difficult to know where he is. Whenever he comes, he comes; whenever he goes, he goes. He is not under our control. But if he has started giving advice to you, he will come to give more advice -- don't be worried. If his one piece of advice has worked, he will come; you just wait. And if he comes and I find him, I will bring him to you."

My father caught hold of me in the evening and he said, "You come. Why did you give this advice?"

I said, "My advice was to prohibit people. Nobody can say that my advice is wrong -- I have seen it written in many places. And yes, it is true I have seen people pissing there; that's how I got the idea. And I have enquired why people have started pissing.

"They say, `When we read the board suddenly the urge ... we remember that the bladder is full; otherwise we were engaged in other kinds of things and other thoughts were there. Who thinks of the bladder? When it becomes absolutely necessary, then only one thinks of it.

"`But when we look at these boards suddenly the bladder becomes the most important thing, and one feels the place is good, that's why the board has been put there -- people must be pissing here. And we see that there are many

marks, many people have pissed already, so we feel it is perfectly right.'"

It is a simple thing: If you prohibit anything, you provoke, you give a challenge.

In India it is not any legal problem to urinate anywhere, wherever you can manage: there is freedom of urination.

When I was nearabout ten or eleven years old my father became very sick so we had to take him to a very good hospital, far away in Indore.

The hospital in Indore was famous all over the country. We had to live there for six months. Just at the entrance of the hospital was a board: "No Urination Permitted. Anybody Disobeying Will Be Prosecuted." And there used to stand a policeman. To me that was even more provocative. The board was enough but a policeman with a gun standing there!

The very first day my father entered hospital and we were given quarters in the hospital to live in, I could not resist; it was impossible. The board alone was enough but to put a policeman there with a gun -- this was too much. I went directly.

The policeman was standing there; he looked at me. He could not believe it because it had never happened: I pissed!

He said, "What are you doing? Can't you read?"

I said, "I can read -- better than you."

And he said, "Can't you see me with this gun?"

I said, "I can see that too. It is because of your gun and this board -- otherwise I had no need. My house is just a two-minute walk from here, and I have just come from the

bathroom. It is really difficult to piss because my bladder is empty. But I cannot avoid the temptation."
He said, "You will have to come with me to the chief administrator of the hospital" -- it was a big hospital.
So I said, "Okay, I will come." I went there. The administrator was very angry.
He said, "You have just entered -- the first day, and you do such a thing?"
I said, "But what can I do? This policeman was pissing there!"
He said, "What!"
I said, "Yes, he was pissing there, and when I saw that a policeman was pissing there I thought perhaps it is absolutely legal, this board is nonsense."
The policeman said, "Who says I was pissing? This is absolutely wrong!"
The administrator said, "This is strange. Let us see."
What I had done, I had pissed in two places and I showed him those two. The administrator said, "Two places!" He said to the policeman, "Your services are finished! And that innocent boy -- he is not wrong. If you are pissing here ... you are supposed to prevent people."
I said, "I saw him, with his gun, pissing here, so I said, `Perhaps this is perfectly okay.' And I am new anyway, I don't know much." And the policeman could not deny it; there was no way to deny.
I said, "If you were not pissing you can deny it, but that simply means that you were not here, you were not on duty; somebody else has pissed. Either way you are finished."

He was thrown out of his job. When we came out he said, "Just listen, how did you manage that second place? You know that I was not pissing."
I said, "I know, you know, but that does not help. The question is the administrator: he does not know. And you were in every way caught: Either you were not on duty -- somebody else has pissed there -- or if you were on duty then you had pissed."
He said, "How did it happen? Perhaps when we were inside somebody else did it."
I said, "To be true to you now that you are finished -- you are no longer a policeman and I feel pity for you -- I had to do both the things before we left. You were not observant enough to see that I moved two feet."
He said, "Yes, I remember. You moved, and I was thinking, Why have you moved? Now I know. But that administrator won't let me even inside the house; he is a very strict man."
I said, "He may be a strict man, but he has become a friend to me" -- and he remained a friend to me for six months. I did every kind of thing in that hospital, but whenever I was brought to him, he said, "This boy is innocent. From the very first day I have known this boy is innocent and unnecessarily people are harassing him; for all kinds of things people are harassing him.
"Somebody else does something and he is being caught. And I know the reason: he is innocent, simple, from a small village. He knows nothing about the city and the cunningness of the city and all kinds of ruffians so you go and get hold of him: he has become the target." And I would stand before him very peacefully.

He remained a friend to me all those six months, just because of that one case in which the policeman was thrown out. But to me it was a simple case of provocation. God could not see a simple thing? -- that to these innocent Adam and Eve He is giving a challenge? In the uncorrupted souls, utterly innocent, He is putting the seed of corruption. But to save Him the priests have managed to bring the serpent in, and thrown the whole responsibility on the serpent -- that he is the sole cause of man's original fall. But I don't see him as the original cause. If anything he is the original incentive to man's growth.

The devil is the original rebel. And what he said to Adam and Eve is the beginning of a true religion, not what God said -- that is the beginning of suicide, not religion.

In the East the serpent is worshiped as the wisest animal in the world; and I think that is far better. If the serpent really did this then he is certainly the wisest animal in the world. He saved man from eternal slavery, ignorance, stupidity. This is not the original fall, this is the original rise.

You are asking me how to save humanity from falling even further.

Humanity has never been falling.

What has been happening is that all the religious dogmas sooner or later become small and cannot contain man. Man goes on growing:

Dogmas don't grow, doctrines don't grow.

The doctrines remain the same and man outgrows them. The priest clings to the doctrine. That is his heritage, his power, tradition, ancient wisdom. He clings to it. Now what to say about the man who goes on outgrowing all those

doctrines? Certainly to the priest this is a continuous fall; man is falling.

Just take a few examples and you will understand how doctrines are bound to be rigid, static, dead. Man is alive. You cannot hold him in something which does not grow with him. He will break all those prisons, he will shatter all those chains.

For example, in Jainism the Jaina monk is not supposed to use shoes, for the simple reason that in ancient days shoes were made only of leather, and leather comes from animals; animals are killed. It is a symbol of violence, and Mahavira wanted his followers not to be in any way -- directly or indirectly -- involved in violence.

He prevented everybody from wearing shoes. He was not aware that one day shoes of rubber would be available, which involves no violence. Shoes of synthetic leather would be available, which involves no violence. Shoes of cloth would be available, which involves no violence. He was not aware. So it indicates two things. The claim of the Jainas that Mahavira is omniscient is nonsense; he knew nothing of synthetic leather -- he cannot be omniscient.

Secondly, now twenty-five centuries have passed: Jaina monks and nuns are still walking bare-footed on the dusty roads in hot weather in a country like India. You should see their feet; tears will come to your eyes. The skin of their feet is all broken, as broken as when for two or three years rains don't come and the earth breaks; and blood is oozing out of those wounds. Still they have to go on walking; they cannot use a vehicle, because in those days again a vehicle

meant horse-driven, bullock-driven -- and that was violence.

And I can understand that it is violence. Who are you to force poor animals to pull your vehicles and to pull you? But Mahavira was not aware that there would be cars which would not be pulled by horses but would have horsepower without horses, that there would be trains, electrical vehicles. He was not aware of that, that there would be airplanes with the least possibility of violence.

Even walking you will do more violence because it is not only when you kill an elephant that it is violence. According to Jainism the soul has the same status in the ant, the smallest ant, and the biggest elephant. Only the bodies are different -- the souls are the same. So when you are walking on the road you may be killing many insects; not only insects, even when you are breathing you are killing very small living cells in the air. Just by the hot air coming out of your nose, your mouth, they are being killed. Perhaps for the Jaina monk and nun the airplane is the most non-violent vehicle. When I suggested it to Jaina monks they said, "What are you saying? If somebody hears it we will be thrown out, expelled!"

I could convince just one Jaina monk, and certainly he was expelled. He was a little stupid. We both were staying in one temple, and I told him, "You unnecessarily walk ten miles every day from this place to the city, while a car comes for me; you can go with me."

He said, "But if anybody sees?"

I said, "We can always manage." He used to have a bamboo mat, so I said, "You put the bamboo mat on the sofa in the car, and sit on the bamboo mat."

He said, "What will that do?"
I said, "You can simply say, `I am sitting on my bamboo mat; I am not concerned with the car or anything.'"
He said, "This is perfectly right, because if I am sitting on the bamboo mat and somebody pulls my bamboo mat, what can I do?"
I said, "That's right -- you just sit on the bamboo mat." I took him in the car, and we reached the place where there was a meeting in which I and he were both going to speak. When they saw him sitting .... And I asked somebody to come and pull the bamboo mat out, with him sitting on top of it.
They said, "What is all this?"
I said, "You first pull him out, because he has nothing to do with the car -- he is simply sitting on his bamboo mat. I have pushed his bamboo mat into the car; now we have to take him out." And I had told him, "You simply sit with your eyes closed." I said to them, "He is a very meditative person, and don't disturb him, just pull his mat."
They pulled, but they were angry that this ...."We never heard of it: a Jaina monk sitting in a car! And we know perfectly well this is not a meditative monk; this is the first time we have seen him sitting with closed eyes. He is not very erudite either, not scholarly or anything."
He knew only three speeches, and he used to ask me which one would be right, so I used to make the sign one, two, or three; that would do. So whichever finger I raised first he would do that speech. And I always managed to let him deliver the wrong speech, one which was not supposed to be for that audience, but he depended on my finger; he was a little stupid.

Finally they expelled him just because he sat in the car. While I was there they could not, because I argued for him, "He has nothing to do with it. You could expel me -- but you cannot because I am not your monk, I don't belong to anybody; nobody in the whole world can expel me. But you can expel me; if you can enjoy expelling, you can expel me. But he is absolutely innocent."

So in front of me they could not do anything, but the moment I left, the next day, they expelled him. They took away all his symbols of a Jaina monk. Only after five, seven years passed I met him in Lucknow, and what a great coincidence! -- he was driving a taxi, he had become a taxi-driver. That's how I met him -- at the railway station, because I had to get down there and go to a hotel and wait at least eight hours; then my next train would come which would take me to the place where I was going.

So in Lucknow I had no work and I had not informed anybody, so I could just rest eight hours. By chance I called the taxi and he came. I said, "What! You are driving a taxi."

He said, "It is all your doing."

I said, "But I think it is perfectly logical: from car to car, and from the back seat to the front seat. This is what evolution is! And at that time you were even afraid to sit down; now you are driving. You keep going: soon you will be a pilot and someday I will meet you in the air."

He said, "Don't joke with me. I have been so angry with you, but seeing you all my anger has gone -- you are such a nice person. But why did you do that to me?"

I said, "I took you out of that bondage; now you can go to the cinema, you can smoke cigarettes. You can do everything that you want."

"I am. Yes, that is true," he said, "that you have made me free. I was a slave of those people; I could not even move without their permission. Now I don't care a bit about anybody; I earn my living and I live the way I want to live. If you could help all the other Jaina monks also ...."

I said, "I try my best but the followers are always surrounding them, protecting them, insisting that they should not talk with me. They say `Even talk is dangerous because this man may put some idea in your mind.'"

All the religions are afraid of thinking, afraid of raising questions, afraid of doubt, afraid of disobedience, and stuck centuries back -- for the simple reason that these things were not available then. Those people who were making those rules had no idea what the future was going to be. Hence all the religions are agreed that man is continuously falling because he is not following the scriptures, not following the doctrines, not following the messiahs, the prophets. But I don't see that man is falling. In fact man's sensitivity has grown.

His intelligence has grown, his life span has grown. He is more capable now of getting rid of slavery and patterns of slavery.

Man is courageous enough to doubt, question, enquire. This is not a fall.

This is the beginning of a true religion spreading. Soon it can become a wildfire.

But to the priests certainly it is a fall. Everything is a fall because it is not according to their scriptures.

Do you know, in India, just a hundred years ago nobody was allowed to go to foreign countries, for the simple reason that in foreign countries you would be mixing with people who cannot be accepted as human beings; they are below human beings.

In India they have the worst class of human beings whom they call untouchables. They cannot be touched. If you touch them you have to take a shower and cleanse yourself. In foreign countries people are even farther down than the untouchables. For them they had a special word, mlechchhas. It is very difficult to translate that word. It means something so ugly, so obscene, so dirty that it creates nausea in you. That will be the full meaning of the word, mlechchha: people whose contact will create nausea in you, a sickness in you.

Even when Gandhi went to England to study, his mother had taken three oaths from him. One was that he would not look at any woman with lustful eyes -- a very difficult thing, because by the time you become aware that you have been looking with lustful eyes, you have already looked! I don't think Gandhi followed that; he could not, it is impossible to follow, although he tried his best.

Secondly, he should not eat meat. And he was in such a trouble because -- now in London you can find vegetarian restaurants, health food is now in fashion, but when Gandhi had gone to study, there was no vegetarian food available. He had to live just on fruits, bread, butter, milk. He was almost starving. He would not mix with people because those people were all mlechchhas. And of course he was so much afraid of women: Who knows? -- just like a breeze lust comes to the eyes.

Lust is not something that knocks on your door and says, "I am coming." You see a beautiful woman and suddenly you feel, "She is beautiful" -- and that's enough. Just to say, "She is beautiful," means you have already looked with lustful eyes; otherwise what business is it for you to judge whether she is beautiful or ugly?

In fact if you go deep down in your judgments you will see, at the moment you say that someone is beautiful, deep down you want to possess. When you say someone is ugly, deep down you don't want to have anything to do with that person. Your "ugly," your "beauty," are really your desires for or against.

So Gandhi was continuously afraid of women. He had to remain confined to his room, because in Europe there were women all over; how could you avoid them?

And the third oath was that he should not change his religion.

The first trouble arose in Alexandria. Their ship was to wait there for three days for loading, unloading cargo. And all the people who were on the ship who had become friendly towards Gandhi -- they were all Indians -- said to him simply, "What is the point, sitting here for three days? The nights in Alexandria are beautiful!"

But he didn't understand the meaning, that "nights in Alexandria are beautiful." In that way he was a simpleton. He had never heard the name of the famous book ARABIAN NIGHTS; otherwise he would have understood. Alexandria is very close to Arabia, and those are Arabian nights!

So Gandhi said, "Okay, if the nights are beautiful I am coming." But he was not aware where he was going. They

took him into a beautiful house, and he said, "But where are we going?"
"To beautiful nights," those friends said -- and it was a prostitute's house. Gandhi was so shocked that he lost his voice. He could not say, "I don't want to go in"; he could not say, "I want to go back to the ship" -- for two reasons. One was: "These people will think that I am impotent or something." Secondly, he was not able to speak; for the first time he found that his throat was choked.
Those people just dragged him. They said, "He is new -- nothing to be worried about," and he went with them. They pushed him into a prostitute's room and closed the door. The prostitute was also a little puzzled seeing this man trembling, perspiring. She completely forgot that he was a customer. She just made him sit; he wouldn't sit on her bed but she forced him. She said, "You are not in a position to stand, you will fall down, you are shaking so much. You just sit."
He could not say that he could not sit on a prostitute's bed; What will my mother say? I have not looked yet -- he was talking to his mother inside -- I have not yet looked with lustful eyes. This is just an accident; those idiots have forced me here. The woman understood that it seemed he had been forced. She said, "Don't be worried, I'm also a human being. What do you want? Simply tell me and I will do it." But he could not say anything.
The woman said,"It is very difficult now, how .... You don't speak?"
He said, "I ... just ...."
So she said, "You please write."

He had to write on paper, "I have been unnecessarily forced here -- I simply want to go. And I look on you as my sister."
She said, "That's perfectly okay, don't be worried." She opened the door and she said, "Do you have money enough to go to the ship or should I come with you to lead you? -- because Alexandria in the middle of the night is dangerous."
He said, "No" -- now he was able to speak for the first time, seeing that a prostitute is not some dangerous animal. She behaved more humanly than any woman had ever behaved with him. She offered him food. He said, "No, I cannot eat; I am okay." She offered water; he wouldn't drink water from a prostitute's house ... as if water also becomes dirty because it is in a prostitute's house.
In India that happens. In Indian stations you will find people shouting, "Hindu water!" "Mohammedan water!" Water Hindu? Mohammedan? And Jainas of course don't drink either the Hindu water or the Mohammedan water; they carry their own water, Jaina water, because they are such a minority that in stations you won't find Jaina water, so they have to carry their own water.
But Gandhi thanked the woman, and in his autobiography he wrote about that woman and about the whole incident: "How cowardly I was! I could not even speak, could not even say no."
Now these three things kept him a slave in England where he could have been free. He could have looked into many aspects of life which were not available in India, but it was impossible because those three oaths were so binding. He did not make friends, he did not go to any meetings,

sermons. He simply kept himself with his books and prayed to God, "Somehow finish my course so I can be back in India."

Now, such a person cannot become a great legal expert. His examination was good, he passed. But when he came to India, in his first case, when he went to the court again the same thing happened as had happened in the prostitute's house. He simply said, "My lord ..." and that was all! People waited a few minutes, then again he said, "My lord ...." And he was trembling so that the justice said, "You take him and let him relax."

That was Gandhi's first and last case in India, in an Indian court. Then he never dared to take any case because just after "My lord," he might stop, and that would not make sense. And the reason was simply that he had no experience of meeting people, talking with people, conversing with people. He had become almost like an isolated monk who had lived in a faraway monastery, alone, and then had been brought again to Bombay where he was not at all at ease. And this man became one of the greatest leaders of the world. In this world things work very strangely. Because Gandhi could not go to the court, he accepted an offer from a friendly Mohammedan family; they had business in South Africa and they needed a legal adviser. He was not to go to the court, he had just to advise the advocate there, to assist him to understand the whole situation of the business in India and in Africa.

So he was just an assistant to the advocate; he was not going to court directly. For this purpose he went to Africa, but on the way two accidents happened which changed not

only his life but the whole Indian history, and perhaps made an impact on the whole world.

One was that a friend who had come to see him off at the ship presented him a book, UNTO THIS LAST, by John Ruskin -- a book which transformed his whole life. It is a simple book and a small book. It professes -- "Unto this last" means the poorest one -- we should consider the poorest one first. And that became his whole philosophy of life: the poorest should be considered first.

In South Africa, while Gandhi was traveling in a first-class compartment, one Englishman entered and said, "You get out, because no Indian can travel in first class."

Gandhi said, "But I have a first-class ticket. The question is not whether I am Indian or European; the question is whether I have a first-class ticket or not. Nowhere is it written who can travel; whoever has a first-class ticket can travel."

But that Englishman was not going to listen. He pulled the emergency chain and threw Gandhi's things out. And Gandhi was a thin and weak man; the Englishman threw him out also on the platform and told him, "now you travel first class."

The whole night Gandhi remained on that small station's platform. The stationmaster told him, "You unnecessarily got into trouble; you should have got down. You seem to be new here. Indians cannot travel first-class. It is not a law but this is how things are." But the whole night Gandhi spent in a turmoil. It became the very seed of his revolt against the British Empire. That night he decided that this empire has to end.

Gandhi lived many years in Africa and there he learned the whole art of fighting non-violently. And when he came to India in the 1920's he was a perfectly trained leader of non-violent revolution, and he immediately took over the whole country, for the simple reason that he was conventional, traditional, religious. Nobody could say that he was not a sage, because he was following rules of five thousand years before, laid down five thousand years before.

In fact he was preaching that we should turn the clock backwards and we should move to the days of Manu -- five thousand years back. To him the greatest and the latest invention was the spinning wheel. After that, no science ... science's work finished with the spinning wheel. Of course he became the leader of those people who are not contemporary.

You are asking me how to save humanity. From whom? I will say from Mahatma Gandhi and people like him.

Yes, save humanity:

Save it from the popes, shankaracharyas, imams. Save it from Jesus Christ, Mahavira, Gautam Buddha. Save it.

But I know your question is not about saving it from Jesus Christ. You are asking just the opposite: you are asking me how to save it for Jesus Christ, not from Jesus Christ. But why? And have you tried to think -- are you saved? Can you say that you have come to the point beyond which there is no growth? Can you say that you are utterly contented, that you don't need even a single moment more to live because there is nothing left for you?

Are you saved from all anxiety, anguish, misery, suffering, anger, jealousy?

Are you saved from your own ego?

If you are not saved from all this rubbish hanging around, all this poison in your being, you have some nerve to ask how to save humanity.
And who are we to save humanity?
On what authority?
I can never conceive myself as a savior, as a messiah, because these are all ego trips. Who am I to save you? If I can save myself, that is more than enough.
But it is a strange world. People are drowning themselves in shit and crying loudly, "Save humanity!"
From whom? From you?
It is psychologically understandable. You start all these ideas of redeeming, saving, helping, serving, just to do one thing: to escape from yourself.
You don't want to face yourself.
You don't want to see where you are, what you are. The best way is, start saving humanity so you will be so much involved, engaged, occupied, worried about great problems that your own problems will look negligible. Perhaps you may forget all about them. This is a very psychological device, but very poisonous. You want somehow to be as far away from yourself as possible so you need not see the wounds which are hurting. The best way is: serve.
I used to go to speak in Rotary Clubs, and on their desk they have their motto: We serve. And that was enough to trigger me. "What nonsense is this? Whom do you serve and why should you serve? Who are you to serve?" But Rotarians all over the world believe in service; just believe .... And once in a while they do little things, very clever. The Rotarians collect all the medicines which are left in your house, unused because the sick person is no longer

sick. Half the bottle is left -- what are you going to do with it? Have some bank account in the other world; give it to the Rotary Club!

You are not losing anything, you were going to throw it anyway. What were you going to do with that medicine, those tablets, injections or any other things that are left? You just give it to the Rotary Club. The Rotary Club collects all kinds of medicines from everybody and has all the top people of the city. It is a prestigious thing to be a member of a Rotary Club, to be a Rotarian, because only the top man in a certain profession .... Only one professor will be a Rotarian, only one doctor will be a Rotarian, only one engineer will be a Rotarian -- only one from every profession, vocation.

So the doctor who is the Rotarian will distribute those medicines to poor people. Great service! The doctor takes his fee and finds out from this junk that they have collected what medicine may be in some way useful. He is doing great service because at least he is giving this much time in finding the medicine from out of the junk: "We serve." And then he feels great inside that he is doing something of immense value.

One man has been opening schools in India for aboriginal children his whole life. He is a follower of Gandhi. Just by chance he met me, because I had gone into that aboriginal tribe. I was studying those aboriginals from every view, because they are living examples of days when man was not so much burdened with all kinds of morality, religion, civilization, culture, etiquette, manners. They are simple, innocent, still wild, fresh.

This man was going and collecting money from cities, and opening schools and bringing teachers. Just by the way he met me there. I said, "What are you doing? You think you are doing great service to these people?"
He said, "Of course!"
So arrogantly he said, "Of course!" I said, "You are not aware of what you are doing. Schools exist in the cities, better than these: what help have they provided for human beings? And if those schools cannot provide, and colleges and universities cannot provide any help to humanity, what do you think? -- your small schools are going to help these poor aboriginals?
"All that you will do is, you will destroy their originality. All that you will do is, you will destroy their primitive wildness. They are still free: your schools will create nothing but trouble for them."
The man was shocked, but he waited for a few seconds and then said, "Perhaps you are right, because once in a while I have been thinking that these schools and colleges and universities exist on a far wider scale all over the world. What can my small schools do? But then I thought it was Gandhi's order to me to go to aboriginals and open schools, so I am following my master's order."
I said, "If your master was an idiot, that does not mean that you have to continue following the order. Now, stop -- I order you! And I tell you why you have been doing all this -- just to escape from your own suffering, your own misery. You are a miserable man; anybody can see it from your face. You have never loved anybody, you have never been loved by anybody."

He said, "How did you manage to infer that? -- because it is true. I was an orphan, nobody loved me, and I have been brought up in Gandhi's ashram where love was only talked about in prayer; otherwise, love was not a thing to be practiced. There was strict discipline, a kind of regimentation. So nobody has ever loved me, that's true; and you are right, I have never loved anybody because in Gandhi's ashram it was impossible to fall in love. That was the greatest crime.

"I was one of those whom Gandhi praised because I never fell in his eyes. Even his own sons betrayed him. Devadas, his son, fell in love with Rajgopalchary's daughter, and then he was expelled from the ashram; they got married. Gandhi's own personal secretary, Pyarelal, fell in love with a woman and kept the love affair secret for years. When it was exposed it was a scandal, a great scandal."

I said, "What nonsense! But Gandhi's personal secretary ... that means, what about others?" And this man was praised because he never came in contact with any woman! Gandhi sent him to the aboriginal tribes and he had been doing what the master had said.

But he said to me, "You have disturbed me. Perhaps it is true: I am just trying to escape from myself, from my wounds, from my own anguish."

So all these people who become interested in saving humanity, in the first place are very egoistic. They are thinking of themselves as saviors. In the second place, they are very sick. They are trying to forget their sickness. And in the third place, whatever they do is going to help man become worse than he is, because they are sick and blind and they are trying to lead people. And when blind people

lead then you can be certain sooner or later the whole lot is going to fall into a well.
No, I am not interested in saving anybody. In fact, nobody needs saving. Everybody is perfectly okay as he is. Everybody is what he has chosen to be. Now who am I to disturb him? All that I can do is, I can say about myself what has happened to me. I can tell my story. Perhaps from that story someone may get an insight, a direction. Perhaps from that a door opens up. But I am not doing anything, I am simply sharing my own experience.
It is not service, I am enjoying it, so it is not service. Remember it. A servant has to be very long-faced and very serious -- he is doing such a great work. He is carrying the Himalayas on his shoulders, the whole burden of the world. I am not carrying anything:
No burden of the world, no burden of anybody.
And I am not doing any serious job.
I am just enjoying telling you about my experience. To share it is a joy in itself.
If something reaches to you, thank God!
He does not exist.
Don't thank me -- because I exist!

From Darkness to Light

Chapter #2

Chapter title: Innocence: the price you pay for the failure of success
1 March 1985 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1

BELOVED OSHO,
HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO STAY WITH YOUR OWN CLARITY AS A CHILD AND NOT LET YOURSELF BECOME INTIMIDATED BY THE GROWN-UPS AROUND YOU? WHERE DID YOU GET THAT COURAGE FROM?

Innocence is courage and clarity both.
There is no need to have courage if you are innocent. There is no need, either, for any clarity because nothing can be more clear, crystal clear, than innocence. So the whole question is how to protect one's own innocence.
Innocence is not something to be achieved.
It is not something to be learned.
It is not something like a talent: painting, music, poetry, sculpture. It is not like those things. It is more like breathing, something you are born with.
Innocence is everybody's nature.
Nobody is born other than innocent.
How can one be born other than innocent? Birth means you have entered the world as a tabula rasa, nothing is written on you. You have only future, no past. That is the meaning of innocence. So first try to understand all the meanings of innocence.
The first is: no past, only future.
The past corrupts because it gives you memories, experiences, expectations. All those combined together make you clever but not clear. They make you cunning but not intelligent. They may help you to succeed in the world but in your innermost being you will be a failure. And all the success of the world means nothing compared to the

failure that finally you are going to face, because ultimately only your inner self remains with you. All is lost: your glory, your power, your name, your fame -- all start disappearing like shadows.

At the end only that remains which you had brought in the very beginning. You can take from this world only that which you have brought in.

In India it is common wisdom that the world is like a waiting room in a railway station; it is not your house. You are not going to remain in the waiting room forever. Nothing in the waiting room belongs to you -- the furniture, the paintings on the wall .... You use them -- you see the painting, you sit on the chair, you rest on the bed -- but nothing belongs to you. You are just here for a few minutes, or for a few hours at the most, then you will be gone.

Yes, what you have brought in with you, into the waiting room, you will take away with you; that's yours. What have you brought into the world? And the world certainly is a waiting room. The waiting may not be in seconds, minutes, hours, days, it may be in years; but what does it matter whether you wait seven hours, or seventy years?

You may forget, in seventy years, that you are just in a waiting room. You may start thinking perhaps you are the owner, perhaps this is the house you have built. You may start putting your nameplate on the waiting room.

There are people -- I have seen it, because I was traveling so much: people have written their names in the bathrooms of the waiting room. People have engraved their names on the furniture of the waiting room. It looks stupid, but it is

very similar to what people do in the world. There is a very significant story in ancient Jaina scriptures ....
In India it is believed that if somebody can become the emperor of the whole world he is called a chakravartin. The word chakravartin simply means ... CHAKRA means the wheel. In ancient India it was a way to avoid unnecessary fighting and violence: a chariot, a golden chariot, very valuable, with beautiful and strong horses, would move from one kingdom to another kingdom. If the other kingdom did not resist and let the chariot pass, that meant that kingdom had accepted the owner of the chariot as its superior. Then there was no need to fight.
This way the chariot would move, and wherever people obstructed the chariot, then there would be war. If the chariot was not obstructed anywhere, then without any war, the superiority of the king was proved: he become a chakravartin -- one whose wheel has moved around and whom nobody has been able to obstruct. This has been the desire of all the kings, to become a chakravartin.
Certainly it needs more power than Alexander the Great had. Just to send your chariot ... it needs tremendous power to support it. It needs the absolute certainty that if the chariot is obstructed there is going to be a mass slaughter. It means the man is recognized already, that if he wants to conquer anybody there is no way to prevent him conquering you.
But it is a very symbolic way, more civilized than .... There is no need to attack, there is no need to start killing; just send a symbolic message. So with the flag of the king, the chariot will go, and if the other king feels that there is no point in resisting -- fighting simply means defeat and

unnecessary violence, destruction -- he welcomes the chariot, and in his capital, flowers are thrown over the chariot.

This seems to be a far more civilized way than what the Soviet Union and America are going to do. Just send a beautiful chariot -- but that means your strength should be something absolutely certain to you; and not only to you, it should be certain to everybody else. Only then can such a symbol be of any help. So every king had the desire to become a chakravartin someday.

The story is that one man became a chakravartin -- and it happens only once in thousands of years that a man becomes a chakravartin. Even Alexander the Great was not a world conqueror; there was yet much left unconquered. And he died very young, he was only thirty-three: there was not even time enough to conquer the world. What to say of conquering, the whole world was not even known. Half of the world was unknown, and the half that was known, even that was not conquered. This man, of whom I am going to tell you the story, became the chakravartin.

It is said that when a chakravartin dies -- because a chakravartin happens only in thousands of years, he is a rare being -- when he dies he is received in heaven with great rejoicings and he is taken to a special place.

In Jaina mythology, in heaven there is a parallel mountain to the Himalayas. The Himalayas are just made of rocks and earth and ice. The parallel Himalayas in heaven is called Sumeru. Sumeru means the ultimate mountain: nothing can be higher than that, nothing can be better than that. It is solid gold; instead of rocks there are diamonds and rubies and emeralds.

When a chakravartin dies he is led to Sumeru mountain to engrave his name on it. That is a rare opportunity; that happens only once in thousands of years. Of course this man was immensely excited that he was going to write his name on Sumeru. That is the ultimate catalogue of all the great ones that have been, and will also be the catalogue of all the great ones who are going to be. This emperor was becoming party to a lineage of supermen.

The gatekeeper gave him the instruments to engrave his name. He wanted a few of his men who had committed suicide just because their emperor was dying -- they could not think of living without him. His wife, his prime minister, his commander-in-chief -- all the great people who were around him, they all had committed suicide, so they had come with him.

The emperor wanted the gatekeeper to let them all come to see him engrave his name, because what is the joy if you go alone and engrave your name and nobody is there even to see? -- because the real joy is that the whole world should see.

The gatekeeper said, "You listen to my advice, because this is my inherited profession. My father was a gatekeeper, his father was a gatekeeper; for centuries we have been gatekeepers to Sumeru mountain. Listen to my advice: Don't take them with you; otherwise you will repent."

The emperor could not understand, but he could not even go against his advice -- because what interest could that man have in preventing him?

The gatekeeper said, "If you still want them to see, first go engrave your name; then come back and take them with you if you want. I have no objection even now if you want

to take them, but just in case you decide not to, then there will be no place, no chance ... they will be with you. You go alone." This was perfectly sane advice.
The emperor said, "That's good. I will go alone, engrave my name, come back, and call you all."
The gatekeeper said, "I am perfectly agreeable to that."
The emperor went and he saw the Sumeru shining under thousands of suns -- because in heaven you cannot be so poor as to have just one sun -- thousands of suns, and a golden mountain far bigger than the Himalayas -- and the Himalayas are almost two thousands miles long! He could not open his eyes for a moment, it was so glaring there. And then he started looking for a space, the right space, but he was very much puzzled: there was no space; the whole mountain was engraved with names.
He could not believe his eyes. For the first time he became aware what he was. Up to now he was thinking he was a superman who happens once in thousands of years. But time has been from eternity; even thousands of years didn't make any difference, so many chakravartins had happened already. There was no space on that biggest mountain in the whole universe where he could write his small name.
He came back, and now he understood that the gatekeeper was right not to take his wife and his commander-in-chief and his prime minister and other intimate friends. It was good that they had not seen the situation. They would still believe that their emperor was a rare being.
He took the gatekeeper inside and he said, "But there is no space!"
The gatekeeper said, "That's what I was telling you. What you have to do is to erase a few names and write down your

name. That's what has been done; my whole life I have been seeing this done, my father used to say this has been done. My father's father -- none of my family have seen Sumeru empty, or any space ever.

"Whenever a chakravartin has come he had to erase a few names and write his own name. So this is not the whole history of the chakravartins. Many times it has been erased, many times it has been engraved. You just do your work, and then if you want to show your friends you can bring them in."

The emperor said, "No, I don't want to show them and I don't want to even write my name. What is the point? -- someday somebody will come and erase it.

"My whole life has become utterly meaningless. This was my only hope, that Sumeru, the golden mountain in heaven was going to have my name. For this I have lived, for this I have staked my life; for this I was ready to kill the whole world. And anybody else can erase my name and write his. What is the point of writing it? I will not write it." The gatekeeper laughed.

The emperor said, "Why are you laughing?"

The gatekeeper said, "This is strange, because this too I have been hearing from my grandfathers -- that chakravartins come, and seeing the whole story, just turn back; they don't write their names. You are not new: anybody having a little intelligence would do the same."

In this whole world what can you gain?

What can you take away with you?

Your name, your prestige, your respectability? Your money, your power -- what? Your scholarship?

You cannot take anything.

Everything will have to be dropped here.
And in that moment you will understand that all that you possessed was not yours; the very idea of possession was wrong. And because of that possession you were corrupted. To increase that possession -- to have more money, to have more power, to conquer more lands -- you were doing things which even you cannot say were right. You were lying, you were dishonest. You were having hundreds of faces. You were not true even for a single moment to anybody or to yourself; you could not be.
You had to be false, phony, pretending, because these are things that help you to succeed in the world. Authenticity is not going to help you. Honesty is not going to help you. Truthfulness is not going to help you.
Without possessions, success, fame; who are you?
You don't know.
You are your name, you are your fame, you are your prestige, your power. But other than these, who are you?
So this whole possessiveness becomes your identity. It gives you a false sense of being.
That's the ego.
Ego is not something mysterious, it is a very simple phenomenon. You don't know who you are, and to live without knowing who you are is impossible. If I don't know who I am, then what am I doing here? Then whatsoever I am doing becomes meaningless. The first and the foremost thing is to know who I am. Perhaps then I can do something that fulfills my nature, makes me contented, brings me home.
But if I don't know who I am, and I go on doing things, how can I manage to reach where my nature was supposed

to reach, to lead? I have been running hither and thither but there is not going to be any point that I can say, "Now I have arrived, this was the place I was searching for."
You don't know who you are, so some false identity is needed as a substitute. Your possessions give you that false identity.
When Alexander the Great was coming back from India he remembered that his master, Aristotle, had asked him to bring a sannyasin from India. Aristotle had heard about sannyasins. Rumors from business people, travelers, adventurers, were reaching him that a strange kind of man exists in India: the sannyasin. It was absolutely unbelievable because a sannyasin is possible only when a certain civilization reaches its very peak, not before that. A primitive society cannot have sannyasins.
Only a very superior culture, rich, can become fed up with richness, fed up with culture, fed up with civilization. You cannot be fed up with something which you don't have. To be fed up with something, you need to have it so much that it loses all meaning.
There is a continuous loss in meaning. For example: if you have one million dollars, do you think when you have ten million dollars the dollar will have the same value for you? It will be ten times less. But if you have one hundred thousand million dollars, then in the same proportion the dollar will go on losing its value for you. You can think of a situation where the dollar loses all meaning, it becomes just dust unto dust. But that is possible only when you have so much.
A country poor, hungry, starving cannot have real sannyasins. Yes, India still has sannyasins but that is just

the dead corpse of sannyas carried on by tradition. Otherwise sannyasins disappeared at least two thousand years ago in India -- they don't exist.

My effort was the first after two thousand years to bring the sannyasin back in his true color. That became a conflict because the old sannyasin is dead, but he holds the power of tradition, of the past; my sannyasin is alive, but he has no power of the past, no power of tradition, no authority from the scriptures. There was going to be conflict. And the old were afraid: although they knew they had all the authority, one thing was certain -- that they were not alive. They may have all the authority but they are a corpse.

My sannyasin may not have any authority, but he is alive, and life is the only authority there is; hence, the fear in all different traditions of sannyas in India against my sannyasins.

We were not doing any harm to anybody; we were not even concerned. We were simply trying to live our way, not interfering with anybody, not even trespassing on anybody's path. But strangely, the whole of traditional India -- and the whole country is traditional -- wanted to destroy my people.

The reason is clear: they became aware that if we succeed in surviving then their death has come. Then they cannot remain any more, they will have to disappear. In fact they are living posthumously; they should have disappeared two thousand years before. Exactly at the time when Alexander left India, they should have disappeared.

Alexander enquired in every place he visited, "I want to see a sannyasin. My master has requested me .... I asked him, `Would you like anything from India?'" -- because in those

days India was the golden bird. Everything valuable was coming from India -- in fact Europe was almost in a barbarous state. But Aristotle had asked not for something that Alexander could have thought of, imagined. He asked a very strange thing: "Bring a sannyasin."

Alexander enquired in every place he visited, and everybody said, "You come a little late." It was five hundred years after Buddha that Alexander reached India. They said, "You should have come five hundred years before, or at least two hundred years before.

"If you had come five hundred years before you would have been greeted by sannyasins everywhere; they were all over the place. They were a strange tribe of people. Even if you had come two hundred years before you would have found one here, one there. That great era of the sannyasins had passed but a few remnants were still available. Now it is very difficult, but you go on trying; perhaps somewhere you may be able to find one."

Alexander was very puzzled: he would not even be able to present to his master the simple gift he had asked for; but finally at the border he found a man. People said, "You have come to the right place. This is the man." Alexander reports in his memoirs that the man's name was Dandamis; that seems to be a Greek transliteration of some Indian word.

I have been thinking what exactly it could be, because Dandamis is not an Indian word. But there has been a certain group of sannyasins who are called Danda Swami. Danda means a staff -- they carry a staff -- and swami means a master of oneself. So it seems "Danda swami" somehow has got mixed and become "Dandamis."

Alexander sent his people -- obviously. Alexander was a great conqueror, emperor: he would not go to the sannyasin. The sannyasin was just a beggar, and Alexander heard from people that he was naked and just lived by the side of the river under a tree.

Alexander sent four soldiers with naked swords and told them, "Invite the swami. Tell him, `Alexander the Great wants you to be his guest. He wants to take you to his country with great respect and honor, and you will remain there as a royal guest. This is something very special, because Alexander has never invited anybody the way he is inviting you.'"

They went, and they told Dandamis. The naked man simply laughed. He said, "A man who calls himself Alexander the Great cannot be really great. That is a sign of a very mean mind, to think of oneself as `the Great'."

The soldiers were shocked. They said, "What are you saying? Can't you see our naked swords?"

Dandamis said, "I am not blind like you, and like your Alexander the Great. If you who are blind can see, can't I, who am not blind, see? Just go and tell Alexander that a sannyasin moves according to his will. Thanks for your invitation, and in return I invite you to be here with me, my guest under my tree, to have some taste of what sannyas is."

Alexander was very angry when he heard that this had been the response. He himself went and he said, "I am a dangerous man."

Again the naked man laughed, and he said, "You cannot be more dangerous than I am. If you are so dangerous, why are you carrying this sword and having so many people

around you with naked swords? Look at me, standing naked -- and you think you are dangerous? Have you come to accept my invitation and be with me, or have you come to repeat your invitation?"

Alexander said, "I have come to take you forcibly. Now it is no longer an invitation: either you come with us, or this sword will cut your head off and finish you right now."

Dandamis laughed a third time, and he said, "That's great! You do it, right now. I am not moving from here. Nobody can move me against my will. Yes, you can cut off my head because that does not belong to me, but you cannot shake me; that is my citadel where I am absolutely the emperor. "You can cut off my head, you can cut off my hands, you can cut off my legs, you can cut my whole body into pieces, but remember one thing: when you are cutting my body, my head, my hands, I will be watching in the same way as you will be watching. Your sword cannot cut me, my watcher cannot be penetrated by a sword. So start!" he said.

But it is so difficult to kill such a man, who is inviting you to kill him. Alexander said, "I am sorry that I disturbed you, but now I know why my master asked me to bring a sannyasin. And now I also know why I could not find a sannyasin in so many places I have been visiting. Now I understand also why people were saying, `You have come five hundred years late. The whole country was full of sannyasins; now they are certainly a rare phenomenon.'

"I don't know what this watcher is, but seeing you, looking at you -- your integrity, your strength -- makes me feel that I have wasted my life. Perhaps rather than conquering the whole world, if I had also found this watcher that would

have been better."

You come with an innocent watcher into the world. Everybody comes in the same way, with the same quality of consciousness.

The question is, how did I manage so that nobody could corrupt my innocence, clarity; from where did I get this courage? How could I manage not to be humiliated by grown-ups and their world?

I have not done anything, so there is no question of how. It simply happened, so I cannot take the credit for it.

Perhaps it happens to everybody but you become interested in other things. You start bargaining with the grown-up world. They have many things to give to you; you have only one thing to give, and that is your integrity, your self-respect. You don't have much, a single thing -- you can call it anything: innocence, intelligence, authenticity. You have only one thing.

And the child is naturally very much interested in everything he sees around. He is continuously wanting to have this, to have that; that is part of human nature. If you look at the small child, even a just-born baby, you can see he has started groping for something; his hands are trying to find out something. He has started the journey.

In the journey he will lose himself, because you can't get anything in this world without paying for it. And the poor child cannot understand that what he is giving is so valuable that if the whole world is on one side, and his integrity on the other side, then too his integrity will be more weighty, more valuable. The child has no way to

know about it. This is the problem, because what he has got he has simply got. He takes it for granted.

Let me tell you one story which will make it clear. One rich man, very rich, became in the end very frustrated -- which is a natural outcome of all success. Nothing fails like success. Success is significant only if you are a failure. Once you succeed then you know that you have been cheated by the world, by the people, by the society. The man had all the riches but no peace of mind. He started looking for peace of mind.

That's what is happening in America. In America more people are looking for peace of mind than anywhere else. In India I have never come across a person who is looking for peace of mind. Peace of the stomach has to be taken care of first -- peace of mind is too far away. From the stomach the mind is almost millions of miles away.

But in America everybody is looking for peace of mind, and of course when you are looking for it, then people will be there ready to give it to you. This is a simple law of economics: wherever there is demand there is supply. It does not matter whether what you are asking for you really need. Nor does anybody bother about what the supply is going to give you -- whether it is just bogus advertisement, propaganda, or whether there is something substantial.

Knowing this simple principle, that wherever there is demand there is supply, the cunning and clever people have gone one step ahead. Now they say, "There is no need to wait for demand to happen, you create the demand." And that is the whole art of advertisement: it is creating demand. Before you read the advertisement you had no such demand, you had never felt that this was your need. But

reading the advertisement, suddenly you feel, "My God, I have been missing it. And I am such a fool that I never knew that this thing exists."

Before somebody starts manufacturing something, producing something, even years ahead -- three, four years ahead -- he starts advertising. The thing is not there yet in the market because first the demand has to reach the minds of people. And once the demand is there, by that time the supply will be ready.

Bernard Shaw has said that when he was new and he published his first book, of course there was no demand -- nobody had ever heard about George Bernard Shaw. How can you demand, "I want George Bernard Shaw's book, his drama?" So what he used to do the whole day .... He published the book -- he himself was the publisher, he put together the money himself -- and then he went from one bookstore to another bookstore asking, "Have you got George Bernard Shaw's book?"

They said, "George Bernard Shaw? We never heard the name."

He said, "Strange, such a great man and you have never heard of him and you run a bookstore? Are you out-of-date or something? The first thing you should do is get George Bernard Shaw's book." He had published only one book but he started advertising for several books, because when you are going around, why just publicize one book? And one book does not make a man a great writer.

He would go in different clothes -- sometimes with a hat, sometimes with glasses. And people started calling at George Bernard Shaw's house. And he had to do all this -- the advertising, supplying; that's how he sold his first book.

He was asking people on the street, "Have you heard ... because I am hearing so much about a certain book written by some George Bernard Shaw. People say it is just great, fantastic. Have you heard?"

They would say, "No, we have never even heard the name."

He said, "This is strange. I used to think London was a cultured society." And he went to libraries and clubs and every place where there was a possibility to create a demand, and he created the demand. He sold the book, and finally -- that's what he was continuously doing -- finally he became one of the greatest writers of this age. He had created the demand.

But if you succeed, there is no need for anybody to create the demand for peace of mind. If you succeed, you lose peace of mind on the way. That is a natural course. Success takes all peace from your mind. It simply sucks everything that is significant in life: peace, silence, joy, love. It goes on taking everything away from you. Finally your hands are full of junk, and all that was valuable is lost. And suddenly you realize peace of mind is needed.

Immediately there are suppliers, who don't know anything about mind, who don't know anything about peace. I have read one book entitled PEACE OF MIND by a Jewish rabbi, Joshua Liebman. I have gone through the whole book; the man knows neither about peace nor does he know about the mind. But he is a businessman, he is a Jew: He has done a good job without knowing anything about peace of mind.

His book is one of the best sellers in the world because whoever wants peace of mind is bound to sooner or later find Joshua Liebman's book. And he has written it

beautifully. He is a good writer, very articulate, impressive; you will be influenced by it. But peace of mind will remain as far away as it was before, or it may even have gone farther away by your reading this book.

In fact, if man knows what peace is, and what mind is, he cannot write a book entitled PEACE OF MIND, because mind is the cause of all unpeace, all restlessness. Peace is when there is no mind. So peace of mind -- no commodity like this exists. If mind is there, then peace is not. If peace is there then mind is not. But to write a book "Peace of No Mind" ... nobody is going to purchase it. I have been thinking ... but I thought, nobody is going to purchase "Peace of No Mind". It just will not make sense to them, but that's exactly the truth.

The child is unaware of what he has brought with him. This rich man was in the same position. He had all the riches in the world, and now he was searching for peace of mind. He went from one sage to another and they all gave great advice, but advice helps nobody.

In fact only fools give advice, and only fools take advice. Wise people are very reluctant to give you advice because a wise man certainly knows that the only thing in the world which is given freely is advice, and that which is never taken by anybody is advice, so why should he bother?

A wise man first prepares you so that you can take the advice. He does not simply give you advice; you need to be prepared. It may take years to prepare you, to prepare the ground, and only then can you sow the seeds. It will be a fool who simply goes on throwing seeds on rocks and stones without even bothering that he is wasting seeds.

All these sages gave him advice but nothing clicked. Finally a man whom he had not asked, who was not in any way a famous man -- on the contrary he was thought to be the village idiot -- that man stopped him on the road one day and said, "You are unnecessarily wasting your time: none of these are sages. I know them perfectly, but because I am an idiot nobody believes me. Perhaps you will also not believe me, but I know a sage."

"Just seeing you so tortured continuously for peace of mind, I thought it would be better if I showed you the right person. Otherwise I am an idiot; nobody asks me for advice and I never give any advice to anybody. But it was too much: seeing you so sad and so miserable, I broke my silence. You go to this man in the next village."

The rich man immediately went, with a big bag full of precious diamonds, on his beautiful horse. He reached there, he saw that man -- this man was known to the Sufis as Mulla Nasruddin.

He asked the Mulla, "Can you help me to attain peace of mind?"

Mulla said, "Help? I can give it to you."

The rich man thought, "This is strange. First that idiot suggested ... and just out of desperation I thought there is no harm, so I came here. This seems to be even a greater idiot: he is saying, `I can give it to you.'"

The rich man said, "You can give it to me? I have been to all kinds of sages; they all give advice -- do this, do that, discipline yourself, do charity, help the poor, open hospitals, this and that. They say all these things, and in fact I have done all those things; nothing helps. In fact

more and more trouble arises. And you say you can give it to me?"
The Mulla said, "It is so simple. You get down from the horse." So the rich man got down from the horse. He was holding his bag, and Mulla asked, "What are you holding in your bag so closely to your heart?"
He said, "These are precious diamonds. If you can give me peace, I will give you this bag." But before he could even figure out what was happening, Mulla took the bag and ran away!
The rich man, for a moment, was in shock; he could not even understand what to do. And then he had to follow him. But it was Mulla's own town -- he knew every street and shortcut, and he was running. The rich man had never run in his whole life and he was so fat .... He was crying and huffing and puffing, and tears were rolling down. He said, "I have been completely cheated! This man has taken away all my life's hard work, my earnings; everything he has taken away."
So a crowd followed, and all were laughing. He said, "Are you all idiots? Is this town full of idiots? I have been completely ruined, and rather than catching hold of the thief you are all laughing."
They said, "He is not a thief, he is a very sage man."
The rich man said, "That idiot from my village got me into this trouble!" But somehow, running, perspiring, he followed Mulla. Mulla arrived back under the same tree where the horse was still standing. He sat down under the tree with the bag, and the rich man came crying and weeping. Mulla said, "You take this bag." The rich man

took the bag and put it close to his heart. Mulla said, "How does it feel? Can you feel some peace of mind?"
The rich man said, "Yes it feels very peaceful. You are a strange man, and you have strange methods."
Mulla said, "No strange methods -- simple mathematics. Whatever you have, you start taking it for granted. You just have to be given an opportunity to lose it; then immediately you will become aware of what you have lost. You have not gained anything new; it is the same bag that you have been carrying with no peace of mind. Now the same bag you are holding close to your heart and anybody can see how peaceful you are looking, a perfect sage! Just go home, and don't bother people."
This is the problem for the child, because he comes with innocence and he is ready to buy anything, and give his innocence. He is ready to buy any rubbish and give his courage. He is ready to buy just toys -- and what else is there in this world except toys? -- and lose his clarity. He will understand only when all these toys are there in his possession and he can't feel any joy from them, can't see any achievement, any fulfillment. Then he becomes aware of what he has lost -- and he himself has lost it.
You are asking me how I managed not to lose my innocence and clarity. I have not done anything; just simply, from the very beginning .... I was a lonely child because I was brought up by my maternal grandfather and grandmother; I was not with my father and mother. Those two old people were alone and they wanted a child who would be the joy of their last days. So my father and mother agreed: I was their eldest child, the first-born; they sent me.

I don't remember any relationship with my father's family in the early years of my childhood. With these two old men -- my grandfather and his old servant, who was really a beautiful man -- and my old grandmother ... these three people. And the gap was so big ... I was absolutely alone. It was not a company, it could not be a company. They tried their hardest to be as friendly to me as possible but it was just not possible.

I was left to myself. I could not say things to them. I had nobody else, because in that small village my family were the richest; and it was such a small village -- not more than two hundred people in all -- and so poor that my grandparents would not allow me to mix with the village children. They were dirty, and of course they were almost beggars. So there was no way to have friends. That caused a great impact. In my whole life I have never been a friend, I have never known anybody to be a friend. Yes, acquaintances I had.

In those first, early years I was so lonely that I started enjoying it; and it is really a joy. So it was not a curse to me, it proved a blessing. I started enjoying it, and I started feeling self-sufficient; I was not dependent on anybody.

I have never been interested in games for the simple reason that from my very childhood there was no way to play, there was nobody to play with. I can still see myself in those earliest years, just sitting.

We had a beautiful spot where our house was, just in front of a lake. Far away for miles, the lake ... and it was so beautiful and so silent. Only once in while would you see a line of white cranes flying, or making love calls, and the peace would be disturbed; otherwise, it was almost the right

place for meditation. And when they would disturb the peace -- a love call from a bird ... after his call the peace would deepen, it would become deeper.

The lake was full of lotus flowers, and I would sit for hours so self-content, as if the world did not matter: the lotuses, the white cranes, the silence ....

And my grandparents were very aware of one thing, that I enjoyed my aloneness. They had continuously been seeing that I had no desire to go to the village to meet anybody, or to talk with anybody. Even if they wanted to talk my answers were yes, or no; I was not interested in talking either. So they became aware of one thing, that I enjoyed my aloneness, and it was their sacred duty not to disturb me.

So for seven years continuously nobody tried to corrupt my innocence; there was nobody. Those three old people who lived in the house, the servant and my grandparents, were all protective in every possible way that nobody should disturb me. In fact I started feeling, as I grew up, a little embarrassed that because of me they could not talk, they could not be normal as everybody is. It was just the opposite situation ....

It happens with children that you tell them, "Be silent because your father is thinking, your grandfather is resting. Be quiet, sit silently." In my childhood it happened the opposite way. Now I cannot answer why and how; it simply happened. That's why I said it simply happened -- the credit does not go to me.

All those three old people were continuously making signs to each other: "Don't disturb him -- he is enjoying so much." And they started loving my silence.

Silence has its vibe; it is infectious, particularly a child's silence which is not forced, which is not because you are saying, "I will beat you if you create any nuisance or noise." No, that is not silence. That will not create the joyous vibration that I am talking about, when a child is silent on his own, enjoying for no reason; his happiness is uncaused. That creates great ripples all around.

In a better world, every family will learn from children. You are in such a hurry to teach them. Nobody seems to learn from them, and they have much to teach you. And you have nothing to teach them.

Just because you are older and powerful you start making them just like you without ever thinking about what you are, where you have reached, what your status is in the inner world. You are a pauper; and you want the same for your child also?

But nobody thinks; otherwise people would learn from small children. Children bring so much from the other world because they are such fresh arrivals. They still carry the silence of the womb, the silence of the very existence.

So it was just a coincidence that for seven years I remained undisturbed -- no Miss Judith Martin to nag me, to prepare me for the world of business, politics, diplomacy. My grandparents were more interested in leaving me as natural as possible -- particularly my grandmother. She is one of the causes -- these small things affect all your life patterns -- she is one of the causes of my respect for the whole of womanhood.

She was a simple woman, uneducated, but immensely sensitive. She made it clear to my grandfather and the servant: "We all have lived a certain kind of life which has

not led us anywhere. We are as empty as ever, and now death is coming close." She insisted, "Let this child be uninfluenced by us. What influence can we ...? We can only make him like us, and we are nothing. Give him an opportunity to be himself."

My grandfather -- I heard them discussing in the night, thinking that I was asleep -- used to say to her, "You are telling me to do this, and I am doing it; but he is somebody else's son, and sooner or later he will have to go to his parents. What will they say? -- `You have not taught him any manners, any etiquette, he is absolutely wild.'"

She said, "Don't be worried about that. In this whole world everybody is civilized, has manners, etiquette, but what is the gain? You are very civilized -- what have you got out of it? At the most his parents will be angry at us. So what? -- let them be angry. They can't harm us, and by that time the child will be strong enough that they cannot change his life course."

I am tremendously grateful to that old woman. My grandfather was again and again worried that sooner or later he was going to be responsible: "They will say, `We left our child with you and you have not taught him anything.'"

My grandmother did not even allow ... because there was one man in the village who could at least teach me the beginnings of language, mathematics, a little geography. He was educated to the fourth grade -- the lowest four; that is what was called primary education in India. But he was the most educated man in the town.

My grandfather tried hard: "He can come and he can teach him. At least he will know the alphabet, some mathematics,

so when he goes to his parents they will not say that we just wasted seven years completely."

But my grandmother said, "Let them do whatsoever they want to do after seven years. For seven years he has to be just his natural self, and we are not going to interfere." And her argument was always, "You know the alphabet, so what? You know mathematics, so what? You have earned a little money; do you want him also to earn a little money and live just like you?"

That was enough to keep that old man silent. What to do? He was in a difficulty because he could not argue, and he knew that he would be held responsible, not she, because my father would ask him, "What have you done?" And actually that would have been the case, but fortunately he died before my father could ask.

But my father continuously was saying, "That old man is responsible, he has spoiled the child." But now I was strong enough, and I made it clear to him: "Before me, never say a single word against my maternal grandfather. He has saved me from being spoiled by you -- that is your real anger. But you have other children -- spoil them. And at the final stage you will say who is spoiled."

He had other children, and more and more children went on coming. I used to tease him, "You please bring one child more, make it a dozen. Eleven children? People ask, "How many children?" Eleven does not look right; one dozen is more impressive."

And in later years I used to tell him, "You go on spoiling all your children; I am wild, and I will remain wild."

What you see as innocence is nothing but wildness. What you see as clarity is nothing but wildness. Somehow I remained out of the grip of civilization.

And once I was strong enough .... And that's why these people -- Miss Judith Martin, and their kind -- insist, "Take hold of the child as quickly as possible, don't waste time because the earlier you take hold of the child, the easier it is. Once the child becomes strong enough, then to bend him according to your desires will be difficult."

And life has seven-year circles. By the seventh year the child is perfectly strong; now you cannot do anything. Now he knows where to go, what to do. He is capable of arguing. He is capable of seeing what is right and what is wrong. And his clarity will be at the climax when he is seven. If you don't disturb his earlier years, then at the seventh he is so crystal clear about everything that his whole life will be lived without any repentance.

I have lived without any repentance. I have tried to find: Have I done anything wrong, ever? Not that people have been thinking that all that I have done is right, that is not the point: 97I have never thought anything that I have done was wrong. The whole world may think it was wrong, but to me there is absolute certainty that it was right; it was the right thing to do.

So there is no question of repenting about the past. And when you don't have to repent about the past you are free from it. The past keeps you entangled like an octopus because you go on feeling, "That thing I should not have done," or, "That thing which I was supposed to do and did not do ...." All those things go on pulling you backwards. I don't see anything behind me, no past.

If I say something about my past, it is simply factual memory, it has no psychological involvement. I am telling you as if I am telling you about somebody else. It is just factual; it has nothing to do with my personal involvement. It might have occurred to somebody else, it might have happened to somebody else.
So remember, a factual memory is not enslaving. Psychological memory is, and psychological memory is made up of things that you think, or you have been conditioned to think, were wrong and you did them. Then there is a wound, a psychological wound.

From Darkness to Light

Chapter #3

Chapter title: Help your child -- protect him from yourself!
2 March 1985 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
WHAT IS THE RIGHT WAY TO HELP A CHILD GROW WITHOUT INTERFERING IN HIS NATURAL POTENTIALITY?

Every way to help a child is wrong.
The very idea of helping is not right.
The child needs your love, not your help.
The child needs nourishment, support, but not your help.
The natural potential of the child is unknown, so there is no way to help him rightly to attain to his natural potential.
You cannot help when the goal is unknown; all that you

can do is not interfere. And in fact, in the name of help everybody is interfering with everybody else; and because the name is beautiful, nobody objects.

Of course the child is so small, so dependent on you, he cannot object. And the people around are just like you: they have also been helped by their parents, the way you have been helped. Neither they have attained their natural potential, nor have you.

The whole world is missing out in spite of all the help from the parents, from the family, from the relatives, from the neighbors, from the teachers, from the priests. In fact everybody is so burdened with help that under its weight ... what to say of attaining natural potential -- one cannot even attain unnatural potential! One cannot move; the weight on everybody's shoulders is Himalayan.

And it is one of the most difficult things, not to interfere. It is not the nature of the mind. Mind is basically continuously, persistently, tempted to interfere. It lives on interference. The more you can interfere, the more powerful you are.

How do you measure power? It is not something material, you cannot weigh it -- but it is measured, weighed. The way to measure it is by how much you can interfere in how many people's lives. Adolf Hitler is powerful because he can interfere in millions of people's lives. You are not Adolf Hitler, but still you can interfere in a few people's lives ... a little, miniature Adolf Hitler.

At least the husband can interfere in the wife's life, the wife can interfere in the husband's life. It is a mutual game; in this way both become powerful. The husband goes on interfering in his own way, without being aware why they

are interfering. They were supposed to be together to enhance each other's life but ....

The husband will come late every day -- not that it is essential to come late, but it is a question of power, ego: if he comes home on time that means he has surrendered. I know husbands who go on sitting in offices doing nothing, gossiping, knowing perfectly well that their wives will be boiling. They can reach home in time, but that's what she wants. Just because she wants, it is impossible for the man, against his manliness, to be on time; he will come late. And the same scene is repeated every day.

Nor is the wife ready to drop asking him why he is late, knowing perfectly well that whatsoever he says is a lie. She knows it is a lie, he knows that she knows that it is a lie -- and it is a lie, but it is a good beginning to a fight, a good start, a good excuse. And then the wife goes on doing the same ....

I have sat with a husband in his car, and he is honking his horn because he is worried; he has to take me to a particular meeting and I have to be there in time. And I don't like to waste people's time; I am not a political leader. A political leader is supposed to come late. Again, the same power -- you have to wait. And he is not just a nobody; he is so occupied, so busy, that he is bound to be late.

I know political leaders who were just sitting and gossiping, and I have told them, "We have to go to your meeting."

They said, "You don't understand. A politician should not arrive on time. That means he is not a big shot, just a small fry."

I am not a politician. I am neither a big shot nor a small fry. I am just a human being, neither anything more nor anything less. I have been particular about arriving in time. So the husband is worried, and the wife leans out of the window and says, "Stop honking your horn! I have told you one thousand times that I am coming in one minute."

I looked at the husband and said, "This is something, `one thousand times' and `I am coming in one minute'! Where did she get the time to say it one thousand times in one minute?" But it is a power trip. The wife wants it to be known who is the boss. You can go on honking the horn, but without the boss coming down the car cannot move.

I have a certain rapport with women, so whomsoever I was staying with, soon I became very close to their mothers, to their wives, sisters. And I asked, "What is the matter? Every day it happens; the poor man goes on honking." And they would say, "Nothing is the matter. We are not busy, but he goes on coming home late every day and pays no attention to what we are saying. So whenever we have the chance .... It is simple give and take."

All the people around you have been helped, greatly helped, to be what they are. You have been helped; now you want to help your children too.

All that you can do is be loving, be nourishing, be warm, be accepting. The child brings an unknown potential, and there is no way to figure out what he is going to be. So no procedure can be suggested: "This way you should help the child." And each child is unique so there cannot be a general discipline for every child.

People like this Miss Judith Martin are suggesting measures for every child, as if children are produced on an assembly

line in a factory. No two children are the same. How can you suggest, how can you have even the nerve to suggest a generalized program, that this should be done?

But Miss Judith Martin .... I don't know how many times she has become "Miss." I think at least a dozen times certainly, because no husband can survive her; either he will escape or commit suicide, but he will have to do something to make her Miss again. And she must be now very old.

Perhaps finally when she became famous and the most well-known authority on child-rearing, nobody dared to marry her again, because such a woman, who has no compassion on children -- do you think she will have some compassion on husbands? She will train them exactly the way animals are trained in a circus. She will make them dance to her tune; and her being a world-famous authority, what can the poor husband do except dance?

This kind of person has existed down the ages around the world everywhere. They have prescriptions, recipes, disciplines for everybody, not only for their contemporaries but for all future generations, as to what is right. They are so idiotic -- although they are known as great sages who have given you religions, disciplines, moralities, ethics, codes of conduct: great law-givers. But I say again to you, these people are idiots. Only an idiot can think in a generalized way when human beings are concerned.

There is no average human being; you will never come across the average man. And all these authorities are concerned with the average man, who does not exist! The average man is just like God -- omnipresent, yet you cannot find him anywhere. God is so omnipresent that ....

I have heard about one nun ... the whole nunnery became concerned about her. Is she sick or something? -- because she was taking her bath with her clothes on! And the doors were closed in the bathroom. And when they asked, "What is the matter? -- why don't you undress when the doors are closed and nobody is there?" she said, "Nobody? God is omnipresent. Yes, there is none of you, but God is there, and to undress before God does not look right."

They all must have thought her a crackpot, but she really, literally had accepted the idea of the omnipresence of God. Exactly like omnipresent God is the average man: he exists nowhere and is supposed to exist everywhere. And all the principles are addressed to the average man.

You ask me how to help the child in the right way.

The right way is not to help the child at all. If you have real courage then please don't help the child.

Love him, nourish him.

Let him do what he wants to do.

Let him go where he wants to go.

Your mind will be tempted again and again to interfere, and with good excuses. The mind is very clever in rationalizing: "If you don't interfere there may be danger; the child may fall into the well if you don't stop him." But I say to you, it is better to let him fall into the well than to help him and destroy him.

It is a very rare possibility that the child falls into the well -- and then too, it does not mean death; he can be taken out of the well. And if you are really so concerned, the well can be covered; but don't help the child, and don't interfere with

the child. The well can be removed, but don't interfere with the child.
Your real concern should be to remove all dangers but don't interfere with the child; let him go on his way.
You will have to understand some significant growth patterns. Life has seven-year circles, it moves in seven-year circles just as the earth makes one rotation on its axis in twenty-four hours. Now nobody knows why not twenty-five, why not twenty-three. There is no way to answer it; it is simply a fact.
The earth takes three hundred and sixty-five days to make one round of the sun. Why three hundred and sixty-five? Nobody knows, nobody needs to know. And it does not make any difference. If it were taking four hundred days, what difference would it have made to you? ... or three hundred days ...? The question would have remained the same: Why?
So remember one thing: any question is absurd if with every answer the question still remains standing the same. In twenty-four hours the earth makes one turn on its own axis. Why? Make it twenty-five, make it twenty-six, make it thirty, sixty -- as much as you want -- the question still stands the same: why? Hence I call the question absurd; it will always remain the same.
So don't ask me why life moves in seven-year circles. I don't know. This much I know, that it moves in seven-year circles. And if you understand those seven-year circles, you will understand a great deal about human growth.
The first seven years are the most important because the foundation of life is being laid. That's why all the religions

are very much concerned about grabbing children as quickly as possible.

The Jews will circumcise the child. What nonsense! But they are stamping the child as a Jew; that is a primitive way of stamping. You still do it on the cattle around here; I have seen stamps. Every owner stamps the cattle, otherwise they can get mixed up. It is a cruel thing. Red-hot steel has to be used to stamp the cattle's leather, skin; it burns the skin. But then it becomes your possession; it cannot be lost, it cannot be stolen.

What is circumcision? It is stamping cattle. But these cattle are Jews.

Hindus have their own ways. All religions have their own ways. But it should be known whose cattle you are, who your shepherd is -- Jesus? Moses? Mohammed? You are not your own master.

Those first seven years are the years when you are conditioned, stuffed with all kinds of ideas which will go on haunting you your whole life, which will go on distracting you from your potentiality, which will corrupt you, which will never allow you to see clearly. They will always come like clouds before your eyes, they will make everything confused.

Things are clear, very clear -- existence is absolutely clear -- but your eyes have layers upon layers of dust.

And all that dust has been arranged in the first seven years of your life when you were so innocent, so trusting, that whatsoever was told to you you accepted as truth. And whatsoever has gone into your foundation, later on it will be very difficult for you to find: it has become almost part of your blood, bones, your very marrow. You will ask a

thousand other questions but you will never ask about the basic foundations of your belief.

The first expression of love towards the child is to leave his first seven years absolutely innocent, unconditioned, to leave him for seven years completely wild, a pagan.

He should not be converted to Hinduism, to Mohammedanism, to Christianity. Anybody who is trying to convert the child is not compassionate, he is cruel: he is contaminating the very soul of a new, fresh arrival. Before the child has even asked questions he has been answered with ready-made philosophies, dogmas, ideologies. This is a very strange situation. The child has not asked about God, and you go on teaching him about God. Why so much impatience? Wait!

If the child someday shows interest in God and starts asking about God, then try to tell him not only your idea of God -- because nobody has any monopoly: put before him all the ideas of God that have been presented to different people by different ages, by different religions, cultures, civilizations.

Put before him all the ideas about God, and tell him, "You can choose between these, whichever appeals to you. Or you can invent your own, if nothing suits. If everything seems to be with a flaw, and you think you can have a better idea, then invent your own. Or if you find that there is no way to invent an idea without loopholes, then drop the whole thing; there is no need. A man can live without God; there is no intrinsic necessity.

"Millions of people have lived without God. God is nothing that is inevitably needed by you. Yes, I have my idea; that too is in the combination of all these ideals in this

collection. You can choose that, but I am not saying that my idea is the right idea. It appeals to me; it may not appeal to you."

There is no inner necessity that the son should agree with the father. In fact it seems far better that he should not agree. That's how evolution happens. If every child agrees with the father then there will be no evolution, because the father will agree with his own father, so everybody will be where God left Adam and Eve -- naked, outside the gate of the garden of Eden. Everybody will be there.

Because sons have disagreed with their fathers, forefathers, with their whole tradition, man has evolved.

This whole evolution is a tremendous disagreement with the past.

The more intelligent you are, the more you are going to disagree.

But parents appreciate the child who agrees; they condemn the child who disagrees.

It was the practice in my family to produce me in front of anybody to condemn me. Any visitor to the family, any guest of the family ... and I would be called. And I knew for what, but I enjoyed it. I was called to be condemned: "And this boy is in disagreement with everything." In Hindi there is a phrase for it: ulti khopdi -- it means upside-down skull. So that was the phrase used for me.

I said, "It is true, but the reality is, I look upside down to all these people because they are standing on their heads. They are doing yoga asanas, shirshasana -- headstand posture. I am simply standing on my feet. I am the only one here who does not believe in any kind of nonsense. They are right, because to them it must appear that I am standing upside

down. And they are in the majority -- perhaps you also belong to them.

"But this is the usual procedure: they don't answer my questions, they only condemn my disagreement. Now this is inhuman. If you answer my question, and still I disagree, then certainly I am stubborn. But have you answered a single question of mine? Have you satisfied me? Have you any right to condemn me because I disagree?"

In India, at the end of the monsoon there is a festival of lights, diwali, when the whole country becomes very festive and every house has thousands of small earthen lamps decorating all the walls, balconies. The whole town becomes a fairyland, the whole country turns into a fairyland, with firecrackers and great rejoicing. That day they worship money.

The goddess of money is Laxmi. Laxmi is the wife of the Hindu god, Narayana, and of course a god's wife should be the goddess of wealth. In fact one of the Indian words for god, iswar, means "one who has all the wealth of the world." His wife is the goddess of wealth. And on the night of the festival of lights they worship money.

Before paper currency came into being they used to make a pile of silver rupees and worship them. Now they put paper money and worship it. Before silver rupees there were golden rupees. The word rupee simply means gold; it comes from Sanskrit. It is an Indian word ... because in the beginning the coin was gold, pure gold, so the word rupia, which became in English, rupee, was meaningful.

They used to worship gold, then came silver, then came paper currency. And they went on ... the question is of worshiping money. I never participated in their worship. I

simply hated the whole idea and I told them, "This is one of the ugliest things you can do. Money is something to be used, not worshipped. On the one hand your religions teach that money is nothing but dust. On the one hand it is dust, on the other hand it becomes a goddess. And you cannot see your split mind?

"On the one hand you praise a man as a sage if he renounces money; then he becomes synonymous with God because he renounced money and everything. And on the other hand you worship money. Can you in some way help me to understand? Is there not a clear-cut contradiction?

"If money is God's wife then in the first place the person who renounces God's wife is a criminal. In the first place why did he possess God's wife? -- that seems to be absolutely illegal. He should be caught and imprisoned. In the first place was he pretending to be God's wife's husband?"

My father would say, "You just keep quiet; at least let us finish our worship."

I would say, "No, first I want my answer."

And I had a big stool in my house -- they used to use it as a ladder for taking things up or down -- so wherever they would be worshiping, in the main hall of the house, I would sit on that stool. And they would say, "At least please come down. You are sitting on that stool."

I said, "No, I want my answers. I see so much stupidity in it, because I have seen you touching people's feet who have renounced money. Then you tell me that this man is great, a sage: he has kicked all that is thought to be valuable and that needs courage and guts. But what are you doing? If that man is right to renounce all this money, at least stop

worshiping it. And you have to answer me; otherwise my disagreement continues."

My mother would say to me, "On such days you should be out of the house because you don't know -- if the goddess Laxmi becomes angry we will all starve and be hungry and die poor."

I said, "I have been doing this year after year, sitting on my stool. I don't see that your goddess can do anything. If she can, I challenge her -- let her, because at least that will give me some answer." And when they were all finished with their worship I would go and kick their rupees, and spit on their rupees, and I would say, "Now this is what I wanted to do; now let us see who is rewarded." They could not prevent me, although they tried hard.

I said, "You cannot prevent me. I will do what I want to do, unless you prove me wrong. And you call me in front of everybody saying that I am in disagreement about everything. I have to be in disagreement about everything, for the simple reason that you go on doing things that any intelligent person would see the contradiction in."

For example, in India, if somebody has smallpox it is not thought to be a physical disease. Smallpox is called in India, mata; mata means mother goddess. And in every town there is a temple for the mother goddess, or many temples ... the mother goddess is angry, that's why poor little children are suffering from smallpox.

People like Mahatma Gandhi were against vaccination because it was unnatural. Smallpox is natural. It destroys so many beautiful children's faces, their eyes, and it kills many. And the prophet of non-violence was against vaccination because he was against anything scientific --

and moreover it was thought the disease is not a physiological disease, it is a spiritual anger.

One of my sisters died of smallpox, and I was very angry because I loved that sister more than any of my brothers or my sisters. I told them, "You have killed her. I have been telling you that she needs vaccination.

"I have suffered from smallpox, but at that time I could not say anything to you; I don't even remember it, it happened just in my first year. And every child suffers. When this girl was born I was insisting that she should be vaccinated. But you are all followers of Mahatma Gandhi: Vaccination is against nature. And to prevent ... the anger of the mother goddess will be dangerous. It will come in some other form."

And when the girl became sick with smallpox they were doing both things: they were taking medicine from the doctor and they were continuously going to worship the mother goddess.

I said, "Then please do one thing at least; either take the medicine, or go and worship your mother. But you are being cunning; you are even deceiving the mother goddess. I am honest, I spit on your mother goddess every day" -- because I used to go to the river and the temple was just on the way so there was no harm; coming and going I would spit.

And I said, "Whatsoever you do ... but it is strange -- I am spitting, I should suffer. Why should she suffer? And I cannot understand that the mother goddess becomes angry and small children suffer -- who have not committed any crime, who have just arrived, who have not had time

enough to do anything, nor are capable of doing anything. Others should suffer, but they are not suffering.

"And mother goddess you call her! You should call her a witch, because what kind of mother is she who makes small children suffer? And then you are cunning. You are also not certain; otherwise don't take the medicine. Throw all the medicines; depend completely on your mother goddess. There too you are afraid. You are trying to ride on two horses. This is sheer stupidity. Either depend on the mother and let the girl die, or depend on the medicine, and forget about that mother."

They would say, "We can understand that there is a contradiction, but please don't bring it to our notice, because it hurts."

I said, "Do you think it hurts only you, and it does not hurt me seeing my parents being stupid, silly? It does not hurt me? It hurts me more. There is still time, you can change; but on the contrary, you are trying to change me, and you call it help. You think without your help I am going to be lost. Please let me be lost. At least I will have one satisfaction, that nobody else is responsible for my being lost; it is my own doing. I will be proud of it."

Up to seven years, if a child can be left innocent, uncorrupted by the ideas of others, then to distract him from his potential growth becomes impossible. The child's first seven years are the most vulnerable. And they are in the hands of parents, teachers, priests ....

How to save children from parents, priests, teachers is a question of such enormous proportion that it seems almost impossible to find how to do it.

It is not a question of helping the child.

It is a question of protecting the child.
If you have a child, protect the child from yourself. Protect the child from others who can influence him: at least up to seven years, protect him.
The child is just like a small plant, weak, soft: just a strong wind can destroy it, any animal can eat it up. You put a protective wiring around it, but that is not imprisoning, you are simply protecting. When the plant is bigger, the wires will be removed.
Protect the child from every kind of influence so that he can remain himself -- and it is only a question of seven years, because then the first circle will be complete. By seven years he will be well-grounded, centered, strong enough.
You don't know how strong a seven-year-old child can be because you have not seen uncorrupted children, you have seen only corrupted children. They carry the fears, the cowardliness, of their fathers, mothers, their families. They are not their own selves.
If a child remains uncorrupted for seven years .... You will be surprised to meet such a child. He will be as sharp as a sword. His eyes will be clear, his insight will be clear. And you will see a tremendous strength in him which you cannot find even in a seventy-year-old adult, because the foundations are shaky. So in fact as the building goes on becoming higher and higher, the more and more shaky it becomes.
So you will see, the older a person becomes, the more afraid. When he is young he may be an atheist; when he becomes old he starts believing in God. Why is that?

When he is below thirty he is a hippie. He has courage to go against the society, to behave in his own way: to have long hair, to have a beard, to roam around the world, to take all kinds of risks. But by the time he is forty, all that has disappeared. You will see him in some office in a gray suit, clean shaven, well groomed. You will not even be able to recognize that he is an ex-hippie.

Where have all the hippies disappeared to? Suddenly you see them with a great force; then, just like used bullet cases, empty cartridges, impotent, defeated, depressed -- trying to make something out of life, feeling that all those years of hippiedom were a wastage. Others have gone far ahead; somebody has become the president, somebody has become the governor, and "we were stupid; we were just playing the guitar and the whole world passed us by." They repent.

It is really difficult to find an old hippie. Just one I have found; that is Bapuji, Sheela's father. He will die a hippie. At his age -- he must be near about seventy -- he was living with hippies in northern New York State. Some photographer took a photograph of him; he was sitting naked on a hill ... snow, ice, all around. And he was sitting naked there. Somebody took his photo, and those photos have been coming to me. People think Bapuji is me!

It is printed now, because he looks really beautiful -- naked, sitting on the top. The sun is rising, and all around snow, and he is looking really beautiful. Many people who have found that photo -- it is a postcard now -- go on sending it to me saying, "Osho, it was a surprise to find you sitting here."

I told Sheela, "Tell Bapuji, `don't do such things, because nobody knows you.'" But he will die a hippie.

He brought all his children to me, which no father has done except him. It was he who brought Sheela to me ... forcibly, because she was not interested. But he is not a man to listen to anybody. He said, "Once, you have to come; twice I will not ask, then it is your business. But once I have to force you because you don't know what you are refusing. So forgive me for forcing you, but one time I have to force you."

He brought all his children by and by, and almost all his children are now sannyasins. And once Sheela came she never left me. He asked Sheela, teased her, "Now what about going back to America?"

She said, "I am not going anywhere."

"But," Bapuji said, "I had brought you just to meet him, not to stay."

Sheela said, "But I have to -- this is the place I have been searching for."

He said, "I am happy because I have brought you to the right place: now I am freed of my responsibility. Now whatsoever becomes of you, it will be right."

If you are a parent you will need this much courage -- not to interfere. Open doors of unknown directions to the child so he can explore. He does not know what he has in him, nobody knows.

He has to grope in the dark. Don't make him afraid of darkness, don't make him afraid of failure, don't make him afraid of the unknown. Give him support. When he is going on an unknown journey, send him with all your support, with all your love, with all your blessings.

Don't let him be affected by your fears.

You may have fears, but keep them to yourself. Don't unload those fears on the child because that will be interfering.

After seven years, the next circle of seven years, from seven to fourteen, is a new addition to life: the child's first stirring of sexual energies. But they are only a kind of rehearsal.

To be a parent is a difficult job, so unless you are ready to take that difficult job, don't become a parent. People simply go on becoming fathers and mothers not knowing what they are doing. You are bringing a life into existence; all the care in the world will be needed.

Now when the child starts playing his sexual rehearsals, that is the time when parents interfere the most, because they have been interfered with. All that they know is what has been done to them, so they simply go on doing that to their children.

Societies don't allow sexual rehearsal, at least have not allowed it up to this century -- only within the last two, three decades, and that too only in very advanced countries. Now children are having co-education. But in a country like India, even now co-education starts only at the university level.

The seven-year-old boy and the seven-year-old girl cannot be in the same boarding school. And this is the time for them -- without any risk, without the girl getting pregnant, without any problems arising for their families -- this is the time when they should be allowed all playfulness.

Yes, it will have a sexual color to it, but it is rehearsal; it is not the real drama. And if you don't allow them even the rehearsal and then suddenly one day the curtain opens, and

the real drama starts .... And those people don't know what is going on; even a prompter is not there to tell them what to do. You have messed up their life completely.
Those seven years, the second circle in life, is significant as a rehearsal. They will meet, mix, play, become acquainted. And that will help humanity to drop almost ninety percent of perversions.
If the children from seven to fourteen are allowed to be together; to swim together, to be naked before each other, ninety percent of perversions and ninety percent of pornography will simply disappear. Who will bother about it?
When a boy has known so many girls naked, what interest can a magazine like PLAYBOY have for him? When a girl has seen so many boys naked, I don't see that there is any possibility of curiosity about the other; it will simply disappear. They will grow together naturally, not as two different species of animals.
Right now that's how they grow: two different species of animals. They don't belong to one mankind; they are kept separate. A thousand and one barriers are created between them so they cannot have any rehearsal of their sexual life which is going to come.

Because this rehearsal is missing, that's why in people's actual sex life foreplay is missing; and foreplay is so important -- far more important than actual sexual contact, because actual sexual contact lasts only for seconds. It is not nourishment. It simply leaves you in a limbo. You were hoping for so much, and nothing comes out of it.

In Hindi we have a proverb: kheela pahad nikli chuhia. `You dug out the whole mountain and you found one rat.' After all the effort -- going to the movies and going to the disco and going to the restaurant, and talking all kinds on nonsense which neither you want nor the other wants to do, but both are talking -- digging the mountain, and in the end, just a rat! Nothing is so frustrating as sex.

Just the other day Vivek brought me one advertisement about a new car, Lagonda; in the advertisement they had a beautiful sentence that I liked. The sentence is: "It is better than sex." I don't care about the car -- the advertisement is beautiful. Certainly if you look around you, you will find a thousand and one things better than sex. Sex is just a rat, and that too after so much huffing and puffing, so much perspiration ... and in the end both feel cheated.

The reason is that you don't know the art of sex; you know only the middle point. It is as if you see a film just in the middle for a few seconds. Naturally you can't make any sense of it; the beginning is missing, the end is missing. Perhaps you simply saw the interval ... where there was nothing.

Man feels ashamed after sex; he turns over and goes to sleep. He simply cannot face the woman. He feels ashamed, that's why he turns to his side and goes to sleep. The woman weeps and cries because this was not what she was hoping for. This is all? Then what is this whole drama all about? But the reason is because the rehearsal part in your life has been canceled by your society. You don't know what foreplay is.

Foreplay is really the most satisfying part in sex. Foreplay is more loving. Sex is simply a biological climax, but the

climax of what? -- you have missed everything that could have made it a climax. Do you think you suddenly reach to the climax, missing all the rungs of the ladder? You have to move up the ladder, rung by rung, only then can you reach the climax. Everybody wants the climax.

Now the foolish psychoanalysts and their kind have put an idea in people's minds of orgasm. Now, orgasm is even a higher stage than climax; it needs much more than climax. People are missing climax -- their sexual life is nothing but a kind of relief. Yes, for a moment you feel relieved of a burden, just like a good sneeze. How good it feels afterwards! -- but for how long? How long can you feel good after a sneeze? How many seconds, how many minutes can you brag that "I had such a sneeze, it was great." As the sneeze is gone, with it goes all the joy too. It was simply something bothering you. You are finished with that botheration, there is a little relaxation. That's the sexual life of most of the people in the world. Some energy was bothering you, was making you heavy; it was turning into a headache. Sex gives you a relief.

But the way children are brought up is almost butchering their whole life. Those seven years of sexual rehearsal are absolutely essential. Girls and boys should be together in schools, in hostels, in swimming pools and beds. They should rehearse for the life which is going to come; they have to get ready for it. And there is no danger, there is no problem, if a child is given total freedom about his growing sexual energy and is not condemned, repressed -- which is being done.

A very strange world it is in which you are living. You are born of sex, you will live for sex, your children will be born

out of sex -- and sex is the most condemned thing, the greatest sin. And all the religions go on putting this crap in your mind. They have made you almost brown bags.
Only in New Jersey did I come to know what brown bags are. Strange, I don't know whether it happens all over America or only in New Jersey because I have not seen anything else, only New Jersey. In New Jersey when I used to go to drive in the morning, everybody was coming with a brown bag full of all crap, putting it by the side of the road. I enquired, "What is the matter? Couldn't they have found any other color? A brown bag?" But then I thought perhaps that's exactly right. Most of the people are simply brown bags. Never open anybody.
It happened in my childhood: India became independent but the British government had left some Indian states. India was in two separate sections; only one was under British rule. There were small pockets all over India of Indian states which were still ruled by Indian kings. They were under British government -- their foreign policy was ruled by the British government, but otherwise in their internal policy they were completely free.
When the Britishers left India they left it in a mess, in a real mess. First, they divided India and Pakistan; second they left the Indian states absolutely in a limbo, without making any decision about them. The idea was to create a chaos, and they had already created a chaos because there were so many Indian states. Now the question was, were they independent nations? Were they part of India and would their foreign policy be ruled by India, or were they part of Pakistan and would their foreign policy be ruled by Pakistan?

Nothing was decided, the whole question was not decided. And the Indian states constituted almost half of India. The trouble was more complicated because in some Indian states the major population was Hindu and the king was Mohammedan; in some Indian states the major population was Mohammedan and the king was Hindu. Kashmir was ninety percent Mohammedan, but the king was Hindu. Hyderabad was ninety percent Hindu, but the king was Mohammedan.

Just close to my town, beyond the river, was a small state, Bhopal. The king was Mohammedan, the population was Hindu, so everywhere there were riots because the population wanted the state to merge with India, and the king wanted to merge it with Pakistan because he was Mohammedan. But it was in the middle of India so it was not easy to merge with Pakistan. There was a great fight between the king's forces and the population, and we were just on the other side of the river. We could see from this side people being killed on the other side.

We caught four dead people who were killed by the forces of the king; somehow they must have fallen in the river, and they came to our side so we caught hold of them. Naturally, I had to persuade people, "This is not good. They have been fighting for the freedom of the country; they wanted the country to merge into India -- you should not leave them like that."

They wanted to throw them into the river and be finished: who could be bothered with them? But somehow I gathered a few young people, and then a few old people felt ashamed and they came.

But first, before we could do anything they had to be postmortemed, so we took them to the hospital. The postmortem place was almost two furlongs away behind the hospital, in the jungle. One can understand that they were cutting up bodies ... the smell and everything, so they had made the place that far away outside the city. But we had to carry these four corpses.

That was the first time I saw a brown bag open. The doctor was the father of one of my friends so he allowed me in. He said, "You can see how man looks inside," and he opened the bodies. It was really shocking to see how man looks inside. And this was only the body: later on I saw the postmortem of the mind also. Compared to that it is nothing, this is only the poor body. Your mind is so rich in crap ....

That day one thing happened that I have to tell you, although it is not concerned with what I was going to tell you -- but it must be concerned in some way, otherwise why should I remember it?

When we were carrying out the bodies after they were postmortemed .... They put them together again and covered them. One of the leaders of my town, Shri Nath Batt, had always felt as if I was his enemy, for the simple reason that I was a friend of his son and he thought I was corrupting him -- and in a way he was right. By chance it happened that we were carrying a corpse together; I was ahead, holding both the poles at the front of the stretcher, and Shri Nath Batt was behind me holding the end of the two poles.

The head of the man, the dead man, was at my end, and the legs at his end. I had just read somewhere that when a man

dies of course he loses all control -- control over the bladder also, so if you put his head upwards and his legs downwards .... I thought, "This is a good chance to see whether that idea is right or wrong," so I just raised the poles .... And you should have seen what happened -- because that corpse pissed and Shri Nath Batt ran away! And we could not persuade him to come back. He said, "I cannot. Have you ever heard of a dead man pissing? It is a ghost!"

I told him, "You are the leader."

He said, "To hell with the leader! I don't want to be the leader if this is the kind of work I have to do. And I've always known you -- from the very beginning. Why did you raise those poles?"

I said, "I don't know, it must have been the ghost. I suddenly felt like somebody was raising my hands up; I am not at all responsible." I had to drag that body alone, for two furlongs, to the hospital.

Shri Nath Batt was in the town telling everybody, "This boy is going to kill somebody someday. Today just by God's grace I am saved. That ghost just pissed over me, on my clothes. And that boy persuaded me: `You have to come because you are the leader; otherwise what will people think? -- a leader in times of need, missing. Then remember, at voting time I will not be of any help.' So I went there, but I never thought that he would do such a thing to me."

These people all around the world are really brown bags, full of everything rotten that you can conceive, for the simple reason that they have not been allowed to grow in the natural way. They have not been allowed to accept

themselves. They all have become ghosts. They are not authentically real people, they are only shadows of someone they could have been; they are only shadows.
The second circle of seven years is immensely important because it will prepare you for the coming seven years. If you have done the homework rightly, if you have played with your sexual energy just in the spirit of a sportsman -- and at that time, that is the only spirit you will have -- you will not become a pervert, a homosexual.
All kinds of strange things will not come to your mind because you are moving naturally with the other sex, the other sex is moving with you; there is no hindrance, and you are not doing anything wrong against anybody. Your conscience is clear because nobody has put into your conscience ideas of what is right, what is wrong: you are simply being whatever you are.
Then from fourteen to twenty-one your sex matures. And this is significant to understand: if the rehearsal has gone well, in the seven years when your sex matures a very strange thing happens that you may not have ever thought about, because you have not been given the chance. I said to you that the second seven years, from seven to fourteen, give you a glimpse of foreplay. The third seven years give you a glimpse of afterplay. You are still together with girls or boys, but now a new phase starts in your being: you start falling in love.
It is still not a biological interest. You are not interested in producing children, you are not interested in becoming husbands and wives, no. These are the years of romantic play. You are more interested in beauty, in love, in poetry, in sculpture -- which are all different phases of

romanticism. And unless a man has some romantic quality he will never know what afterplay is. Sex is just in the middle.

The longer the foreplay, the better the possibility of reaching the climax; the better the possibility of reaching the climax, the better opening for afterplay. And unless a couple knows afterplay they will never know what sex in its completion is.

Now there are sexologists who are teaching foreplay. A taught foreplay is not the real thing, but they are teaching it -- at least they have recognized the fact that without foreplay sex cannot reach the climax. But they are at a loss how to teach afterplay because when a person has reached the climax he is no longer interested: he is finished, the job is done. For that it needs a romantic mind, a poetic mind, a mind that knows how to be thankful, how to be grateful. The person, the woman or the man who has brought you to such a climax, needs some gratitude -- afterplay is your gratitude. And unless there is afterplay it simply means your sex is incomplete; and incomplete sex is the cause of all the troubles that man goes through.

Sex can become orgasmic only when afterplay and foreplay are completely balanced. Just in their balance the climax turns into orgasm.

And the word "orgasm" has to be understood.

It means that your whole being -- body, mind, soul, everything -- becomes involved, organically involved. Then it becomes a moment of meditation.

To me, if your sex does not become finally a moment of meditation, you have not known what sex is. You have only

heard about it, you have read about it; and the people who have been writing about it know nothing about it.

I have read hundreds of books on sexology by people who are thought to be great experts, and they are experts, but they know nothing about the innermost shrine where meditation blossoms.

Just as children are born by ordinary sex, meditation is born by extraordinary sex.

Animals can produce children; there is nothing special about it. It is only man who can produce the experience of meditation as the center of his orgasmic feeling. This is possible only if from fourteen to twenty-one young people are allowed to have romantic freedom.

From twenty-one to twenty-eight is the time when they can settle. They can choose a partner. And they are capable of choosing now; through all the experience of the past two circles they can choose the right partner. There is nobody else who can do it for you. It is something that is more like a hunch -- not arithmetic, not astrology, not palmistry, not I-Ching, nothing is going to do.

It is a hunch: coming in contact with many, many people suddenly something clicks which had never clicked with anybody else. And it clicks with so much certainty and so absolutely, that you cannot even doubt it. Even if you try to doubt it, you cannot, the certainty is so tremendous. With this click you settle.

Between twenty-one and twenty-eight somewhere, if everything goes smoothly the way I am saying, without interference from others, then you settle. And the most pleasant period of life comes from twenty-eight to thirty-

five -- the most joyous, the most peaceful and harmonious because two persons start melting and merging into each other.

From thirty-five to forty-two, a new step, a new door opens. If up to thirty-five you have felt deep harmony, an orgasmic feeling, and you have discovered meditation through it, then from thirty-five to forty-two you will help each other go more and more into that meditation without sex, because sex at this point starts looking childish, juvenile.

Forty-two is the right time when a person should be able to know exactly who he is. From forty-two to forty-nine he gets deeper and deeper into meditation, more and more into himself, and helps the partner in the same way. They become friends. There is no more husband and there is no more wife; that time has passed. It has given its richness to your life; now there is something higher, higher than love. That is friendliness, a compassionate relationship to help the other to go deeper into himself, to become more independent, to become more alone -- just like two tall trees standing separate but still close to each other, or two pillars in a temple supporting the same roof -- standing so close, but so separate and so independent and so alone.

From forty-nine to fifty-six this aloneness becomes your focus of being. Everything in the world loses meaning. The only thing meaningful that remains is this aloneness.

From fifty-six to sixty-three you become absolutely what you are going to become: the potential blossoms.

From sixty-three to seventy you start getting ready to drop the body. Now you know you are not the body, you know you are not the mind either. The body was known as

separate from you somewhere when you were thirty-five. That the mind is separate from you was known somewhere when you were forty-nine. Now, everything else drops except the witnessing self. Just the pure awareness, the flame of awareness remains with you, and this is the preparation for death.

Seventy is the natural life span for man. And if things move in this natural course then he dies with tremendous joy, with great ecstasy, feeling immensely blessed that his life has not been meaningless, that at least he has found his home. And because of this richness, this fulfillment, he is capable of blessing the whole existence.

Just to be near such a person when he is dying is a great opportunity. You will feel, as he leaves his body, some invisible flowers falling upon you. Although you cannot see them, you can feel them.

It has been always a great moment in the lives of disciples when the Master leaves the body. And it is possible because the Master can know when he is going to leave the body -- he can collect all those who have been his fellow travelers moving in the same way. Now that he is leaving he would like to give you his last gift.

As the Master opens his wings towards the other world you will feel the breeze which is incomparable. There is nothing in life to which it can be compared.

It is sheer joy, so pure that even to have a little taste of it is enough to transform your whole life.

From Darkness to Light

Chapter #4

Chapter title: The death penalty: not punishment but revenge
3 March 1985 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
WOULD YOU PLEASE COMMENT ON THE DEATH PENALTY?

The death penalty is a degrading proof of man's inhumanity to man. It shows that man is still living in the barbarous age. Civilization still remains an idea -- it has not become a reality.
The death penalty is so idiotic that you will have to look from all the aspects to understand why such an idiotic thing has continued in all the civilizations, cultures, nations. Even in a few countries where it was dropped it has been adopted again. In a few other countries where it has been dropped, it has been replaced by life imprisonment -- which is worse than the death penalty itself. It is better to die in a single moment than to go on dying slowly for fifty years, sixty years.
Changing from the death penalty to a life sentence is going not towards civilization, it is going still deeper into barbarous, inhuman darkness, unconsciousness.
The first thing to remember is that the death penalty is not really a punishment. If you cannot give life as a reward, you cannot give death as a penalty. This is a simple logic, there cannot be two opinions about it. If you cannot give life to people, what right have you to take their life?

I am reminded of a true story. It happened that two criminals were in search of a treasure that was hidden in a castle. Many people had tried but had not found the way; somehow these criminals stumbled upon the treasure. The treasure was so vast that one of the two was not willing to divide it. The only way was to kill the other, but in killing the other he might get caught. There was danger, and now he could not take any risk because the whole treasure was in his hands.

He managed a very cunning way. He disappeared and spread the rumor that he had been murdered, and he left all the evidence that would prove that his friend was the murderer. The friend was caught with all the proofs: his revolver was there; two bullets were missing, and his fingerprints were on the revolver. His handkerchief with his name embroidered on it had fallen .... And only he knew the place where the friend was hiding in the jungles against the police, because they had done other crimes also, and there was a price on both of them to be caught alive or dead.

He could not prove his innocence; there was no way -- everything went against him. He was given the death penalty. He knew he had not murdered his friend; he knew that this whole thing was a plot. His friend was not dead; it was just to keep the whole treasure, that the friend had removed him in a legal way, out of the way.

But he escaped from the prison before he was executed. After twelve years he came into the court, dragging the dead body of a very famous politician, a rich man of the city, and he told the court -- it was the same judge -- "I have murdered this man, and I dare you to punish me. But

first let me tell you the whole story. I am the man who twelve years ago you had sentenced to death. I escaped from the prison because I was absolutely innocent, but I had no proof."

In fact innocence has never any proof. Proofs are for the crime or against the crime, but innocence has no proof.

He said, "Now I have murdered the man you charged me twelve years ago for having murdered -- this is the man. If your first judgment was right then you cannot punish me again for the same murder because that man was murdered twelve years ago. And if your first judgment was not right, how can you be sure that your second judgment is going to be right?"

Can you punish a man for murdering the same man twice? It is really very difficult to decide.

He said, "The only crime I have committed is escaping from the jail, but can you call it a crime? When you punish an innocent man with death, who is the criminal -- you or me?

"And this man plotted the whole thing; he managed all those proofs because he had my revolver, he had my handkerchief. He managed all those proofs, escaped from there with the treasure that we had both found, became a rich man, famous. He changed his name, his personality, shaved off his beard, changed his hair-do, and became respectable; he opened a hospital, a school, made a temple. And this is the man who managed the plot to show he had been murdered.

"In that way he was saved from the punishment for other crimes for which the police were searching for him; now he has been murdered -- so that file is closed. He killed two

birds by one stone: he killed me, not directly, but through a legal procedure. He used all you idiots to kill me, so that he would become the whole owner of the treasure -- and he did. By the same strategy he removed all crimes against him. The file was closed, the man was dead -- of course, his body was not found. The murderer had been very clever, because he was a known criminal."

The story has many implications. The man asked, "If I was sentenced to death and I had not escaped and was executed, what would have been the case now? If it had come to be known that the man thought to be murdered is alive, would you be able to give me my life back? If you cannot give my life back, what right have you to take it away?"

It is said the judge resigned, apologized to the man and said, "Perhaps I have done many crimes in my life."

A strange thing all over the world is that unless you are proved innocent, you are guilty. This goes against all humanitarian ideals, democracy, freedom, respect for individuality; it goes against all. The rule should be: unless you are proved guilty you are innocent. Yes, it is said in words, but in reality the case is just the opposite.

For example, this city, Rajneeshpuram, is, in the opinion of the attorney general of Oregon, illegal. It is just an opinion. He is not a judge; he has to go before the court to prove it. Unless he proves that the city is guilty of being illegal, the city is legal, we are innocent. Until guilt is proved, innocence needs no proof. But this is not the case.

Although America goes on claiming to be the greatest democracy in the world, it is sheer bullshit. The Supreme Court of America goes on declaring that unless a person is proved guilty, he is innocent. Innocence needs no proof;

otherwise it would be impossible for anybody to live. If everybody has to prove his innocence; otherwise he is a guilty man and he should be thrown into jail because he cannot prove his innocence ....

How do you prove your innocence? Innocence is not an act, it leaves no traces behind, no evidence. So the Supreme Court says, "This is our standpoint: Unless a man is proved guilty, he is innocent." But this is only said, because our city is already being regarded by the state government, by the federal government, as illegal -- without it having been proved before a court.

The case is still in the court. The court is theirs, but they cannot wait even for the court to decide. The federal government has stopped giving the money that was due to the city; not only that, the federal government has asked that the money that they have given for the past two years should be returned. For two years the city was legal. And what support have they given? -- two hundred and sixty-five dollars!

I would like the mayor of your city to return the money with interest. Such a poor government, giving such a great support to the city, certainly needs at least bank-rate interest on the great sum of two hundred and sixty-five dollars.

These nuts think they are democratic.

The state government has stopped giving their share. The attorney general has been forcing the police authorities to declare our city's police also illegal. This is strange. You have not proved us guilty, you cannot prove us guilty; in fact your own court has incorporated the city with all legalities fulfilled. For two years your governments -- state

and federal both -- have been accepting the city, training the police, having its police department in the city. You arrange the elections for the mayor, for the council. Everything proves that the city is legal. Just one man who wants to rise in political power, who wants to become the next governor, is in need of us. Without our support in Oregon nobody can become the governor. But our support is a strange kind of support: anybody who wants to win an election has to be against us. Just being against us is enough to gain the support of all the bigots, of all the Christians, of all the orthodox, conventional people, of all those who think that Oregon is their property. Just to be against us ....

Without proving in a court -- and even if you prove in one court that does not mean that you have proved it. We can appeal. The case will not be decided for at least twenty to thirty years -- not before that. It will have to go up to the Supreme Court of the United States.

We are not going to be humiliated in any way. And when the law is in our favor, the whole democratic concept is behind us, all the values that democracy cherishes are in our support, there is no reason at all .... But they have started accepting us as illegal.

This is how man goes on saying one thing and goes on doing just its opposite. He talks about being civilized, cultured -- he is not civilized, not cultured. The death penalty is a proof enough.

This is the rule of a barbarous society: An eye for an eye, and a head for a head. If somebody cuts off one of your hands, then in a barbarous society, this is a simple law: one of his hands should be cut off.

The same has been carried down the ages. The death penalty is exactly the same law: An eye for an eye. If a man is thought to have murdered somebody, then he should be murdered. But it is strange: if killing somebody is a crime, then how can you remove crime from society by committing the same crime again? There was one man murdered; now there are two men murdered. And it is not certain that this man murdered that man, because to prove a murder is not an easy thing.

If murder is wrong, then whether it is committed by the man or by the society and its court, makes no difference. Killing certainly is a crime.

The death penalty is a crime committed by the society against a single individual, who is helpless.

I cannot call it a penalty, it is a crime.

And you can understand why it is committed: it is a revenge. Society is taking revenge because the man did not follow the rules of the society; the society is ready to kill him. But nobody bothers that when somebody murders, it shows that man is psychologically sick. Rather than sending him to imprisonment or to be executed, he should be sent into a nursing home where he can be taken care of -- physically, psychologically, spiritually. He is sick. He needs all the compassion of the society; there is no question of penalty, punishment.

Yes, it is true, one man is murdered; but we cannot do anything about it. By murdering this man do you think the other will come back to life? If that were possible, I would be all in support of this man being removed -- he is not worth being part of the society -- and the other should be revived.

But that does not happen. The other is gone forever; there is no way to revive him. Yes, you can do one thing, you can kill this man too. You are trying to wash blood with blood, mud with mud. You are not aware of what has happened in history in many cases.

Three hundred years ago, in many cultures the madman was thought to be pretending. In many other cultures he was thought to be possessed by ghosts. In other cultures he was thought to be mad, but treatable by punishment. And these were the three ways mad people were taken care of. They were treated by beatings -- strange treatment! -- and by taking their blood out. Now you give blood transfusions; they used to do just the opposite -- they used to take the blood out of the man. It was thought that he had too much energy. Naturally when his blood was taken out he became weak; he started showing signs of weakness because so much blood was taken out, and it was thought they had cured him of his madness.

By beating a man, naturally once in a while it used to happen that the man came to his senses. It is almost as if a man is asleep and you start beating him and he wakes up. A madman has fallen out of his conscious mind. If you beat him too hard, once in a while it may happen that he wakes up into his consciousness again. That became a proof that beating is the right treatment. But is used to happen only once in a while; ninety-nine percent of the cases were unnecessarily beaten. But that one exception was the rule. It was thought that he was possessed by spirits, ghosts; then too beat him, because if he is possessed by ghosts the beating will reach the ghost, not him. You are not beating him, you are really beating the ghosts who are possessing

him, and because of the beating they will escape. And once in a while, but just once in a while, that is one percent, no more than that ....

I have been in one place -- it was very famous for mad people. Hundreds of mad people were brought to that place. It was on the bank of a river, a temple, and the priest must have been a butcher for at least a few hundred lives. He looked like a butcher and he gave a good beating. The mad people were chained, given a good beating, no food, and very strong laxatives. And I have seen that once in a while a person came to his senses.

Strong laxatives for a few days with no food cleaned his inner system. Beatings brought him back a little consciousness. No food, hunger -- a hungry man cannot afford to be mad because his body is in such torture. To be mad you need a little bit of comfort in your life situation. You can see it: the more comfortable a society, the more luxurious, affluent a culture, the more people go mad. The more poor a society -- starving, hungry -- the less people go mad. Madness needs, in the first place, a mind. But a hungry person has no nourishment for the mind. He is undernourished: his mind is not in a situation to go nuts. For that the mind needs more energy than ordinarily is involved in life.

Madness is a rich man's disease. The poor man cannot afford it.

So when you keep a person hungry and give him laxatives, it cleanses his inner system, makes him so hungry that he becomes bodily-oriented. He forgets the mind, the question is the body. He is no longer interested in mind and mind games.

Madness is a mind game.
So once in a while I have seen people being cured there, but that one percent cured would spread the rumor all around, and hundreds of people were coming there. The temple became very rich. I had gone there many times to see it but only once did I meet a man who had been cured; others went back to their homes just beaten, hungry, starved, more sick, more weak. Many died through that priest's treatment.
But in India if the treatment is being given in a temple, a sacred place, by the priest, it is not a crime if you die; in fact you are fortunate that you are dying in a sacred place. You will be born on a higher level of consciousness; so it is not a crime.
But I spoke against the man wherever I went and I said, "This is absolutely criminal. What authority has he or what medical qualifications has he? Is he a psychiatrist, physiologist? -- he is only a priest." But priests have been treating mad people for centuries, in the same way, all over the world.
Now we know that a mad person cannot be treated this way. Mad people were put into prison, in isolated cells. Still that is happening around the world because we don't know what to do. Just to hide our ignorance we put the mad person into jail, so we can forget about him; at least we can go on ignoring that he exists.
In my town one of my friends' uncles was mad. They were rich people. I used to go in their house often, but even I became aware only after years that one of his uncles was kept in an underground basement, chained.
I said, "Why?"

They said, "He is mad. There were only two ways: either we keep him in our own house, chained .... And of course we cannot keep him chained in the house; otherwise people will be coming and everybody will feel worried and concerned. And his children, his wife, watching their father, their husband .... And it is against our family's reputation to send him to prison, so we found this way: we have imprisoned him underground. His food is being taken to him by a servant; otherwise nobody goes to see him, nobody goes to meet him."

I persuaded my friend, "I would like to meet your uncle."

He said, "But I cannot come with you -- he is a dangerous man, he is mad! Although he is chained he can do anything."

I said, "He can at the most kill me. You just remain behind me so if I am killed you escape, but I would like to go."

Because I insisted, he managed to get the key from the servant who used to take the food. In thirty years I was the first person from the outside world, other than the servant, who had met him; and that man may have been mad -- I cannot say -- but now he was not mad. But nobody was ready to listen to him because all mad people say, "We are not mad."

So when he said this to the servant, "Tell my family that I am not mad," the servant simply laughed. He even told the family but nobody took any note of it.

When I saw the man, I sat with him, I talked with him. He was as sane as anybody else in the world -- perhaps a little more, because he said one thing to me: "Being here for thirty years has been a tremendous experience. In fact I feel fortunate that I am out of your mad world. They think I am

mad -- let them think that, there is no harm -- but in fact I am fortunate that I am out of your mad world. What do you think?" he said to me.

I said, "You are absolutely right. The world outside is far madder than when you left it thirty years before. In thirty years there has been great evolution in everything -- in madness too. You stop saying to people that you are not mad; otherwise they will take you out. You are living a perfectly beautiful life. You have enough space to walk ...."

He said, "That's the only exercise I can do here -- walking."

And I started to teach him vipassana. I said, "You are in such perfect conditions to become a buddha: no worries, no botherations, no disturbances. You are really blessed."

And he started practicing vipassana. I told him, "You can practice it sitting, you can practice it walking" -- and he was my first disciple as far as vipassana is concerned. And you will be surprised that he died a sannyasin -- died in the basement.

But the last time I had gone to my village, I went to see him. He said, "I'm ready; now you initiate me. My days are numbered, and I would like to die as your sannyasin. I'm your disciple; for twenty years you have been my master and whatever you had promised is fulfilled."

And you could see from his face, from his eyes, that he was not the same person -- a total transformation, a mutation ....

Mad people need methods of meditation so that they can come out of their madness.

The criminals need psychological help, spiritual support. They are really deep-down sick, and you are punishing sick people. It is not their fault. If somebody murders, that means he has carried a tendency to murder in him for a

long time. It is not that somewhere, out of nowhere, suddenly you murder somebody.

In one of the existential novels there is a story: a man is caught -- in fact it is not right to say "caught" because he never tried to escape. He killed a stranger who was sitting on the beach. He came from behind and killed him with a dagger; the man died on the spot. The man was absolutely a stranger; the murderer had never seen his face even, because he killed him from the back. Even after the murder he had not seen his face; he had no idea whom he had murdered.

It was a very strange case -- existentialism has been of great help in bringing strange cases to light. The court asked the man, "We cannot understand why you murdered the man."

He said, "It is not a question of `why' -- I simply wanted to. There are people who try to find excuses to do something that they want to do. I am a simple person: why bother about an excuse? -- just do it if you want to do it."

Now he is saying a truth of tremendous importance. People try to find an excuse: for example, they are angry with you -- they think they are angry with you; that is not true. They were carrying that anger -- it was boiling within them, they were sitting on a volcano. They were just waiting for somebody to give them an excuse: you gave the excuse, and they exploded. It seems you are responsible for the explosion. No, you are only an accidental excuse, you are not responsible. Somebody else would have done if you had not. It is just coincidence that you happened to pass by; otherwise, somebody else ....

This murderer says to the court, "I am a simple man; I don't bother about rationalizations and excuses -- I simply wanted to kill. And it was really an exciting experience. When I forced the dagger into the back of that man whom I don't know, who has not done any wrong to me, when the blood dashed out from his back I had the greatest, the most exciting experience in my life.

"I am perfectly happy: you can give me any punishment that you want. I am not going to say that I have not done it, I have done it. I wanted to do it for a long time, and it is good that I did it."

Now, what do you want to do with this man? Is he a murderer, or a psychiatric case who has been prevented from having any excitement in his life? Perhaps he has never known love, because if you ask Sigmund Freud, he will say that the dagger is nothing but a symbol of the male's sexual organ, and dashing it into the back of the man is just an effort -- perverted, but an effort -- to have some entry into another body. That's what people are doing all over the world. Making love is entering another's body. This man is certainly not in the right shape, things are upside down, but what he is doing is simply a sexual act; it has nothing to do with murder. The murder happened; that is just a by-product.

And why does a man want to enter the body of a woman? -- because every implication has its own implications. It is because the man is born out of woman's body. He has come out of the woman's body, and he has never been so comfortable again, and he wants to be back in the womb of the mother.

Every man is searching for his mother's womb. These murderers are also searching for the mother's womb -- of course in a wrong way, unnatural, but they are not responsible for it: your society is responsible for it. If a murder happens then the society should be punished, then the whole society should have to pay the penalty.

Why did it happen in this society? What have you done with the man that he had to commit a murder? Why did he become destructive? -- because nature gives everybody energy which is creative. It becomes destructive only when it is obstructed, when no natural flow is allowed. Whenever energy goes towards the natural it is prevented by society, it is crippled; it is directed into some other direction.

Soon the man is in a confusion. He does not know what is what. He does not know what he is doing, why he is doing it. The original reasons are left far behind. He has taken so many turns that he has become a jigsaw puzzle.

Nobody needs the death penalty, nobody deserves it. In fact, not only the death penalty, no other kind of punishment is right, because punishment never cures the person.

Every day the number of criminals goes on growing; every day you build more prisons. This is strange. It should not be so. Just the opposite should be the case, because with so many courts and so many punishments and so many prisons, crimes should be less, criminals should be less, slowly, slowly prisons should be less, courts should be less. But that is not happening.

I am reminded that in Great Britain, just one hundred years ago, corporal punishment for stealing was the common thing. And the punishment had to be given in a public

square so people could see what happens when you steal -- just to teach them. It would be a lesson to them, that if you steal this happens: a public humiliation. The person had to be naked and lashed till blood started oozing from his body. But what happened -- just one hundred years ago -- was that the punishment had to be dropped because it was found that when the crowd was there ... and thousands gathered to see -- it was not a good sign. When thousands of people come to see such an ugly scene it shows something in them is wrong. Perhaps they also want to beat someone naked, but they don't have the guts; at least they can see it being done.

That's what you are doing everywhere. You love football: you don't play -- there are professional players -- you watch. You become identified with a certain team of football players and you are so excited, as if you are participants. Just look at the crowd in a stadium: thousands of people so excited, as if their life and death is in question -- shouting, screaming, throwing their caps, their hats, fighting with each other because the person by their side is giving encouragement to the party they oppose.

The football players are playing their games, and the thousands of spectators -- what are they doing? They are also, in a psychological way, participants -- perhaps more excited than the real players. The real players are professionals, that is their business, and these idiots are unnecessarily becoming so hot.

And this is not the whole crowd; the real crowd is sitting by their television sets, millions of them -- listening to commentaries on their radios.

I had a friend in the university; he was a professor, but a fan of hockey matches -- in India, football is not so hot. One day I was sitting in his room and he was listening to the commentary on his small transistor that he used to carry continuously, keeping it close to his ear so he did not miss anything.

I was sitting there and I told him, "I have come to say something to you."

He just told me, "Keep quiet!" and went back to his commentary. And then something happened: he threw the transistor and it broke into pieces.

I said, "What happened?"

He said, "My team, they failed me! I had so much hope for them."

"But," I said, "if your team failed, why did you destroy the transistor?"

He said, "You won't understand. I was in such anger that you should feel fortunate that I did not hit you with the transistor."

"But this would have been too much! First you destroyed the transistor, and I am just sitting waiting here for you to get finished with your transistor, and you wanted to hit me with it," I said.

"Yes, I was so angry," he said, "I could have hit you. For a moment I was just going to and then I changed my mind."

I said, "This is good -- next time I will never be around anyone listening to the commentary on hockey matches. This is dangerous, even to be around."

Now this man is so much involved .... The whole world has become a world of spectators.

What are you seeing in a movie? I don't think you are seeing a movie, you become part of it, you become identified with some character in it. When he falls in love, you fall in love; when he kisses his girlfriend, you are kissing his girlfriend. This is sheer nonsense, but you cannot expect anything more from the humanity that you have got around.

So those spectators in Great Britain, what were they doing? They were so involved in watching that there were pickpockets all around, cutting their pockets. It was brought to the notice of the parliament: "What kind of lesson are you teaching, because exactly there, where the crowd has gathered to learn the lesson, there are people who are cutting others' pockets." And it is easy because those people are so involved they have completely forgotten themselves and their pockets. And that man is being beaten almost to death, and those pickpockets ....

Your whole reasoning is wrong. You cannot teach by punishment.

That's what your jurists, legal experts, politicians, have been saying down the ages: "If we don't punish people, then how are we going to teach them? Then everybody will start committing crime, so we have to go on punishing so people remain afraid."

They think that fear is the only way to teach -- and fear is not the way to teach them at all. What punishment teaches is, it makes people acquainted with fear, so the original shock is no longer there. They know what can happen: "At the most you can beat me. And if one person can take it, I

can also take it. And out of a hundred thieves you can catch only one or two persons."

Now, if you are not ready even to take that much risk -- ninety-eight percent success, two percent failure -- then what kind of man are you?

Nobody learns from any punishment. The very person who is being punished, he also does not learn what you want him to learn. Yes, he learns something else: he learns how to become a thick-skin.

Once a person goes into prison, prison becomes his home, because there he finds people of a like mind. There he finds his real society. Outside he was a foreigner; there he is in his own world. They all understand the same language, and there are experts. You may be just an amateur, an apprentice; it may be your first term.

I have heard: one man enters a prison; in the dark cell he sees an old man, resting. The old man asks him, "For how long are you going to be here?"

He says, "For ten years."

The old man says, "Then you can stay close to the door. Just ten years! You seem to be new. I am going to be here for fifty years. You just remain close to the door. Soon the years will be gone and you will be out."

But when you are with experts for ten years, of course you learn all their techniques, strategies, methods, their experience. You will find your jail almost a certain kind of university where crime is taught at government expense. You will find professors of crime, deans of the crime faculty, vice-chancellors, chancellors -- all kinds of people who have done every kind of crime that you can imagine;

certainly the newcomer starts learning. And one thing is in the air of every prison .... I have been to many prisons.
It happened that in Madhya Pradesh when I was a professor there, one old man, Mangaldas Pakvasa, was governor of Madhya Pradesh. He was very much interested in me, so much so that although I went on telling him, "Kaka" -- he was known to everybody as kaka, uncle -- "I don't believe in God," he said, "Whether you believe it or not, just when you reach, tell God something for this Mangaldas Pakvasa, because I am an old sinner. Being in politics, you know, I have done everything that I should not have done. Now I am getting old."
"But," I said, "you will be dying first, Kaka. Can't you see a simple thing: you will be reaching first. So if you want, you can help me, but I cannot help you; I am not going that early!"
"But," he said, "I suspect that I will never be going to heaven. Governors and prime ministers and presidents -- I don't think any of them are going there. This whole company is going to hell!"
He was a very simple and good man. Because he was governor, I had immense dimensions open for me. I asked him, "You give me a general permission: if I want to visit any jail I should be allowed."
He said, "That is no problem." And the biggest jail was in Jabalpur itself; it was the central jail of the whole state -- three thousand diehard criminals. So I used to go almost every Sunday; while he remained governor I continued to go there. And what I saw -- this was the climate, and in other jails also. I went in smaller jails also but the climate was essentially the same.

The climate was that it is not crime that brings you to jail, it is being caught, so if you know right ways to do wrong things .... It is not a question of doing right things; the question is doing wrong things in a right way. And every prisoner learns the right way of doing wrong things in jail. In fact I have talked with prisoners and they said, "We are eager to get out."

I said, "For what?"

They said, "You are a friend, and we don't hide anything from you: we want to get out as soon as possible because we have learned so much, we want to practice. Just the practicals were missing, it was all theoretical knowledge. For practicals you need the society."

Once a person becomes a jailbird, then nowhere will he find himself at ease; sooner or later he will be coming back to jail. And slowly slowly jail becomes his alternative society.

It is more comfortable, he feels more at home; nobody looks down on him, nobody thinks that he is superior and you are inferior. Everybody is a criminal. Nobody is a priest and nobody is a sage and nobody is a holy man: all are poor human beings with all the weaknesses and frailties.

Outside he finds that he is rejected, abandoned.

In my town there was a permanent jail-goer. He was a very beautiful man; his name was Barkat Mian. He was a Mohammedan. Mian is a Mohammedan respectful word exactly like "sir" or the Indian, Hindu, ji. If you simply say, "Gandhi" it will not look respectful; you have to say "Gandhiji." For Mohammedans mian is simply equivalent to ji or "sir".

It was strange that Barkat Mian was a permanent jail-goer, almost nine months in jail, three months outside; and in those three months also, every week he had to go to report to the police station to show that everything was okay and he was here.

But I had a great friendship with that man. My family was very angry; they said, "Why do you keep company with Barkat?" My family used to say to me, "A man is known by his company."

I said, "I understand you: that means Barkat will be known by me, and to give a man a little respectability is not anything bad."

They said, "When will you see things in the right way?"

I said, "I am seeing it exactly the right way. Rather than Barkat degrading me, I am upgrading Barkat. You think his evil is more powerful than my goodness? You don't trust my integrity; you trust Barkat's integrity." I said, "Whatever your opinion, I trust myself. Barkat cannot do any harm to me. If any harm is going to be done it will be done to Barkat by me."

He was really a beautiful man, nice, and he used to tell me, "You should not be around me. If you want to meet me and talk to me, we can manage to meet somewhere outside the town, by the riverbank."

He himself lived near the Mohammedan cemetery where nobody goes unless one dies: one goes only once. He was not allowed to live in the town. In the town nobody was ready to give him a house to rent. Whatsoever rent he was ready to pay, nobody was ready to take it, nobody was going to take him in.

There on the Mohammedan cemetery was a house -- nothing but a shelter for the rainy season, summer. People die in all kinds of climates, not bothering about anybody -- that it is raining and they could wait a little, there is no hurry. But people are people: if they can harass you, they will harass you. They will die when it is raining dogs and cats, or is it cats and dogs? But it makes no difference; when it is raining who is first and who is second does not matter.

So that shelter was just for certain times; people could sit there. But in a small place people don't die every day, only once in a while; so Barkat used to live in that shelter. He said, "You always are welcome in my house" -- that shelter he used to call his house. And of course there was no fear because nobody could steal anything from Barkat. Nobody could even dare to go in the night near Barkat Mian because he was a dangerous man.

Just by the side of my father's store was a big shop, a kind of general store, having all kinds of things. He stole from that. One night he told me, "Tonight I am coming to Mody's shop" -- that was the name of the shop. And he came and he did a good job: he took out all the ornaments and everything, and managed to escape but finally was caught. Not that day -- after two months, in another robbery he was caught, and there it was found that one watch he was wearing was from Mody's store.

So it was worked out and he was forced to confess from where the watch had come to him. And he confessed that it was from Mody's store because that was the only store in the town that had watches to sell. From where else could it come? Everybody's watch came from Mody's store!

But other things were also found in his home, in that shelter where he used to keep his suitcase and things; and a few things he had sold -- so he was sentenced to six months. After six months -- this I call a real gentleman -- after six months, when he was released from the jail .... The jail was in a district which was nearabout sixty miles away. He came in a taxi, stopped the taxi before Mody's store and went in.

Mody stood up, afraid that now there was going to be trouble; this man has been released. Barkat said, "Pay the taxi -- I don't have any money. And you know for six months you have kept me unemployed, so, some money for my pocket."

I was just present there because Mody's store was just next to my father's shop. Mody had to pay the taxi and give Barkat a few rupees. He told Barkat, "Don't come every day," and Barkat said, "Till I manage something I will have to come, because six months you kept me unemployed. You are responsible."

He continued to come every day, and I said to Mody, "Modyji, you go on giving money to Barkat."

He said, "What to do? He can cut my throat -- he is a dangerous man! You don't see: when he comes inside the shop, he shows me a knife. Nobody sees it from the outside because of so many things in the shop. With one hand he asks for the money, with the other hand he shows me a knife, so everybody thinks I am giving the money happily. You think I am giving it happily?"

I said, "No, I know about the knife because Barkat Mian is my friend and he tells me everything."

I asked Barkat, "How did you become a thief?"

He said, "The first time I was jailed I was absolutely innocent, but I was poor, I could not hire an advocate; and the people who wanted me to be forced into jail had some vested interest.

"My father and mother died when I was very young, fourteen or fifteen, and my other relatives wanted to capture the whole family's possessions -- house, land -- and they wanted to remove me out of their way. They simply managed it. They put something into my bag in my house. And there was no way to get out of it: the thing was found in my bag, and I was sent to jail.

"When I came back, my land was gone, my house was sold, my relatives had managed to disperse everything and distribute everything. I was just on the streets.

"So, first, I was innocent when I went in, but when I came out I was not innocent, because I had come with a certain graduation. I told everybody in jail what had happened to me -- I was only seventeen. They said `Don't be worried, these nine months will be soon finished, but in nine months we will also give you the finishing touches. And you will be able to take revenge on everybody.'

"And I started to take revenge on all the relatives -- this was simply tit for tat. They had forced me to become a thief, and I proved that, okay, now I am a thief. I destroyed this whole gang of my relatives; I stole everything that they had. But by and by I became more and more involved.

"You can have ten cases in which you are saved but in the eleventh you are caught. As you grow older and more efficient, you are caught less. But now there is no problem; in fact imprisonment proves a relaxing place, a holiday from work and worry and all kinds of things.

"A few months in jail are good for health -- a disciplined life: an exact time to get up, to go to work, an exact time to go to sleep. Just enough food to keep you alive; more than that makes you sick."

He said, "I am never sick in jail, unless I pretend and want to be in hospital to escape; otherwise I am never sick. Outside I fall sick, but never inside. And outside is a foreign world and everybody is superior and I am inferior. Only in jail I feel a freedom."

Strange! When he said that, I said, "You say in jail you feel freedom?"

He said, "Yes, only in jail I feel freedom."

What kind of society is this, in which people in jail feel freedom, and outside they feel imprisoned?

And this is almost the story of every criminal. A small thing in the beginning -- maybe he was hungry, maybe he was cold, needed a blanket and just stole a blanket -- small necessities which should be fulfilled: otherwise the society should not produce these people. Nobody asks it to produce them.

On the one hand you go on producing people more and more and more, and there are not enough things for them, neither food nor clothes nor shelter. Then what do you want? You are putting people in a situation where they are bound to become criminals.

The world population has to be cut to one third -- if you want crime to disappear.

But nobody wants crime to disappear because the disappearance of crime means the disappearance of your judges, of your advocates, of your law experts, of your parliaments, of your policemen, of your jailers. It will

create a big unemployment problem; nobody wants anything to change for the better.
Everybody says things should change for the better, but everybody goes on making things worse, because the worse things are, the more people are employed. The worse things are, the more chances you have to feel good. Criminals are needed for you to feel that you are such a moral, respectable person.
Sinners are needed for saints to feel that they are saints. Without sinners, who will be the saint? If the whole society consisted of good people, do you think you will remember Jesus Christ for two thousand years? For what? It is the criminal society that remembers Jesus Christ for two thousand years.
It is a simple thing to understand. Why do you remember Gautam Buddha? If there were millions of buddhas, awakened people in the world ... what speciality did Gautam Buddha have? He would have been lost in the crowd. But twenty-five centuries have passed and he stands like a pillar, a mountain peak far above you and your heads. In fact Buddha, Jesus, Mohammed, Mahavira, are not giants -- you are pygmies.
And every giant has an investment in your remaining a pygmy; otherwise he won't be a giant.
This is a great conspiracy.
I am against this whole conspiracy. I am neither a giant nor a pygmy; I have no vested interest at all.
I am just myself.
I don't compare myself with anybody, so nobody is lower than me and nobody is higher than me. Because of this simple fact I can see directly; there is no vested interest

creating diversions to my vision. And this is my immediate response to the question: the death penalty is simply a proof that man still needs to be civilized, needs to be cultured, needs to know human values.
In this world nobody is a criminal, never has been. Yes, there are people ... they need compassion, not imprisonment, not punishment. All prisons should be transformed into psychological nursing homes.

From Darkness to Light

Chapter #5

Chapter title: Successful criminals and cowardly politicians
4 March 1985 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
HOW COME YOU SPEAK ABOUT POLITICAL LEADERS AND RELIGIOUS LEADERS IN THE SAME TONE -- IS THERE NO DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEM?

Fundamentally there is no difference at all. Superficially of course there are differences.
The basic desire to be a leader arises in people who are suffering from an inferiority complex. It does not matter whether they move into the political world or into the religious world; the will-to-power is an absolute indication that the man feels himself inferior to others and he wants to prove to the world that it is not so.

It is not only a question of proving to the world; through the world he wants to prove it to himself too, that he is not inferior to anybody. The only way mind can manage it is to make everybody inferior to you.

Mind is not your intelligence.

It may sound strange but this is a truth, that mind is not your intelligence. Mind can be intellectual, which is a very poor substitute for intelligence. Intellectuality is mechanical. You can become a great scholar, a great professor, a great philosopher -- just playing with words which are all borrowed, arranging and rearranging thoughts, none of which are your own.

The intellect is absolutely bankrupt.

It has nothing of its own, all is borrowed.

And that's the difference between intelligence and intellect. Intelligence has an eyesight of its own, a capacity to see into things, into problems.

Intelligence is your born quality.

It cannot be learned, it cannot be nurtured. Everybody is born with intelligence, but the society is in favor of intellect, because the intellectual person is not a real individual, he is phony. He has nothing of his own; he is a beggar, and beggars are not supposed to be emperors, are not supposed to be masters. They are destined to remain slaves.

So your so-called greatest scholars are continuously proving their slavery to the establishment. None of them is a rebel. They are hankering for the prizes and awards the establishment can bestow upon them: respectability, honor. They are all desiring to be Nobel laureates, but to get the Nobel prize you have to sell your soul. You have to accept

a thousand and one things that no intelligent person can accept.

You have to support the status quo, the people who are in power, who have the money. You are just a puppet to them. Yes, it is a very mutual conspiracy: they give you the Nobel prize, they give you honorary doctorates, they make you world famous; in return you support their exploitation, their oppression, and whatever nonsense they are doing. You have to become a protecting wall.

And of course the world is going to listen to you because you are a Nobel prize winner, honored by Oxford, by Cambridge, by Harvard. The ordinary people, the common masses are bound to listen to you.

If you are supporting the society then naturally there is nothing wrong with the society; there is no need to change it. The problems are not created by the society but by the "anti-social" elements. And who are the anti-social elements? All the rebels are anti-social elements. It is these people who provoke the masses, steal their souls, make them aware that they also are human beings, not cattle. These are anti-social elements; they have to be destroyed. Either they have to be purchased in some way ... give them a Nobel prize, and purchase them; give them honorary doctorates and purchase them. If they refuse to be purchased then society has all the ways to condemn them. Their books will not be published by the great publishers, because those great publications are owned by the vested interests. Their names will disappear from the newspapers, from the magazines, from the media. They will live almost as if they are not, as if they don't exist.

This is a far superior way to destroy somebody than crucifying. At least when you crucify a person you give him immense publicity. Two thousand years have passed: Jesus is still hanging on the cross. He has become almost an eternal advertisement. Wherever you go you will see the cross -- on the graveyard, on the churches, on the vehicles of the Red Cross Society.

Now this is free publicity for two thousand years! Isabel, you should learn something! Not a single cent has been wasted. Jesus was certainly a Jew, not only by birth but by his very spirit. He managed his own crucifixion, and created publicity which goes on increasing.

It is a very essential thing to understand, that the establishment first tries to persuade you, to bribe you. When it fails in purchasing and bribing you, then it comes into its true color: then it starts destroying you. And it has learned through the centuries that poisoning a Socrates is not good. You killed the man, but you made him immortal; you imprinted his message on the very soul of humanity. You proved foolish -- it was not the right way.

Crucifying Jesus was not the way to destroy him. You have saved him.

Now the modern status quo, establishment, vested interests, are far more clever. If Jesus comes back he should not be afraid that he is going to be crucified again. No, this time it is going to be worse: he will be ignored. To be crucified does not take your dignity, but to be ignored .... Nobody bothers about you, nobody pays any attention, nobody is for or against you. This is real humiliation that is being done.

But intellectuals are not capable of resisting; they don't have the guts, they can't have, because all that they have is borrowed. They are easily purchasable, cheap. But they become a very significant protective wall around the establishment. People look towards them with respect. People think that if a Nobel prize winner is saying something it must be right -- as if by winning the Nobel prize one attains to enlightenment, nirvana!

It is a political game. It is all politics.

Once in a while they go on giving a Nobel prize to a Russian scientist, to some scientist whom they would like to get out of Russia; his being in Russia is dangerous for them. He is close to finding something -- or he has found it already -- in which they are far behind.

Now you see the ways of the politicians? Give the man a Nobel prize -- now you create trouble. The scientist is not capable of resisting the temptation of accepting the Nobel prize, because that is the world's greatest honor. It does not happen to everybody; it happens once in a while to one individual in millions.

Now, a poor scientist, howsoever great a scientist he may be -- as a man he is a poor man with all the desires to be famous, to be well known. Now, the politicians have put him into a dilemma: if he accepts the Nobel prize he goes against the Russian establishment because the Russian establishment knows perfectly well -- politicians know each other well; nobody knows them as well as they know each other. They speak the same language, they work the same strategies.

The Russian politicians know why the Nobel prize has been given to this man. By giving the Nobel prize a rift has been

created between the man and the Soviet government. The Soviet pressure will be: "Reject the Nobel prize. It comes from the capitalist world; it is not an honor, in fact it is an insult. Reject it, and if you don't reject it then you will be in trouble."

And it has happened with many people: either they have been imprisoned ... that's what the politicians of the other side wanted, that they should be imprisoned so their work is spoiled. They may have been coming close to something which may have made Russia the most powerful nation in the world. They have disrupted it; they have sabotaged it in a very clever way -- without interfering, without saying a single world.

Or if the man has a world-wide reputation already -- which scientists generally don't have ... perhaps a literary person, a poet, a novelist may have. If the person has a world-wide reputation, then from all capitalist countries all the intellectuals, their institutions, academies and societies will start a great campaign and movement against the Russian government.

Now, the Russian government has only two choices: either to release that man and stop this campaign .... But they cannot keep this man any longer in the country; he has become an enemy. And now he is in the hands of the enemies, he can become an informer. He is dangerous -- he has to be expelled. That too is good for the capitalist world. Once the man is expelled he is received with great honor all over the capitalist world; he is made a hero.

If you look into the ways the politicians go on doing things you will be surprised. But they succeed only with intellectuals, because intellectuals are really not intelligent

people. If they were intelligent then nobody could manipulate them, neither the communist nor the capitalist; nobody would be capable of manipulating them. It would be impossible; they would see things clearly.
Intelligence is of the soul.
Intellect is of the mind.
Mind is just garbage. Mind is that which has been given to you by others. The whole collection, the whole junkyard all kinds of people have been throwing in you -- that is your mind. That mind continuously suffers from an inferiority complex, is bound to suffer: it has nothing of its own, it has no ground underneath its feet.
The mind wants power, prestige.
It can have power through politics, which is the criminal's way. If your mind has a criminal tendency then you will follow the path of politics. Politicians and criminals are not basically different people.
Politicians are successful criminals.
Criminals are unsuccessful politicians.
Criminals are poor, pitiable. They had tried but they failed.
Politicians are of the same tribe, with only one difference: they have succeeded.
And in this world success makes everything right. What you have done, how you have arrived, what method and means you have used -- who bothers about it? When you are successful it is enough proof that you are a man of tremendous capacity. Your success is the proof.
And when you have failed, your failure is also a proof that you were hankering for the moon; you were just foolish.
Try to walk on the earth, don't try to fly towards the moon;

otherwise you will fall and get multiple fractures. That's what poor criminals have got -- multiple fractures.

But the mind of the politician and the criminal is the same. Those who are not courageous enough will go in a way which can lead either to the world of criminals or to the world of politicians. Of course, of the hundred people who will walk on the path, ninety-nine will go to the world of criminals; ninety-nine will be in the jails. One percent will also be in jail, but of a different kind: it is called the White House.

All kinds of black deeds -- naturally you have to call the house the "White House" to hide them.

I have heard: a black man, very old, hair all white, was following a woman, a young girl -- must have been of the age of his grandchildren -- with such lustful eyes that another old man, his friend, stopped him and said, "This does not suit you. It was okay at one time, but all your hair has become white, and you are following that girl with such dirty eyes -- everybody is shocked."

Do you know what the man said? He said, "You will never understand anything. My hair is white, but that doesn't mean that my heart has become white: it is still black and it is going to remain black. Even if I were dead and this girl passed by my side, I would have opened my eyes and looked with the same lustful eyes. What has hair to do with it? What kind of argument are you giving to me, that `your hair is white'? Let my hair be white -- I am not!" But white hair helps you to hide black deeds.

I have always wondered why they call this topmost criminal place in the world the White House. Perhaps unknowingly the idea came from their unconscious that

everything inside is going to be black, but from the outside you have to keep a white face, everything clean.
One person reaches to the White House, ninety-nine to the black houses.
So there are people who are not courageous enough to take this risk -- ninety-nine percent possibility of failing, and only one percent possibility of succeeding. They want far surer ground. Religion provides that ground: there is no failure in it.
You become religious, you become a great religious leader. If you succeed you become a great saint; if you don't succeed, still you are a small saint, you don't fail. The smallest saint is still a saint -- the lowliest priest is still in the same line as the pope. In religion there is no failure. So, cowardly people -- who are as much interested in gaining power, who are suffering as much from an inferiority complex, who are on a power trip but don't have the guts to follow the criminal path -- find the path of righteousness, ascetism, morality, prayer.
By becoming a saint they will also attain to power. Of course, this power cannot be very effective. They cannot become Alexander the Great, Adolf Hitler, Joseph Stalin; they cannot have millions of lives in their hands -- and now such politicians have the whole of humanity's life in their hands. Of course these saints can't have that much, but in a certain way, from a different aspect, they are more powerful because the politicians will come to touch their feet, the presidents will come to bow down in respect to them.
The politician does everything according to a particular strategy. If just before the elections President Reagan goes

to the Vatican to pay respects to the Catholic pope, it is not accidental, it is preplanned. When Reagan goes to the Vatican and gives his respects to the Catholic pope, all the Catholics of America are, without much effort, converted to giving him votes: this is the right man.

All the bishops, all the cardinals in America will now tell their congregations that Reagan is our man. Now, to persuade so many Catholics in America ... if he had to go from home to home it would have taken eternity. And how many stupid things politicians have to do! They have to go on kissing all kinds of children -- their noses are running and they are kissing them .... The politician has to do it. This is easier, to go to the pope -- just kiss his hand and millions of Catholics are on your side. And the pope blesses you: that way he feels far superior to the presidents, prime ministers, kings, queens. Of course his power is only airy-fairy, but you enjoy it. It has nothing substantial in it, it is hollow inside. But it does not matter, because when the presidents and the prime ministers come, the whole media is there, all the newspapers, all the television stations of the world, all the radio stations are talking about the pope -- you can feel a certain gratification. But the gratification is of the same desire -- the will-to-power.

That's why I go on talking about the political leaders and the religious leaders without making any distinction -- because there is no distinction at all, only a superficial distinction. Their psyches are functioning in the same way. Neither the religious leader nor the politician is interested in the people whom they pretend to lead.

They are interested in being leaders -- and of course the leader cannot be without the led, so it is a necessity to go

on promising the people things. Politicians promise them things of this world; religious leaders promise them things of the other world. But do you see any difference in what they are doing? Both are promising so that you go on following them, afraid to get lost somewhere else, because if you lose the path then you will miss the promise.

The promise keeps you with the crowd -- and promises don't cost anything. You can promise anything. Promises are always for tomorrow, and tomorrow never comes. And you are not going to live here forever.

Just look at past history. All politicians have been promising people things which have not materialized in thousands of years. Thousands of political leaders have been promising the same things. How blind humanity must be!

The promises have not changed -- that means certainly nothing has been achieved. The same promises are being given to you and you go on following, hoping.

Hope is the greatest drug that man has invented.

Strange, that religious people are against drugs; politicians are also against drugs. Politicians make laws against drugs, religious people create hell and punishment against drugs. Why are they so afraid of drugs?

It needs a deep search, investigation. They are afraid of drugs because drugs are competitors to them. LSD can give you hallucinations of heaven. That's the trouble. No religion can afford to allow people to use LSD. LSD is not dangerous; taken in the right proportions, under medical care, it can be tremendously helpful in religious growth. But religions are not ready to allow it for the simple reason that if LSD can give you a beautiful experience --

hallucinatory, but still it is an experience and tremendously satisfying, fulfilling -- then just promises will look like dry bones without any juice in them. Only idiots perhaps may continue to chew the dry bones.

Dogs do that. They chew dry bones and enjoy very much, not knowing what is happening. When they chew dry bones those dry bones hurt their mouths and their mouths start bleeding. The more they chew, the more bleeding happens. And blood goes through their throat and they think -- logically enough -- that the blood is coming from the bone. Now, how to explain to a dog that, "it is your own blood; the bone is absolutely dry."

So perhaps a few idiots may still continue to go to the churches, but intelligent people will stop. Rather, when they feel the urge to have a beautiful hallucination, whenever they want to live in another world, they will not wait for death to come: they will go to a medical clinic and have a two, three-day session with LSD, and enjoy everything that their religious leaders have been telling them that they will get after death.

Drugs are dangerous to religions for the simple reason that they are their greatest competitors. And even better drugs can be invented, but religions continuously cripple the research.

Politicians are against drugs, because if people start taking drugs then who cares about your five-year plans? Who cares about the classless society that will come in the future to your grandchildren? Who cares about the revolution, democracy, freedom of speech?

You don't have even the freedom to hallucinate!

This is absolutely innocent because only you are doing it, nobody else is involved. No, you don't have the freedom to hallucinate. Reduced to the basics, that's what drug prohibition means, that you don't have the freedom to hallucinate. The government is in control of your dreams. Drugs can give you dreams, and properly used, can help you to see many things in yourself which in psychoanalysis will take three years, four years; then too it is not certain that you will be able to see.

It is a well-known fact that scientists have discovered something like truth serum, but it is prevented from being used, because if something like truth serum is possible .... You take an injection of truth serum and then suddenly you can see all your falsities, your hypocrisies, your bogus personality ... and certainly if anything can make you aware of truth, it is bound to make you aware of all that is false: that is going to happen simultaneously. The moment you see the truth you see the false too.

Now, the whole of politics depends on falsities. Communism goes on talking about equality of people -- an utter untruth.

People are not equal, people are unique.

Once you see the truth, that people are unique, how can they be equal? That does not mean that somebody is inferior to you and somebody is superior to you. You are not equal, you are not unequal either. You are simply different.

You don't compare things that are different. You don't say that the house and the tree are equal. If you say that, you will be thought insane, because a house is a house and a tree is a tree; they have different functions. Their

individualities are different. You don't compare them. You cannot say that the house is superior to the tree, or the tree is superior to the house. In fact, the category of comparison is inapplicable.

Each individual is so unique. When you know the truth of it you cannot be a communist.

Communism will never allow anything that makes you aware of the truth.

In the non-communist countries, there are different lies, different falsities. For example, freedom of expression: it exists nowhere; it is only written in constitutions.

Once I was in a court in Ahmedabad in India, for absolutely ungrounded complaints against me -- I was talking to a big rally of at least twenty thousand people who had gathered to listen to me -- for the simple reason that Morarji Desai was the chief minister of Gujarat at that time, and he wanted me to be prohibited from entering Gujarat.

He could not convince his own assembly and cabinet that by preventing a person ... they said, "You will be creating trouble for yourself and for the cabinet. What reasons have you got? What has he done against Gujarat? What crime has he committed that you can prevent him from coming to Gujarat? And it goes against the constitution, because the Indian constitution declares it as one of the basic rights that in India, every citizen of India has the right of movement. Now, you are preventing him from moving into Gujarat: you have to give some solid reasons; otherwise you will be in trouble."

And the moment I heard I said, "Let their parliament decide -- I will be there already in Gujarat." So I was addressing

the people, and while addressing them I mentioned a small story.

In Mahatma Gandhi's ashram they used to read the story of Rama, the Hindu incarnation of God, every day. Each evening Acharya Vinoba Bhave would read the story of Rama, and Gandhi and all the followers -- and there were not many, just twenty, thirty people -- would listen to the story.

There comes a moment when Rama's wife, Sita, is stolen by his enemy, Ramana. She is in difficulty: How to make Rama know by what path Ramana has taken her? She must have been an intelligent woman; she tried one strategy -- she started dropping her ornaments. And Indian women, and particularly a queen, have so many ornaments; they weigh much more than she herself does.

She started dropping her ornaments one by one on the path so Rama would know exactly where she
had been taken. And Rama found them but he could not recognize whether they were Sita's ornaments or somebody else's.

His brother, Lakshmana, was with him. Lakshmana said, "You seem to be puzzled. What is the matter?"

He said, "I cannot recognize them because I loved her so much that whenever she was with me I looked at her, I never looked at her ornaments. I cannot recognize them -- perhaps you can. Just look at the ornaments: if they are hers then we are on the right path."

Lakshmana said, "Forgive me, because I can only recognize the ornaments that she used to wear on her feet." Indian women wear ornaments on their feet, even on their

toes. He recognized them. He said, "These are her ornaments."

At this point of the story Mahatma gandhi said, "This is strange! I can understand Rama loved the woman so much he did not recognize her ornaments. But what about Lakshmana? -- he was living with them for years. Ahead was Rama -- because they had been expelled from their kingdom for fourteen years to live in the forest .... so ahead was Rama, in the middle was Sita, behind was Lakshmana, just to guard. It is strange that he could not recognize any other ornament."

Vinoba, who was a celibate for his whole life -- now he is dead -- gave an explanation which appealed to Gandhi very much, so much so that just before this explanation, Vinoba was known only as Vinoba Bhave; but because of this explanation Gandhi gave him the title of acharya, a master. The explanation was that Lakshmana never looked at any other part of Sita's body. He was a celibate and to look at anybody's wife is not right for a celibate. But because he used to touch her feet every morning, he had to see the ornaments on her feet, just out of necessity. What could he do? -- he had to touch her feet every morning. The elder brother's wife is just like a mother. She has to be respected, and the first thing in the morning was to touch her feet; so that's why he could recognize the ornaments of the feet only.

This is an outlandish explanation, nowhere ever given before. The story is five thousand years old, and there have been so many commentaries on it, but nobody had even asked the question and nobody had answered it. Gandhi was immensely impressed, and said, "Vinoba is an acharya

-- just this simple explanation shows his insight into human psychology."

Talking to the masses in the rally I said, "This explanation does not show anything about Lakshmana, it shows something about Vinoba Bhave. It is not Lakshmana's explanation; obviously, it is Vinoba Bhave's explanation, and it shows his mind. He is afraid to look at women's faces, or the other parts of their bodies. It is his fear that he is projecting on Lakshmana.

"And if his explanation is true then Lakshmana falls in my eyes completely. If Sita was just like a mother to him, still was he afraid to look at her face? One has to be afraid of looking at one's own mother? That means he must have been dreaming sexual dreams about Sita, fantasizing about her.

"This explanation is insulting to Lakshmana, and I reject it as an explanation. My feeling is that Sita was so beautiful -- if she was so beautiful for her husband, what to say about others? If the husband himself was so hypnotized by her beauty that he never saw her ornaments, what to say of poor Lakshmana? He must have been hypnotized even more!

"A husband sooner or later gets fed up. In fact a husband stops looking at his wife's face, her body: he looks at everything in the room except his wife. If you enquire into couples you can be convinced of what I am saying. Just ask any husband, `How long has it been since you looked directly into your wife's eyes, her face?' -- and he will start scratching his head. `It is difficult; perhaps since the honeymoon I have not looked at her.'

"But Lakshmana .... And it is just one side, that your elder brother's wife is equal to your mother. The other side is that the younger brother of a woman's husband is known in Hindi as devar. Devar means her second husband. In case the husband dies he has the first right to marry her. Var means husband; devar means second husband.

"Just as there are presidents and vice-presidents -- in case the president dies the vice-president becomes the acting president -- devar is simply a ready-made husband in case of emergency."

A case was put against me, that I had hurt the religious feelings of the Hindus. In the court there were many problems. The first was that I was asked to take the oath in the name of God, or in the name of the constitution of India, that I would speak only the truth.

I said, "Before I take the oath I would like to ask you: What about freedom of speech? The oath goes against freedom of speech. You are binding me. You are telling me I can speak only the truth; then why in the constitution do you talk about freedom of speech? You should have said, `You are free to speak only the truth.' Freedom of speech has no boundaries to it.

"How can I go against the constitution? I can take the oath that I will follow the constitution, use freedom of speech, but I cannot say truth or untruth, because that divides freedom of speech in two parts."

The magistrate said, "This is a little difficult. I have been a magistrate for twenty years, I have been studying the constitution in every possible way, all its aspects, but that this oath is against freedom of speech never occurred to me."

I said, "You don't know what freedom of speech is. But," I said, "I don't want to change the subject, so just to continue I will take the oath. But remember, you can believe in my oath, but you cannot believe in my other statements. On what grounds do you make the distinction? If I am a person who lies, I can lie when I am taking the oath. Who prevents me?

"You know perfectly well that everybody takes the oath here and everybody is not speaking the truth. Both the parties fighting in a case take the oath; certainly both the parties are not speaking the truth. At least one party certainly is not speaking the truth; perhaps both are not speaking the truth. But both speaking the truth is not possible; otherwise how are you going to make the judgment?

"You accept my oath -- on what grounds? Do you know me, that I speak the truth? That I will take the oath and will follow it? What gives you that guarantee? I will remain the same person as I was afterwards, so it makes no difference to me. I can take the oath just so that we can proceed, because there are so many problems."

The judge said, "Problems? For you or for me?"

I said, "You have summoned me to the court" -- and there were thousands of people who had come; they were in the court and outside the court. And that man who had put the case against me -- a Hindu political leader, a Hindu chauvinist -- became afraid seeing so many people sympathetic towards me.

I said to the judge, "Look: first, I was simply quoting a statement of Mahatma Gandhi, and an explanation of Vinoba Bhave. If anybody has hurt the feelings of Hindus,

they should put cases against Mahatma Gandhi and Vinoba Bhave. I was just quoting them, without inverted commas.
"It was not my explanation. In fact I was offended by the explanation that Vinoba has given. Vinoba's explanation means that he thinks that Lakshmana has some sexual interest in Sita. That is purely his explanation. Said in plain words, he is afraid to look at Sita's face. Why? If he is not sexually interested he should not be afraid. Vinoba is trying to make an explanation which is insulting.
"I am saying that Sita was so beautiful -- anybody would have been interested. I would have been interested. You would have been interested. Beauty is not something that one should not be interested in. It is one of the gifts of nature; it has to be adored. And my feeling is he was touching her feet every day because Sita was so beautiful; he was adoring her.
"And you know the meaning of devar -- that he was the second husband. Now, if somebody is hurt, then he should put a case against the whole Hindu tradition, that this tradition is in a mess. On the one hand you say treat your brother's wife as your mother -- okay, treat her as your mother. But when the brother dies, then? -- treat your mother as your wife!
"And this man who has complained against me and forced me to come from Calcutta to here, unnecessarily wasting my time -- is he the only Hindu in Ahmedabad? These thousands of people are here -- these are all Hindus. You ask those whose feelings are hurt to raise their hands. And if you don't ask then I am going to ask."

So the magistrate had to ask. Not a single hand was raised. I said, "Now you can see: nobody's feelings are hurt. This man is a Hindu chauvinist."

At that time the man became afraid and he told the magistrate, "I want police protection, because after the court this crowd can kill me."

I asked the magistrate, "Do you want any more argument that nobody's feelings are hurt? This man is afraid of Hindus, that they will kill him. They should kill me -- I should ask for the protection of the court because I have hurt the feelings of Hindus, he hasn't. Why should he be afraid?

"And why should I have been called to the court? Why is Vinoba Bhave not being called? Of course, Gandhi is dead -- you cannot summon him, but he is not needed anyway. Vinoba is alive -- why has he not been called to the court? Just because he belongs to the party who rules the country? Because he is a guru to all the politicians of the country, you didn't have the guts to summon him?

"He was needed to answer whether I am quoting right or wrong. If he says that I am quoting wrong, then certainly I have to be answerable for it. And my advocate had asked you to summon Vinoba because it is most important and essential, what he says. Still you did not summon Vinoba. And still you go on saying that the courts are impartial?

"Just look at the fact: I was simply quoting him. It was the court's duty to ask the man whether I am quoting him rightly or wrongly. You should have called him here; we could have argued in front of you and made it clear to Vinoba that he is sexually obsessed and he is projecting his sexual obsession on poor Lakshmana.

"I was protecting Lakshmana. Vinoba should put a case against me. And this man is simply an idiot: he does not understand even what I was saying. He does not know what it means. But Vinoba is not called. And," I said, "I will not appear again in the court unless Vinoba is called."

The judge had no guts -- because the prime minister goes to Vinoba, the cabinet ministers go to Vinoba, the president goes to Vinoba. To call Vinoba to the court would incur anger from all sides. The judge dismissed the case. He could not do anything else -- he simply dismissed the case.

Politics has power. Vinoba was a religious leader, but through the politicians he has power. Although that power is not very substantial, still the power is there.

The religious leader or the political leader -- both are in the same boat, helping each other. The politician protects the religious leader, the religious leader protects the politician. He protects him through people's religious feelings, and the politician protects the religious leader by his power. It is a mutual understanding. Hence I don't make any difference between the two. To me, the political leader is more criminal-minded; hence is ready to take the risk.

The religious leader is a coward, but cunning; through cunningness he manages to rise even higher than the political leader; at least in the abstract sense he is higher than the political leader.

But the desire of both is the same: to rule, to have control over millions of people.

To me, a man who does not suffer from an inferiority complex has no need even to lead a single man, to be powerful over even a single man. Such a man, if he is a

husband, will not have any power over his wife. He will be just a friend, not a husband.
The word husband is ugly. It comes from husbandry: just as the farmer sows seeds in the ground, the husband does husbandry with the wife, he sows seeds. The woman is just like the earth and the husband is the possessor of the earth, the owner. The word husband is ugly, it should be changed. The whole idea is very primitive, crude.
The wife is not taken as a human being but as earth which you can sell. And it has been the case in the past: in many cultures wives were sold, purchased. In China you could have killed your wife -- it was not a crime because she was your possession. If you destroy your chair it is nobody's business; the chair was your possession -- so was your wife.
Just because I mentioned Vinoba Bhave I remember ... I had met him many times. One time he was giving his daily discourse in his ashram -- and what ashrams these people had! Twelve widows, that was his ashram. And those widows were listening to his great discourse.
I just happened to pass from Wardha to Nagpur and his ashram was just outside the Wardha city, by the side of a river, Pavanar; hence the name of his ashram, Paramdham Pavanar. The friend who was driving me said, "This is the time Vinoba's discourse starts. Would you like ...?"
I said, "There is no harm," so we went and sat. He had already started and he was telling an upanishadic story. The story was about a very famous upanishadic seer. His name was Raikva, Maharishi Raikva, but he was better known as Gadivan Raikva because he always traveled in a bullock cart. Gadivan means one who drives the bullock cart.

But in those days to have a beautiful bullock cart was something very special, it was not ordinary. Even today in Indian villages to have a beautiful bullock cart is to have a great possession. Gadivan Raikva went to a market where girls were being sold. It was a market to purchase slaves -- men, women.

Now, in the first place what is a maharishi doing in a market where slaves are being sold? Vinoba did not bother about that. There was one very beautiful girl, and when the auction began on the girl, Maharishi Raikva started raising the price. But it was difficult because the king of the country was also present and he was also interested in the girl, and he was doubling the price. Now, Gadivan Raikva was a rich maharishi, but not to be compared with the king. Finally the king purchased the girl at a very high price. Raikva was very angry.

After ten years .... this is the whole story that I am telling. Vinoba did not tell this part of the story, of the slave market, Raikva's competition with the king, his defeat, the girl being purchased by the king. All this part was left out. Vinoba began praising Raikva, his wisdom, and started the story ten years after this incident: The king was becoming old and wanted somebody to guide him in the spiritual life, so he went to Gadivan Raikva with many chariots full of gold, money, valuable clothes. He offered everything to Raikva, touched his feet, and Raikva said -- he used the word "sudra" for him.

"Sudra" is the worst you can say to a man. It is difficult to translate in English, so I will say, "You son-of-a-bitch! You think that by all this money you can purchase spiritual guidance? I spit on all your money -- take it back!"

This was the main emphasis in Vinoba's story, and he said, "These were the people who could throw all those valuable presents and say directly -- even to the king -- `You are a sudra, the worst kind of human being: untouchable. The very idea in your mind, that by money you can purchase spiritual guidance, makes you untouchable. Just take all this rubbish from here and don't come back to me.'"

So Vinoba talked much about it, that this was the courage of the seers of India, that they could even insult a great king without being afraid. I was very puzzled, because those twelve widows were listening in great silence as if some great thing was being said.

I said, "Vinoba, you have not told the whole story. You have left out two portions, first in the middle of the story -- which is very important in order to understand in what context this man Raikva was speaking -- and you have left out the end part also .... Because the king went home and he asked his prime minister what to do: Raikva has refused, and he was very angry.

The prime minister said, "I knew it was going to happen. You must have forgotten: ten years before you had, in an auction, defeated Raikva; now if you want him to guide you, you take that woman rather than money. Offer the woman to the man. Touch his feet, ask his forgiveness, and he will guide you ...."

He took the woman, and Raikva received him with great joy, accepted him as a disciple and guided him into spirituality.

I said, "These two parts you have dropped from the story. You are cheating these twelve widows. Now, what authority have you got to change the story? Who are you?

On what grounds did you drop those two parts? -- because without those two parts the story takes a totally different color. It seems as if Raikva is so high that money does not matter to him, but the reality is that it is not a question of money. The woman that was taken from his hands matters too much to him.

"And this man who carries for ten years a revengeful attitude, and for ten years is still lusting for the woman -- what spiritual guidance can he give?" I asked him, "You tell me what spiritual guidance this man can give -- and why you dropped these two parts from the story."

And since that time Vinoba remained angry with me. He said, "The time is over, so if you want to discuss you will have to come to my ..."

I said, "I don't want to discuss, because there is nothing to discuss; I simply wanted to make the story complete -- and I have made it complete and all the widows have understood. You have understood. What argument? I have nothing to do with all these kinds of rogues, this Gadivan Raikva. What do I have to do with this man? I wanted simply to make the story complete, just out of a sense of appropriateness; otherwise I am not interested."

But this kind of thing is not expected of a man of integrity. This is simply cheating.

These are "religious" people. Indira used to go for spiritual guidance to Vinoba Bhave. I told Indira Gandhi -- I had told her this story -- "This is spiritual guidance? You are also a widow; when you are no longer a prime minister go into his ashram."

But Vinoba died before Indira, and then she died, so the chance never came; otherwise she would have ended up in Vinoba Bhave's ashram of widows.
And I asked her: "What do you say? Is this a man who has some sense of being truthful? And if Raikva could not give guidance, I say to you this Vinoba also cannot give you any guidance." Misguidance perhaps ....
We have never heard what happened to the king, what spiritual growth he obtained; the Indian spiritual history remembers nothing of the king. But it is natural, because whatever advice this idiot must have given could not be called spiritual -- this man was not spiritual.
But this is how religious leaders and political leaders .... They are all made of the same stuff, the same holy cow-dung. I don't see any difference, except superficial differences about which there is no need to talk.

From Darkness to Light

Chapter #6

Chapter title: Every child's original face is the face of god
5 March 1985 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
HOW DO WE, THE COMMUNE, ENSURE THAT OUR CHILDREN MAINTAIN THEIR ORIGINAL FACE?

The original face of every child is the face of God. Of course my God is not a Christian, a Hindu, a Jew. My God is not even a person but only a presence.

It is less like a flower and more like fragrance. You can feel it but you cannot catch hold of it. You can be overwhelmed by it but you cannot possess it.
My God is not something objective, there.
My God is your very subjectivity, here.
My God can never be indicated by the word "that."
He can only be indicated by the word "this."
The God of my vision and experience is not to be searched for in the synagogues, temples, mosques, churches, in the Himalayas, in the monasteries. He is not there because He is always here. And you go on looking for Him there.
When I say every child's original face is the face of God, I am saying that God is synonymous with life, existence. Whatsoever is, is divine, sacred. And there is nothing else than God.
God is not to be understood as quantity, but as quality. You cannot measure it. You cannot make a statue of it, you cannot draw a picture of it. In that sense it is absolutely impersonal. And if you look at the faces of children when they arrive, fresh from the very source of life, you will see a certain presence which cannot be named -- unnameable, indefinable.
The child is alive. You cannot define its aliveness, but it is there, you can feel it. It is so much there that howsoever blind you are you cannot miss it. It is fresh. You can smell the freshness around a child. That fragrance slowly, slowly disappears. And if unfortunately the child becomes successful, a celebrity -- a president, a prime minister, a pope -- then the same child stinks.
He had come with a tremendous fragrance, immeasurable, indefinable, unnameable. You look into the eyes of a child -

- you cannot find anything deeper. The eyes of a child are abysmal, there is no bottom to them. Unfortunately, the way society will destroy him, soon his eyes will be only superficial; because of layers and layers of conditioning, that depth, that immense depth will have disappeared long before. And that was his original face.

The child has no thoughts. About what can he think? Thinking needs a past, thinking needs problems. He has no past, he has only future. He has no problems yet, he is without problems. There is no possibility of thinking for him. What can he think?

The child is conscious but without thoughts.

This is the original face of the child.

Once this was your face too, and although you have forgotten it, it is still there within you, waiting someday to be rediscovered. I am saying REdiscovered because you have discovered it many times in your previous lives, and again and again you go on forgetting it.

Perhaps even in this life there have been moments when you have come very close to knowing it, to feeling it, to being it. But the world is too much with us. Its pull is great -- and there are a thousand and one directions the world is pulling you. It is pulling you in so many directions that you are falling apart. It is a miracle how people go on managing to keep themselves together. Otherwise their one hand will be going to the north, another hand to the south, their head must be going towards heaven; all their parts will be flying all over the place.

It is certainly a miracle how you go on keeping yourself together. Perhaps the pressure from all sides is too much so

that your hands and legs and heads cannot fly. You are pressed from everywhere.
Whenever I see ... and I don't know why people go on sending me beautiful paperweights -- I don't have any papers. What am I going to do with paperweights? Perhaps they think there are hundreds of books in my name so there must be so much paperwork around me, all over my room papers and papers. There is not a single paper.
Yes, paperweights go on coming, and whenever a paperweight comes I am immediately reminded of you. You would have been flying like papers in the strong wind, but there are so many paperweights to keep you pressed and give you an idea that you are one individual. You are not -- you are many, and in the crowd of this many-ness of your existence, your original face is lost.
Even if by chance you happen to meet your original face, you will not be able to recognize it, it will be such a stranger. Perhaps you come across it once in a while, just by accident, but you don't even say Hi! It is a stranger and perhaps deep down, a certain fear -- that is always there with every stranger.
That's why people try to become acquainted, introduced to strangers, the sooner the better. They don't want to be left in that state of fear, that somebody is absolutely unknown to them. They don't know what he can do, what he intends to do, what kind of person he is. Maybe he is a murderer, a thief.
I played around this theme so many times because I was continuously traveling in India, and I was always traveling in an air-conditioned coupe. So at the most two persons -- that too very rarely because in India very few people can

afford to travel in the air-conditioned coupe, except people like me who have nothing to lose. Just poor people like me can travel like that because we cannot be more poor than we are.

But once in a while a minister, a governor, a rich industrialist, a scientist, a vice-chancellor -- people like that were my fellow travelers. And I always tried to see what happened to them if I continued to remain a stranger. And I enjoyed -- it does things to people.

I was not doing anything, I was just trying be a stranger, which really I am. They would ask me, "Where are you going?" -- just anything to begin with.

I would say, "Anywhere will do."

They would say, "Anywhere will do?" -- and I could see the fear arising: "Is the man mad? But no, he does not look mad." They would then say, "Are you joking?"

Once I said, "Why should I joke with you?"

In India, it is a convention that you joke only with certain relatives. Joking is very confined, to a certain relationship. You joke only with your wife's brother, otherwise you don't joke; only that's acceptable to the society. I said, "But you are not my wife's brother, why should I joke? Or are you my wife's brother? Perhaps you are. But I don't remember ever seeing you before."

The man became really more shaky and I could see the trembling arising -- and he had to travel with me for at least ten hours, twelve hours, or even twenty-four hours. But still he tried: "What is your name?"

I said, "The moment you asked me, it was just on the tip of my tongue. Now I am trying hard to remember. I have a name, I certainly remember ... I know it is there but you

will have to give me a little time. If it comes, it comes; if it does not come what can I do? What can you do? But it doesn't matter anyway, you can call me any name. Anyway every child is born without a name and we give him one. All names are arbitrary, so it does not matter whether you call me Ram, Rahim, Ibrahim, Moses, Jesus, Christ; anything will do."

And I said, "You please sit down, there is no need to continue to stand. Sit down, be at ease, and I will go and close the door."

He said, "Why are you closing the door?"

I said, "The door has to be closed. Passengers are passing by, what will they think? You are trembling, perspiring, in an air-conditioned room? No, I don't want you to look so silly and embarrassed." I virtually forced the person to sit down. I was forcing him to sit down, and he wanted to stand up.

He said, "Can't I stand?"

I said, "You just first relax. Do you want to go to the bathroom or have you already done it? Anyway there is no need to worry -- you just sit down."

That man looked at me and looked all around. It was just a small cabin for two persons and he was thinking, "this type of man, he can do anything." But he tried somehow to figure me out; anyway he wanted to be acquainted. And he said "By your face you look religious."

I said, "Yes, when I look in the mirror I also feel that this man looks religious. But I am not religious. Never go by the appearance, appearances are not always real."

"No," he said, "you are still trying to befool me. You are a religious man." Now he was trying somehow to categorize me.
I said, "If you say, and if it consoles you, helps you in some way, okay, I am a religious man."
The man was a brahmin -- I had seen his name on the door. In the air-conditioned compartment they have the passengers' names on the door, so I had seen that he was a Bengali, a high-caste brahmin, a chattopadhyaya. So he said, "What religion?"
I said, "Religion is just religion -- there is no adjective to it."
He said, "That I cannot believe. You must be a religious Hindu sage."
I said, "If it helps you, I am."
And he fell at my feet, and he said, "I knew from the very beginning that you are not mad, that you are a sage. And sages and mad people look alike, behave alike. Everything that you said now makes sense."
But I said, "One thing I have just said to console you -- really I am not a Hindu, I am a Mohammedan." And now you cannot believe what a terrible mess he fell into. He had touched the feet of a Mohammedan! A Hindu brahmin, a high-caste brahmin, is afraid even of touching the shadow of a Mohammedan. If he touches even the shadow of a Mohammedan he will have to take a bath to cleanse himself. And he had touched actual feet!
Now the situation had become much worse. The chattopadhyaya said, "But why did you lie to me?"
I said, "I was just trying to console you. I never thought that you would fall at my feet. Before I could prevent you,

you had already done it. But don't be worried, I am really a brahmin. I was just checking what happens: if some Mohammedan looks like a brahmin sage and you touch his feet, what will happen to you? I was just trying to see."
He said, "That's right." And a great smile ... and he relaxed in his seat and he said, "I knew from the very beginning -- such a nice person could not be a Mohammedan. Those Mohammedans are all butchers."
I said, "You are right, because I was born a Mohammedan so I know perfectly well they are all butchers."
This way I have seen many well-educated people trying to figure out ... and I told them, "Why are you bothering to figure out about me? If you take that much trouble to figure out about yourself you will become enlightened! You need not worry about me. You do your work, whatever you want to do; you simply accept me as absent, I am not here. Behave as if I am not here and do whatsoever you want to do.
"If you want me to close my eyes, I can close my eyes. If you want me to go to sleep, I will go to sleep. But please be at ease; just forget about me. But don't try to become familiar with me -- that I don't allow. We are going to remain strangers for ten hours."
In fact we are all strangers.
Even if we live our whole life together it makes no difference, we remain strangers; we just settle for consolations, and we start taking the other for granted. It is a make-believe that you know the other -- your wife, your mother, your father, your brother, your friend -- it is just a make-believe that you know them. You know nothing about the other because that is impossible -- for the simple

reason that you don't know anything about yourself yet. Without knowing oneself it is impossible to know anybody else.

The trouble is you can be introduced to somebody else, but how can you be introduced to yourself? Who is going to do that?

You can be introduced to somebody else because that introduction is just arbitrary. The name, the caste, the country, the religion, the profession -- these are all arbitrary and accidental.

It happened ... really a great coincidence, almost inconceivable, but it happened so whether it is conceivable or not makes no difference. When I was standing at the window after my matriculation, to obtain entry into a college, there were many people who were filling in forms and I was waiting to get my form. When I was filling in my form a boy just of my age came to me, and he said, "What subjects are you taking?"

So I showed him my form and said, "These are my subjects."

He said, "Oh, okay, I will fill in these subjects also."

I said, "But this is strange. You have come to the college -- don't you have any idea what you want to study?"

He said, "It is all the same to me. My father wants me to study so I have come to the college. I don't have any interest in anything, I have just come to enjoy. My father is rich. He wants me to be in college so okay, I will be in college and have fun and enjoy. Any subjects will do."

But I said, "These subjects perhaps may be difficult for you: philosophy, logic ...."

He said, "I don't care even what they mean. I don't know, I have never heard this word `logic' before."
"Then," I said, "It is perfectly okay."
And he asked me, "Will you please give me your fountain pen?"
I said, "This is too much -- you don't have your own fountain pen?"
He said, "I am not a man who is interested in these things." He showed me a packet of cigarettes. He said, "I am interested in cigarettes, not in fountain pens; and I am not going to attend any class or anything. My father is going to send me the money and I am going to enjoy, and I am going to ask him for more and more. He has enough, and I am the only son so I am not wasting anybody else's money. It is my own, I am going to inherit it anyway."
I gave him my fountain pen and he filled in the form. He even had to look at my form for the spelling of the words that he was filling in. But this way we became friends. I liked the boy, he was sincere, and not a hypocrite in any way. We became friends. He needed me and I needed him, because I needed so much money for books and he had so much money that I said, "This is good." And he was not interested in books at all.
But I was his first friend in the college. And he had everything: a car, a driver, a bungalow -- I needed all these things so I said, "That's perfectly good -- you came at the right time. And whatever your need is, I will manage, you don't be worried." So I had to do examinations for both of us. In three hours time, half was mine and half was his. In one and a half hours I finished my paper and then I would start his paper.

But he said, "This is a great bargain." He said, "If I can pass, my father is going to be mad with happiness. He cannot believe that I can pass, because in matric he had to give such a large bribe to push me through. And now he knows that in college it is going to be difficult."

I said, "You don't be worried, you will pass first class."

And he passed first class with a B.A. After the B.A. I left Jabalpur because one of the professors in Sagar University, S.S. Roy, was persistently asking me, writing me, phoning me to say, "After your B.A. you join this university for your post-graduation."

From Jabalpur University to Sagar University there is not much distance -- one hundred miles. But Sagar University was in many ways unique. It was a small university compared to Benares University or Aligarh University, which had ten thousand students, twelve thousand students. They are just like Oxford or Cambridge -- big universities, big names. Sagar University had only one thousand students and almost three hundred professors, so for every three students, one professor. It was a rare place; perhaps nowhere in the world can you find another university where there is one professor for three students.

And the man who had founded the university was acquainted with all the best professors around the world. Sagar was his birthplace; Doctor Harisingh Gaud was his name. He was a world-famous authority on law, and earned so much money -- and never gave a single pai to any beggar, to any institution, to any charity. He was known as the most miserly person in the whole of India.

And then he founded the university and gave his whole life's earning. That was millions of dollars. He said to me,

"That's why I was a miser; otherwise there was no way -- I was a poor man, I was born a poor man. If I were doing charity and giving to this hospital and to this beggar and to that orphan, this university would not have existed." For this university ... he had carried his whole life only one idea, that his birthplace should have one of the best universities in the world. And certainly he created one of the best universities in the world.

While he was alive he managed to bring professors from all over the world. He gave them double salaries, triple salaries, whatsoever they wanted -- and no work, because there were only one thousand students, which even a small college has in India; one thousand students is not a large number. And he opened all the departments which only a university like Oxford can afford. Oxford has nearabout three hundred and fifty departments.

He opened all the departments which exist anywhere in the world. There were hundreds of departments without students but with full staff: the head of the department, the assistant professor, the professor, the lecturer. He said, "Don't be worried. First create the university -- and make it the best. Students will come, will have to come." Then all the professors and all the deans were all in search of the best students. And somehow this professor, S.S. Roy, who was the head of the department of philosophy, got his eye on me.

I used to go every year to the university for the inter-university debating competition. And for four years I was winning the trophy and for four years he was listening to me, as a judge -- he was one of the judges. The fourth year he invited me to his home, and he said, "Listen, I wait for

you for one year. I know that after one year, when the next inter-university debating competition is held, you are bound to be there.

"The way you present your arguments is strange. It is sometimes so weird that it seems ... how did you manage to look from this angle? I have been thinking about a few problems myself, but I never looked from that aspect. It strikes me that perhaps you go on dropping any aspect that can happen to the ordinary mind, and you only choose the aspect that is unlikely to happen to anybody.

"For four years you have been winning the shield for the simple reason that the argument is unique, and there is nobody who is ready to answer it. They have not even thought about it, so they are simply in shock.

"Your opponents -- you reduce them so badly, one feels pity for them, but what can we do? And I have been giving you ninety-nine percent marks out of a hundred. I wanted to give you more than a hundred, but even ninety-nine .... It has become known to people that I am favorable to a certain student. This is too much, because nobody goes beyond fifty.

"I have called you to my home for dinner to invite you to leave Jabalpur University and come here. Now this is your fourth year, you are finished when you graduate. For post-graduation you come here. I cannot miss having you as my student; if you don't come here then I am going to join Jabalpur University."

And he was a well-known authority; if he wanted to come, Jabalpur University would have been immensely happy to accept him as head of the department.

I said, "No, don't go to that much trouble. I can come here, and I love the place." It is situated ... perhaps it is the best-situated university in the world, in the hills near a tremendously vast lake. It is so silent -- such huge trees, ancient trees -- that just to be there is enough education. And Doctor Harisingh Gaud must have been a tremendous lover of books. He donated all his library, and he managed to get as many books as possible from every corner of the world. A single man's effort ... it is rare; he created Oxford just single-handedly, alone. Oxford was created over one thousand years; thousands of people have worked. This man's work is really a piece of art. Single-handedly, with his own money, he put himself at stake.

So I loved the place. I said, "You need not be worried, I will be coming -- but you have seen me only in the debate competitions. You don't know much about me; I may prove a trouble for you, a nuisance. I would like you to know everything about me before you decide."

Professor S.S. Roy said, "I don't want to know anything about you. The little bit that I have come to know, just by seeing you, your eyes, your way of saying things, your way of approaching reality, is enough. And don't make me frightened about trouble and nuisance -- you can do whatsoever you want."

I said, "Remember that financially I am always broke, so I will be continuously borrowing money from you and never returning it. Things have to be made clear beforehand; otherwise later on you can say, `This you never said.' You will have to lend me money whenever I want. I am not going to return it, although it will be said I am borrowing -- but on your part you have to understand that that money is

gone, because from where can I return it? I don't have any source.
"Second, you have to make arrangements in the university for my free lodging and boarding. Thirdly, you have to ask the vice-chancellor, because I don't know him -- or you can introduce me to him -- for his special scholarship. He is entitled to give one special scholarship. Other scholarships are there, which are smaller scholarships given to talented people -- first class, first gold medalist, this and that; I want the special scholarship which is three times more than any other scholarship.
"It is special because the vice-chancellor is entitled to give it to anyone talented, not talented, in the good list of the university, not in the good list of the university; it does not matter. It is his personal choice -- because if they start thinking about my character certificates and this and that, I cannot produce a single character certificate.
"I have been in many colleges because I have been expelled again and again. So in four years time .... People study in one college, I have studied in many, but all that I can bring from them is expulsion orders. I cannot produce a single character certificate -- so you have to recommend me. You are my only character certificate."
He said, "Don't be worried about that."
So I moved to Sagar. This is the coincidence that I was going to tell you about. When I was filling in the form, the same boy appeared again! He said, "What subjects?"
I said, "My God! Who told you that I had come to Sagar?"
He said, "You are asking that? For days I never see my car, my driver; in my house strangers come and live. They say they are your guests, and I have to make arrangements for

them. And you think I have to know how you have come to Sagar? My driver has brought you here; he told me.
"So I said, `If he is going to Sagar what am I going to do here, because who will write my papers?' So I ran fast and I have caught you in time. Just exactly four years ago, in the same way we met."
I said, "That's true. So you are going to fill in these subjects again?"
He said, "It's perfectly okay, because I have nothing to do with the subjects. I don't know anything that happened in these four years because I was engaged in drinking and in gambling and all kinds of things. And you managed well; two first classes by one person -- you did well. Now once more you will have to do it.
"And as far as things from my side are concerned, I am ready to double them. Everything that you want you take, but just don't try to leave me, because without you I am nobody. My father gave such a great party and all the relatives gathered, and it was such a celebration. And I was only thinking of you -- that this whole celebration should be for you.
"Do you know what my father said when I came home and I told him that I have topped the university? He said, `That means in that university all kinds of stupid people must study; otherwise how could you have got the gold medal? That is a simple proof that all the fools go to that university. You change your university.' I said, `I am going to change it but the same fools I will meet anywhere.'"
This was the only celebration for me. To my father it was impossible that I would get even third class, because I was never going to the college and was continuously being

expelled from one college after another. Finally a college accepted me with the condition that I would not attend the classes because the same will happen again.
"You will fight with the professors, argue, and we will have to expel you. So the best way is -- examinations are close -- you simply do whatsoever you want to do anywhere else except the college campus. Don't come to the college campus. As far as your attendance is concerned, I will take care," the principal told me.
"But," I said, "you have to take care of two persons, because wherever I am expelled my friend has to move from that college too because he can not live without me. So as many times as I was expelled, he also had to move." I said, "You will have to take care of two persons."
The principal said, "I don't understand: why two persons? You alone are taking admission."
I said, "No, one of my friends is also. He is not expelled, but he never attends. He is not interested in studying but his father is forcing him. And what can the poor chap do? It is just to console his old man."
The principal said, "But why does he go with you? I see on the record that he follows you to every college."
I said, "I am his only friend, that's what he thinks. He is not interested in college, he is interested in me. He comes with me -- it is one package. If you accept me, you accept him. I promise you that your college will get the gold medal. Attendance you will have to give for two persons."
And all the principals and professors knew that I was continuously winning in their eloquence competitions. Only once I got a second prize in one eloquence

competition, and that became almost a great scandal against the professor who was one of the judges.
He was in love with a girl, one of his students. The girl was a competitor, and he wanted the girl to win the competition any way. All other judges had given me more marks but he had given to the girl a hundred marks completely. She was not even worth ten -- because others ... somebody had given her five, somebody seven, somebody nine; nobody had gone beyond ten. But if one person gives her a hundred .... She came first, but I immediately went to every newspaper and informed them of the whole story.
The next day the professor had to resign and escape, because I said, "He is in love, and it is just a way of seducing the girl. I challenge -- not the girl, I challenge the professor to compete with me anywhere before any kind of judges. If he can win in the debate I will think it is perfectly okay, the girl has won. The girl is nobody."
The scandal became so hot that the principal told the professor, "You please leave, because it is so clear: no judges have given her more than ten, and you have given her a hundred, and she is your student." I was present when the principal said to him, "I never thought that she was going to be even third, and she came first. And you unnecessarily took the risk of making this boy angry: he will not leave you alone."
And the next day .... To all the papers I had given their pictures. That was done with my friend: he was always carrying his camera and his transistor -- he was that type. So I just told him, "You get me two pictures: one of this professor and one of that girl."
He said, "No problem, Together or separate?"

I said, "Do you have them already?"
He said, "I have got them together already."
I said, "That will do."
So the professor putting his hand on the girl's shoulder -- the picture was published. The professor resigned, the girl escaped, and the competition had to be arranged again. I said, "Just his resignation does not mean anything; nor does the girl escaping from the city mean anything. I don't believe in being second. Either I am nobody or I am first; I don't accept any mediocre position anywhere." Again the competition was arranged.
This boy was handy in many ways. This was a great coincidence that he managed to reach Sagar, and he filled in the form just according to mine. For two years he continuously helped me. My help was small: it came only in the end -- at the examination time I had to write for him too.
In life I have tried, with all kinds of people to insist that everybody knows deep down that he is a stranger, a stranger to everybody, even to his closest friend. I told this boy -- his name was Umakant Joshi .... He is now a professor.
That's what makes me wonder ... this world is a strange place; this planet certainly must be the weirdest planet in the whole universe. Now, Umakant Joshi is a professor who does not know even the spelling of the word "philosophy," but he is doing perfectly well. When I last saw him in 1965, I had just gone to inaugurate a social gathering. I had no idea that he was a professor in that college, and when he greeted me there, I said, "What are you doing here?"

He said, "What am I doing here? -- the same."
I said, "What, the same? Now nobody can help you."
He said, "Money can do everything. I never bother to teach, I pay people to teach for me. I never examine people's papers, I pay teachers to examine their papers. Money can do everything."
Perhaps by now he may be a principal, one day may rise to become a vice-chancellor. If money can do everything, there is no problem. And I have seen people ....
I told this boy when we were departing after six years of being together, "Umakant, have you ever realized that we are as much strangers as when we met on the first day, just by accident, in that college office where you asked what subjects you should fill in on the form?"
He was in a way very innocent and nice. Tears came to his eyes, and he said, "That's true. We have lived so closely that I had completely forgotten that we are still strangers. I don't know you, you don't know me, and whatever we do know is irrelevant."
If you enquire among your friends you will be surprised: everybody is a stranger in a strange world. But we have managed deceptions, we have camouflaged ourselves. We have labeled everybody in so many ways that the person starts thinking that he is that.
In my village there is one man, Sunderlal. I have been surprised ...sunder means beauty, sunderlal means beautiful diamond; and he is anything other than a beauty. He is not even homely. I have been surprised again and again that names are given to people which are just the opposite of their qualities.

I have seen immensely rich people named Garibdas. Garib means poor, das means a slave. I have been a guest to one Seth Garibdas in Hyderabad. Seth means very rich, super-rich, and garibdas means a poor slave. I asked him, "Have you ever thought about your name? Your father was rich; richness is almost your family tradition -- it is nothing new. You are not a newly rich person, that you were poor and became rich. Then it would have been understandable: you were poor and people called you Garibdas. But you were born rich; you were born with golden spoons in your mouth. Then why Garibdas?"

He said, "You ask strange questions. In my whole life nobody has asked me this. But my father is alive; we both should go and ask him."

We both went to his room and asked him. He said, "It is a protection. The astrologers suggested giving him a name which suggests poverty so that fate always remains compassionate to him." They were deceiving fate by giving him the name Garibdas -- so fate thinks he is poor, don't harass him -- and he remained rich.

This Sunderlal was really ugly. To talk to him meant that you had to look this way and that way; to look at him made one feel a little sick -- something went berserk in the stomach. His front two teeth were out, and he had such crossed eyes that to look at him for a little while meant a certain headache -- and he was Sunderlal! He was the son of a rich man, and he was a little nuts too.

I used to call him Doctor Sunderlal although he was never able to pass matriculation. He failed so many times that the school authorities asked his father to remove him because

he brought their average low every year -- and he was not going to pass.

How they managed to get him up to matriculation, that is a miracle. But it is understandable, because up to matriculation all examinations are local, so you can bribe the teachers. This was difficult to do in the matriculation examination because it is not local, it is state-wide. So it is very difficult to find out who is setting the papers, who is examining the papers. It is almost impossible; unless you happen to be the education minister or some relative of the education minister, it is very difficult to find out.

But I started calling him Doctor Sunderlal. He said, "Doctor? But I am not a doctor."

I said, "Not an ordinary doctor like these physicians: you are an honorary doctor."

But he said, "Nobody has given me an honorary doctorate either."

I said, "I am giving you an honorary doctorate. It does not matter who gives it -- you get the doctorate, that's the point."

He said, "That is true, " and by and by I convinced him that he was an honorary doctor. He started introducing himself to people as Doctor Sunderlal. When I heard this, that he introduces himself as Doctor Sunderlal .... He was a relative of our sannyasin, Narendra.

One day I saw a letterhead with "Doctor Sunderlal, D.Litt., Honorary," printed on it in golden letters, embossed. I said, "This is great!" And as time passed by people completely forgot: he is now known as Doctor Sunderlal, D.Litt. Nobody suspects, nobody even enquires who gave him a doctorate, from what university? But the whole town

knows him. And because he is an honorary doctorate he inaugurates social gatherings in the school, in the college -- now the town has a college -- and he is the most literary figure.

Just now my mother was saying that Doctor Sunderlal has become a member of parliament. The new government ... after Indira's assassination, Rajiv Gandhi chose him. He is rich and certainly respected in the town because he is the only doctor -- an honorary doctor! People get ... and perhaps he believes it. Now you cannot tell him that he is not. He will drag you to the court.

Now, for almost thirty years he has been a doctor; that is enough. Nobody has objected, nobody has raised a question. In his election campaign his name was Doctor Sunderlal, D.Litt. -- "Vote for Doctor Sunderlal, D.Litt." Perhaps -- and he is a little nuts -- he believes that he is. I know that even I cannot persuade him that "this doctorate I gave to you." He will laugh and say, "What are you saying? I have been a doctor for thirty years. You were just a little kid when I became a doctor!"

He will not agree so easily to drop his doctorate. But even if you get a doctorate from a university, what does it mean? There is not much difference.

I know one very famous Indian politician, Doctor Govindadas. Maitreya knows him because they both were in parliament together. Doctor Govindadas was in the parliament perhaps the longest time in the whole history of humanity: from 1914 till he died, I think in 1978, he remained continuously, without a single gap, a member of parliament. He was the richest man in the whole state of Madhya Pradesh.

His father was given the title of raja, king; although he was not a king, he had so much land, and so many properties -- one third of the houses of the whole city of Jabalpur, which is ten times bigger than Portland, belonged to him. He had so much land that the British government thought it perfectly right to give him the title. And he was helping the British government, so he was called Raja Gokuldas, and his house was not called a house, it was called Gokuldas Palace.

Govindadas was Gokuldas' eldest son -- a very mediocre mind. It hurts me to say so but what can I do? If he was mediocre it is not my fault. He was very kind and friendly to me and very respectful too. He was very old but he used to come every day whenever he was in Jabalpur. Whenever the parliament was not in session he was in Jabalpur; otherwise he was in New Delhi. Whenever he was in Jabalpur, in the morning from eight to eleven, his limousine was standing in front of my door, every day religiously. Anybody wanting to meet him between eight and eleven need not go anywhere; he had just to stand outside my gate. What was happening in those three hours? He used to come there with his secretary, his steno. He would ask me a question, I would answer, and the steno would write it in shorthand. Then he published in his own name everything that I said.

Govindadas has published books, two books; not a single word is his. Yes, there are a few words from the secretary. I was puzzled when I saw those books -- and he presented them to me. I looked inside ... I knew that this was going to happen, it was happening every day -- in newspapers he was publishing my answers all over India.

He was president of the Hindi language's most prestigious institution, HINDI SAHITYA SAMMELAN; he was the president of that. Once Mahatma Gandhi was president of that, so you can understand the prestige of the institution. Govindadas was president for almost twenty years, and he was the main proponent in the parliament that Hindi should become the national language. And he made Hindi the national language, at least in the constitution. It is not functioning -- English still functions as the national language -- but he put it in the constitution.

He was known all over the country. Every newspaper, every news magazine, was publishing his articles -- and they were my answers! But I was puzzled, because once in a while there would be a quotation from Tulsidas, Surdas, Kabirdas. I could not believe that he had even the intelligence to put the quotation in the right place, in the right context.

So I asked his steno one day when I was staying in Delhi in Govindadas's house. I asked his steno, "Shrivastava, everything else is perfectly right; I just wonder about these -- Surdas, Tulsidas, Kabirdas -- how Seth Govindadas manages to put them ..."

He said, "Seth Govindadas? I put them in."

I said, "Who told you to put them in?"

He said, "He says that at least something should be put from our side too."

I said, "I am not going to tell anybody, but just to deceive me, these two lines of Kabirdas in the whole question? You have been putting them in and you think I will be deceived?"

He said, "I had to work hard, looking into Kabirdas' collection to find some lines which could fit somewhere in your question."
I said, "You are a fool; you should have asked me. When your master can steal the whole article, you, being his steno, should at least learn this much politics. You could have said to me, `Just give me two or three quotations so that I can fit them in.' In future don't bother yourself."
He was a poor man, and where would he find Kabirdas, and something very relevant to me? So I used to give quotations to Shrivastava and say, "These are the lines you fit in so Govindadas remains happy."
Why did I want him to remain happy? He was helpful to me in the same way that the boy was helpful to me. I was continually out of town without any leave from the university. Govindadas' limousine standing in front of my door was enough. The vice-chancellor was afraid of me because Govindadas was a powerful man; the vice-chancellor could be immediately transferred, removed -- just a hint from me was enough. The professors were afraid. They were really puzzled why every day Govindadas was hypnotized; he spent three hours with me every day.
And he started bringing other politicians. He introduced me to every chief minister, every cabinet minister in the central government, because they all were his guests in Jabalpur. Jawaharlal used to be his guest in Jabalpur. He introduced me to almost all the politicians; I think Maitreya must have come to me through Seth Govindadas. He even arranged for a small group of important members to meet me in

parliament house itself. Maitreya certainly must have been there.

Govindadas was helpful, so I said, "There is no problem. And it does not matter whose name goes on the articles. The question reaches to thousands of people. The answer reaches to thousands of people. That is important; my name or Govindadas's name, it does not matter. What matters is the matter."

This man remained continuously in contact with me for almost ten years, and when I told him, "We are strangers," he said, "What are you saying? We have known each other for ten years."

I said, "We don't know each other. I know your name, Govindadas; it has been given by your father. The doctorate you have received from the university. I know how much value that doctorate has, and why you have been given that doctorate -- because it was you who proposed the vice-chancellor. Now the vice-chancellor has to pay you back with the doctorate. The vice-chancellor is your man, and if he manages to give you a doctorate there is no wonder in it. Your D.Litt is absolutely bogus."

First I used to hear .... He had written almost one hundred dramas. He was in competition with George Bernard Shaw because George Bernard Shaw was the great drama writer and he had written one hundred dramas. So Seth Govindadas was also a great drama writer of Hindi language -- a hundred dramas. And he was not capable of writing a single drama!

He was not capable of even writing a single speech -- his speeches were written by that poor Shrivastava.

Govindadas has published one hundred dramas. By and by

I came to know those people who had written them -- for money -- poor people, poor teachers, professors. So I told Govindadas, "I know what your D.Litt is: one hundred dramas, and none is written by you. Now I can say it authoritatively, because you go on publishing articles, and now you have published two books without even telling me, `I am going to put your answers in these books.' And they are nothing but my answers -- there is nothing else."
So I said to him, "Doctor Govindadas, I also have such a doctor in my village -- Doctor Sunderlal. I have given him the doctorate. He has not written one hundred dramas, neither have you. Just the way you believe you are a doctor, he believes he is a doctor. And I don't think there is much difference of quality in your minds, because seth is a title ..."
Before he became a doctor he was known all over the country as Seth Govindadas. Seth is a title, it comes from an ancient Sanskrit word, shreshth. Shreshth means the superior one; from shreshth it became shreshthi and from shreshthi it became seth. In Rajasthani sethi, sethia -- it went on changing. But it is a title.
So when Govindadas became a doctor he started writing "Doctor Seth Govindadas." It was Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru who told him, "Govindadas, two titles are never written in front of a name. Either you write "Seth," then you can write "D.Litt" behind, but if you write "Doctor" in front then you cannot write "Seth."
So he asked me what to do. I said, "There is no problem. You write "Doctor (Seth) Govindadas."
So he said, "Great!" And that's how later on he did it for the rest of his life: "Doctor (Seth) Govindadas." He could not

leave out that seth either. And when Jawaharlal saw those brackets, he said, "Who has suggested these brackets to you? Can't you leave out that seth, or put it at the end?"
He said, "I cannot leave it out. It is one of my great friends who has suggested it to me, and he cannot be wrong. The brackets are perfectly right."
Jawaharlal said, "To me there is no problem. You write whatsoever you want, but two titles in front simply make you a laughingstock."
Govindadas again asked me what to do. I said, "You don't be bothered by Jawaharlal; the brackets are meaningless. The brackets simply mean "underground": doctor aboveground and seth underground -- and you are both. Tell Jawaharlal clearly, `I am both. If people don't write two titles in front, the simple reason is they don't have them. There is no other reason; they don't have them. I have got two titles so I have to write them.'"
What is the difference? But so much attachment to names, titles, professions, religions -- and this is all your identity. And behind all this brown bag is lost your original face.
You are asking me how, in our commune, we can save the original face of our children.
You don't have to do anything directly.
Anything done directly will be a disturbance.
You have to learn the art of non-doing.
That is a very difficult art.
It is not something that you have to do to protect, to save, the original face of the child. Whatever you do will distort the original face. You have to learn non-doing; you have to learn to keep away, out of the way of the child. You have to

be very courageous because it is risky to leave the child to himself.

For thousands of years we have been told, if the child is left to himself he will be a savage.

That is sheer nonsense. I am siting before you -- do you think I am a savage? And I have lived without being interfered with by my parents. Yes, there was much trouble for them and there will be much trouble for you too, but it is worth it.

The original face of the child is so valuable that any trouble is worth it. It is so priceless that whatsoever you have to pay for it, it is still cheap; you are getting it without paying anything. And the joy on the day you find your child with his original face intact, with the same beauty that he had brought into the world, the same innocence, the same clarity, the same joyfulness, cheerfulness, the same aliveness .... What more can you expect?

You cannot give anything to the child, you can only take. If you really want to give a gift to the child, this is the only gift possible: don't interfere. Take the risk and let the child go into the unknown, into the uncharted. It is difficult. Great fear grips the parents -- who knows what will happen to the child?

Out of this fear they start molding a certain pattern of life for the child. Out of fear they start directing him into a particular way, towards a particular goal, but they don't know that because of their fear they are killing the child. He will never be blissful. And he will never be grateful to you; he will always carry a grudge against you.

Sigmund Freud has a great insight in this matter: he says, "Every culture respects the father. No culture on earth

exists, or has ever existed, which has not propounded, propagated the idea that the father has to be respected."
Sigmund Freud says, "This respect for the father arises because sometime back in prehistoric times the father must have been killed by the children just to save themselves from being crippled."
It is a strange idea, but very significant. He is saying that the respect is being paid to the father out of guilt, and that guilt has been carried for thousands of years. Somewhere ... it is not a historical fact, but a meaningful myth, that young people must have killed their father and then repented -- naturally, because he was their father; but he was driving them into ways where they were not happy.
They killed him, but then they repented. Then they started worshipping the spirits of the ancestors, fathers, forefathers, out of fear, because the ghosts of those can take revenge. And then slowly, slowly, it became a convention to be respectful towards the elders. But why?
I would like you to be respectful to the children.
The children deserve all the respect you can manage, because they are so fresh, so innocent, so close to godliness. It is time to pay respect to them, not to force them to pay respect to all kinds of corrupted people -- cunning, crooked, full of shit -- just because they are old.
In my commune I would like to reverse the whole thing: respect towards the children because they are closer to the source, you are far away. They are still original, you are already a carbon copy. And do you understand what it can do if you are respectful to children? Then through love and respect you can save them from going in any wrong direction -- not out of fear but out of your respect and love.

My grandfather .... I could speak a lie to anybody -- even if I met God I could speak a lie without any trouble -- but I could not speak a lie to my grandfather because he respected me so much. When the whole family was against me I could at least depend on the old man. He would not bother about all the proofs that were against me. He would say, "I don't care what he has done. If he has done it, it must be right. I know him, he cannot do wrong."

And when he was with me of course the whole family had to shrink back. I would tell him the whole thing, and he would say, "There is no need to be worried. Do whatsoever you feel is right, because who else can decide? In your situation, in your place, only you can decide. Do whatsoever you feel is right, and always remember that I am here to support you, because I not only love you, I respect you too."

His respect towards me was the greatest treasure I could have received. When he was dying I was eighty miles away. He informed me that I should come immediately because there was not much time. I came quickly; within two hours I was there.

It was as if he was just waiting for me. He opened his eyes and he said, "I was just trying to continue to breathe so that you could reach me. Just one thing I want to say: I will not be here now to support you, and you will need support. But remember, wherever I am, my love and my respect will remain with you. Don't be afraid of anybody, don't be afraid of the world."

Those were his last words:

"Don't be afraid of the world."

Respect the children, make them fearless.

But if you are yourself full of fear, how can you make them fearless?
Don't force respect on them towards you because you are their father, you are their daddy, their mom, this and that. Change this attitude and see what transformation respect can bring to your children.
They will listen to you more carefully if you respect them. They will try to understand you and your mind more carefully if you respect them. They have to. And in no way are you imposing anything; so if by understanding they feel you are right and they go on that way, they will not lose their original face.
The original face is not lost by going on a certain way. It is lost by children being forced, forced against their will. Love and respect can sweetly help them to be more understanding about the world, can help them to be more alert, aware, careful -- because life is precious, and it is a gift from existence. We should not waste it.
At the moment of death we should be able to say that we are leaving the world better, more beautiful, more graceful. But this is possible only if we leave this world with our original face, the same face with which we have come into it.

From Darkness to Light

Chapter #7

Chapter title: Time is very short but my methods are very quick
6 March 1985 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1

BELOVED OSHO,
HOW DO YOU INTEND TO RAISE THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF THE ENTIRE PLANET? DO WE HAVE ENOUGH TIME? DO WE HAVE A CHANCE?

I can only answer for myself. I cannot use the word "we." That word is used by political leaders and religious priests. I am neither of them. I do not represent anybody in the world except myself.
The politician represents a certain crowd; hence his use of the word "we" has some meaning. He is no more than the total sum of the crowd. Withdraw the crowd and the politician disappears into a vacuum, into nothingness.
The same is true about a pope, a shankaracharya, or any other religious leader. The pope is simply the sum total of all the Catholics of the world. But remember, he is not a man but only a sum total -- a number in arithmetic, but not an individual.
The individual can never use the word "we," he can only use the word "I" -- and that too with a very specific condition. His "I" is not equivalent to the ego. His "I" is not to be written in capital letters, his "I" should be written in lower case letters. It is not something extraordinary: he is simple, an ordinary human being. I am using the word "i" in the same way. "We" is impossible for me because I don't belong to any crowd, any mob.
My commune is not a crowd.
It is a communion of individuals.
Yes, one can misunderstand it as a crowd. From far away you see a forest, but as you come close there are only trees, no forest. Exactly that is the case with my commune. Those

who never come close to it will think of it as a cult, a creed, a certain society. But those who come close will find only trees, no forest -- each individual so absolutely unique, alone. The question of "we" does not arise at all.

So when I am saying that I cannot use "we," I am also trying to help you understand that you cannot use "we" either. You will have to be very alert.

And the "I" that you have to be has not to be the "I" of the egoist. The egoist uses "I" in the sense that he is superior to you, that you are nothing compared to him. His "I" is big, and his whole effort in his whole life in only one: how to make the "I" bigger and bigger, higher and higher, so that it becomes an Everest; no other peak can ever come even close to it.

This is the way Muhammad Ali uses "I" -- Muhammad Ali, the Greatest. This is the way Alexander used his "I" -- Alexander the Great. Just Alexander won't do, "the Great" is needed to make him stand separate from thousands of other Alexanders.

I am suggesting to you to use "I" just in a utilitarian way -- not to impose yourself on others, not to project yourself as bigger than others, but as an absolutely human necessity. You have to use some word. There have been people who have tried not to use the word "I" for the simple reason that it may be misunderstood as being used in the same way as everybody uses the "I." Or perhaps they were deep down afraid themselves that if they used the word "I" the ego would come following it; it would be standing just behind it. Perhaps that is the case.

I recall one person, one very important Hindu sage of this century, Swami Ramateertha. He has been to America; and

he was an influence wherever he went; he was a man of charismatic personality. He never used the word "I." But that makes no difference at all -- he had to use something else. If he was feeling thirsty, instead of saying, "I am thirsty," he would say, "Ramateertha is thirsty" ..., "Ramateertha wants to go to sleep."

New people who had no idea what he was talking about could not understand it. They looked here and there and they asked, "Were is Ramateertha who is thirsty?" And then he would have to point to himself: "This is Ramateertha who is feeling thirsty." But this seems to be such a stupid procedure. Rather than catching your ear directly, you go around the head and make such weird gestures, and finally you catch the ear -- nothing special. I am a lazy man, I cannot do that. If I have to catch hold of my ear I will catch it directly, rather than moving my hand around my head and then catching hold of my ear -- that looks ludicrous. But Ramateertha made a great impression by this. People are foolish; if you try to see what things people get impressed with you will be surprised. That will show you what kind of humanity exists on the earth. They were very much impressed by Ramateertha: "Here is a man who is egoless."

He was not egoless. There is enough proof in his life to show that he was not egoless. When for the first time in India I said that, there was great anger amongst Hindus because they always believed that Ramateertha was one of the greatest souls born in this century. He was respected around the world, and nobody has said anything against him. But the problem was that the Ramateertha League -- it

is an international organization, its headquarters are in Lucknow, India -- invited me to speak on Ramateertha. Now, it was not my fault. I even inquired of them, "Are you sure you want me to speak on Ramateertha?" And they were not aware ... because nobody had spoken about him. He was a nice man, but to be nice is not enough. I went to speak at their annual conference, a world conference, and I said, "To me Ramateertha befooled himself and nobody else" -- and I gave the instances from his own biography published by the league ... authoritative, approved by Ramateertha himself. I said, "I will simply be quoting, there is no need even to interpret. If you are just a little bit intelligent, you will see the point."

Ramateertha toured all over the world and then he came back to India. Everywhere, he was received with great honor as a sage from the Himalayas. First he went to Varanasi, the center of Hinduism for thousands of years. He was shocked because, naturally, deep down he must have been expecting .... The biography says he was shocked because there was no overwhelming reception. The same way, just a few days ago the pope was shocked in a Catholic country because there was no overwhelming reception.

But unless you are expecting something, I don't see the possibility of being shocked. Ramateertha must have been expecting an overwhelming reception, a welcome -- the welcome that is given to a man who has conquered the whole world. He comes back to the citadel of Hinduism, and he has been talking about Hinduism around the world, praising Hinduism around the world, making Hinduism

appear the highest religion in the world. Naturally, it is human -- he must have been expecting ....

But out of eight shankaracharyas, the heads of Hinduism, not a single one was present to receive him. Forget about shankaracharyas, because they are the heads, and Ramateertha was still a monk, not a head of Hinduism; but there were no other monks either to receive him. A few people had come who looked more curious than receptive or welcoming.

And instead of Ramateertha having a red-carpet welcome, a letter was handed to him from the highest Hindu committee of pundits, scholars. The letter said, "Before you speak anywhere else, first you have to face the committee, the supreme committee of the scholars of Hinduism, because the way you have been talking about Hinduism is not orthodox, it is not traditional." More shocking!

He was almost court-marshaled. In front of the scholars he had to answer why he said this, why he said that. This he had never thought was going to be, but this is how it happened. He had to appear before the scholars -- and there is the point that I wanted to make to the conference in Lucknow.

As he was just going to speak, one old Hindu scholar stood up and said, "First tell me, do you know Sanskrit?"

Unfortunately Ramateertha did not know Sanskrit at all, for the simple reason that he was born near Lahore, which is now in Pakistan. In that part even Hindi was not spoken; Urdu, a Mohammedan language, was the spoken language. And those who wanted to become great scholars of course had to read Persian and Arabic. They had to go to the roots

of Urdu; that is, Persian and Arabic. Sanskrit has nothing to do with Urdu.

Mohammedans or Hindus was not the question: the area where Ramateertha was born was Urdu-dominated; in schools, in colleges, in universities, Persian and Arabic were the exalted languages. So he was a scholar of Persian, Arabic and Urdu, but he had never thought that religion had anything to do with language.

You can be a Hindu without knowing Sanskrit, you can be a great Hindu sage without knowing Sanskrit; Sanskrit is not something absolutely necessary. And that was one of the questions those scholars were asking him: "While speaking around the world you were not quoting the upanishads, the vedas, the shankaracharyas. You were quoting Sufi mystics -- Jalaluddin Rumi, Farid, Sarmad. You can befool in the West because people don't know what you are quoting, but these are not Hindus, these are not our people."

The truth is Ramateertha had quoted exactly rightly. It does not matter whom he was quoting, what matters is the meaning. He had no knowledge of Sanskrit but he understood. He had read the upanishads in Urdu, he had read the vedas in Urdu, and naturally he had the understanding of the essential message. And that message was so clearly expressed by Sufi mystics -- Rumi, Al-Hillaj-Mansoor, Junnaid, Rabiya Al Adabiya; they have expressed the same thing. Of course their language was different. But here he found that he was being treated as a criminal.

Another scholar stood up and said, "Before you speak in front of us, first go and learn Sanskrit." And he was completely shattered. Now, only an ego can be shattered. If I was in his place, in the first place I would not have expected any overwhelming reception. If they were not throwing stones at me, that would have been enough -- a great reception. If they allowed me to enter Varanasi that would have been more than one could hope. And then I would not have gone to their scholars to be examined, interrogated. I should have torn up that letter then and there, and thrown it on the platform and said to them, "Tell all of them to go to hell! What business have I got to do with your scholars? If they want to do anything, they have to come to me.

"And I have not come here to be certified that I am really a Hindu sage. I myself say that I am not a Hindu, neither am I a sage. So what is the problem? How can you shatter me? -- I don't have any claim. Can't you even accept me as a human being? If even that is difficult for you, then that is your problem, don't accept. But that is not going to shatter me either."

You are shattered only when you are living in a glass house. Then anybody can throw a stone and that's enough. But I am not living in a glass house. The ego is a glass house: it is continuously afraid of being shattered. Somebody does not say "Hello" to you on the road, and that's enough. He has not done anything, he has not even said "Hello" -- but this man used to say "Hello" every day. It pinches, it hurts: "What happened? Have I fallen in his eyes, or what?" He will disturb your sleep because he has not said "Hello" to you.

Expectations always lead to frustrations.
Expectations are the seeds, and frustration is the crop that sooner or later you will have to reap. It is your own doing.
So I asked the followers of Ramateertha, "What was shattered? If there was no ego there was nothing to be shattered. If you throw a stone into empty space, nothing will be shattered, only the stone will look silly -- falling with a thud, no obstruction, no joy of destroying something, no excitement of shattering something; just falling with a thud on the ground like a fool.
"A man without an ego is like an empty house. You can throw stones from this side to that side, they will go across him without finding any obstruction. Nothing can be shattered."
So I said, "Note this point, but this is not the whole story. Ramateertha left Varanasi and went to the Himalayas. He had a follower and a friend who was a king of Gadhwal in the Himalayas, a small state. He went there and told his friend, the king of Gadhwal, `I would like to learn Sanskrit, so please arrange for a scholar to teach me Sanskrit.'"
Now, is this the way of a sage? Who could not say to these fools in Varanasi, "Enlightenment does not come through a language. It comes when all languages are left behind. It comes when even thinking exists no more. There is no Arabic, no Hebrew, no Greek, no Sanskrit, no Latin. Only then that light shines within yourself."
Yes, when you start communicating of course you will have to use some language. And you will use the language which you know best. In Ramateertha's place I would have said, "I will continue to use Urdu, Persian, Arabic because those are the languages I know best, and I am not going to

follow your dictation that I should start learning Sanskrit. For what? to get your recognition? to be certified by you that I am really a saint? Does sainthood need anybody's recognition?"

Who recognized Gautam Buddha, that he is enlightened? Who has recognized anybody in the whole world, in the whole of history? In fact it is impossible. The unenlightened people cannot recognize or certify an enlightened one; he has to declare himself, there is no other way. Whether you believe it or not, that does not matter, and that does not shatter him.

Nobody may believe it, not even a single human being. Do you think that makes any difference to the status of a man of enlightenment? He remains still the same, his enlightenment not even a little bit less because you have not recognized him.

Why did Ramateertha agree to learn Sanskrit?

And the story is really strange. He started learning Sanskrit -- not only that, he dropped his orange robe and started using white clothes. Asked why, he said, "Because if Hindu scholars do not recognize me then I am not yet capable of using the traditional robe of a Hindu sannyasin."

When I decided to give my sannyasins the same robe, it was for one reason -- to destroy this whole idea that anybody has a monopoly.

In India there is an organization of Hindu monks. It has been founded by one of the politicians who has been twice prime minister of India, for a few days only. His name is Guljarilal Nanda. Whenever a prime minister dies this man is put as acting prime minister. Before the second one comes, for a few days, a few weeks, he remains a prime

minister. He has no support but he is a person who can be relied on not to create any trouble. And he is not even courageous enough to create any trouble -- he is a weakling.

Sometimes your weakness proves of great help. When Jawaharlal died, Morarji was hoping to become immediately the acting prime minister, but he was not chosen because he is, although very mediocre, also very stubborn. If once he becomes acting prime minister then it will be difficult to recall him, to tell him to get down. He will not get down so easily once he gets up.

Some weakling has to be chosen for the interim period so you put him up like a puppet; and when you want him down, he comes down. The same man did it twice: when Jawaharlal died he became the prime minister, and when Lal Bahadur Shastri died he became the prime minister. Both times Morarji was hoping, and both times he was denied, because everybody was afraid that once he got up, he would not come down.

But this man was cowardly, weak; hence, naturally, he could not manage to be a great political force. Guljarilal Nanda turned towards religion. Many weaklings turn towards religion, many cowardly people turn towards religion, because here you don't need much guts. He founded an organization of Hindu monks; he was the president of the organization.

When I started initiating people into sannyas, he told me, "You are creating trouble."

I said, "What trouble?"

He said, "You are giving them the same robe. Now it is going to be a very confusing thing: who is who?"

I said, "That is what I want to do. And I am going to fill your whole organization with my sannyasins, you cannot prevent it. And soon you will see, my sannyasins will be the president, the secretaries, in your organization."
They became freaked out so much! I was just joking -- I was not interested; who bothers about these idiots and their organizations? They became so freaked out they immediately made a resolution that anybody wearing my mala should not be allowed in the organization as a member -- "He is not really a Hindu sannyasin."
I said, "That's true, he is not. He is neither a Hindu sannyasin nor a Mohammedan sannyasin, nor a Christian sannyasin. He is just himself. The orange robe I have chosen is just to destroy this monopolistic idea."
But Ramateertha was subdued so much by those mere intellectuals that he dropped his orange robe. These are all ways of the ego. Now he would learn Sanskrit; he would prove to himself that he was a scholar in Sanskrit too -- and with grace and honor he would receive the robe from them. These are the ways of the ego. Who are they? On what authority ...? Just because they are crammed with rotten knowledge? So I said to his followers, "To me his saying that `Ramateertha is hungry' rather than saying, `I am hungry' does not change his ego; it simply makes it more complicated. And the greatest problem is, he may be deceived by it. If others are deceived, that is not much of a trouble; he himself may be deceived. He may himself start thinking that he has dropped the ego because now he never uses the word `I'."

So the question is not of using the word. The question is of understanding how you are using it. Use it as a utility, don't make it a psychological trip.

Now you are asking me -- how are we going to raise the consciousness of the world? Why should we raise the consciousness of the world? Are you nuts or something? Can't you let the world alone? You just raise your consciousness.

No, but this is how the world is. Nobody is interested in raising his own consciousness. Everybody is interested in raising the world's consciousness -- that seems to be easier, more fun. To raise one's own consciousness is arduous. To raise the consciousness of the world is just fun, no problem to you. Whether it is raised or not, you are not losing anything.

Yes, by trying to raise it suddenly you become a great sage, you become a great religious leader, you become world famous. You are raising the consciousness of the world -- as if consciousness is just lying down there asleep and you just have to wake it up. Just pour cold water over it and consciousness rises up and says, "What is the matter? Who is troubling me?"

It is not so easy. Consciousness is not there in any collective sense, there is no world consciousness. There are only trees, no forest. Forest is only a word -- convenient, useful, but non-existential. If you go in search of a forest you will never find it. Standing in the middle of it still you will not find it. What you will find always is an individual tree, and of course an individual tree is not the forest.

This consciousness of the world, consciousness of humanity, is just a word. Don't fall into linguistic games.

Remember one thing:
Consciousness is always individual.
There is no way for consciousness to become collective. It is always "I," it is never "we."
Why this concern? And this is not only your concern -- millions of people around the world are concerned with raising the consciousness of the world. And not only now; as far back as you can find any records they have been concerned with raising human consciousness, humanity, making the world divine, sacred. And the same problems ....
In Mesopotamia -- where one of the oldest civilizations existed once and is no longer in existence, but ruins are there -- a pillar has been found which is six thousand years old at least. That is the minimum, it cannot be more recent than that; it can be twelve thousand years old, but six thousand is the bottom line. With all the scientific observations they have concluded that it is at least six thousand years old, more perhaps.
What does it say? The pillar says: "Man has fallen to such a rotten state that we have to teach humanity again to become human. Sons are no longer listening to their fathers" -- there is a generation gap -- "wives are no longer faithful to their husbands. Husbands are doing all kinds of things, which make them disrespected and fathers are not fulfilling their duties." The whole pillar seems as if it is in some newspaper, just today's editorial.
In India the RIG VEDA is the oldest book. According to the Hindu scholar Lokmanya Tilak, a great scholar, it is ninety thousand years old. He has immense proof and evidence, and as yet he has not been challenged. It is

almost sixty years or more since he proved that it is ninety thousand years old. In these sixty years nobody has been able to disprove his evidence; it is now either forgotten or accepted.

Whatsoever the case, the RIG VEDA is certainly the most ancient book in existence -- but it raises the same problems that you face today, the same questions: Is it possible to change man's nature? Is there time enough? Ninety thousand years before, they were worried: Is there time enough? And the time has not proved enough, that's certainly true, because the problems are still the same -- perhaps worse.

You are asking me the same questions but I am a different kind of man, a little bit eccentric ... otherwise, if you had asked the question to any mahatma, any great religious personality, he would have answered, "Yes, we can raise humanity's consciousness. Of course time is very short but my methods are very quick too."

That's what Maharishi Mahesh Yogi goes on telling people. Time is short, according to all the prophecies, all the astrologers; as this century closes there is every possibility that the earth will be finished. Time is really short. It is 1985 -- only fifteen years more. Ninety thousand years have not proved enough. Fifteen years! But Maharishi Mahesh Yogi goes around the earth with jet speed. Of course he has to use the jet speed -- time is short!

But he says his method is quick: just ten minutes in the morning and ten minutes in the evening you do transcendental meditation. And what is transcendental meditation? You repeat one word that is given to you. Of course you have to pay a fee for it, two hundred and fifty

dollars. And what does he give? He asks you, "Are you a Christian?" You say, "Yes."
He says, "Catholic? Protestant?" -- just to figure out who you are so he can give you a mantra suitable to your religion.
If you say, "I am a Catholic," he will say, "That's very good. You start the mantra, `Ave Maria.' Repeat continuously: Ave Maria, Ave Maria, Ave Maria, anywhere, in any posture, just for ten minutes. Between two Ave Marias don't leave any gap, go as fast as you can." One Ave Maria almost entering another Ave Maria, just as when sometimes there is an accident of a railway train, and compartments go over other compartments, and inside other compartments. All the buffers are broken and the train is for the first time in a real unity.
This is a very traditional method in India. It is nothing new, and it is used by everybody; in every village you can get it, very cheap .... If you are very rich then the price is eleven rupees, which is less than one dollar. If you are poor it can be reduced; for the very poor, a coconut.
And, in India, there are two types of coconuts -- coconuts which people eat, and coconuts which people use religiously. They offer it to gods, to temples, to gurus. Those coconuts for centuries have the same price, their price has not changed. For one rupee you can get three -- because they are the same coconuts! For centuries ....
In my village, just in front of my house there was a temple of Krishna, and by the side of the temple, a coconut shop. A coconut shop is always very close. If you find a temple, you can believe without any trouble that within a five-

minute radius there must be a coconut shop; mostly it is just by the side of the temple.

You go on offering to the god, and the same coconuts go on getting back to the side shop. So the price remains the same because ... and they are all rotten. The coconut shell is so hard that what is inside nobody knows. These are religious coconuts. Nobody will purchase coconuts from a religious coconut shop for eating, or for anything, because inside you will find nothing. Their function is just to move from the shop to the temple, and from the back door again to the shop. In the morning they are again for sale -- and this round goes on and on.

And the coconut is a strange fruit. You can work with it for centuries. Its consciousness remains the same, no change. In India it is so cheap -- Maharishi Mahesh Yogi may not have been able to raise the consciousness of the people but he has raised the price of transcendental meditation from one coconut to two hundred and fifty dollars. I don't know how many coconuts that will be ... because for one rupee you can get three coconuts -- religious coconuts, don't forget that. For one rupee, three religious coconuts; for one dollar you can have at least sixty religious coconuts; for two hundred and fifty dollars ... now you can work it out.

And now he is not only trying to raise the consciousness of people. He has been doing that for almost thirty years, and now people are fed up because nothing is raised. Simply their pocket becomes lighter, and nothing is raised. They are getting fed up. And how long can you cheat people?

So now these people have to go on inventing something new. His new thing is even more idiotic: now he is trying to levitate people. First he was trying to levitate their

consciousness, now he is trying to levitate people. The fees have also gone higher -- of course, because he is raising your body too. Now he says he has found the secret. Joined with transcendental meditation your body will rise, float in the air; your head will touch the roof. And there are fools in the world who are ready to pay for this kind of nonsense. Maharishi Mahesh Yogi has been asked again and again, "Give a public demonstration, at least one person." That he is not doing, because it is such a secret thing that you cannot do it in public. It can be done only in private. But strangely, if it is done only in privacy, how are the photographs appearing in his magazines? At least the photographers must be there. It is public; the person is not isolated.

The whole thing is, it is a simple photographic trick. It is not much of a thing; any person who understands a little photography can manage it. He just has to mix two negatives; in one negative you are sitting on the floor, and in the other negative it has to be managed that you are touching the roof. You can be put on a tall stool, with the same mattress on which you were sitting on the floor, in the same room. And there is no problem -- you just have to arrange these two photographs together to show that this man's body has levitated.

Time is short, and people are trying to levitate bodies. For what purpose? Even if, for argument's sake, we accept that people can learn to levitate their bodies, and their heads start touching their roofs, how is it going to make humanity better?

If just touching the roof with your head is the thing, then simpler methods can be used. Just make a tall stool -- ask

Asheesh; he can make you a beautiful tall stool so your head touches the roof. A stool can be adjustable, so if you are short or tall the stool can be adjusted. You can adjust it yourself, so your head touches the roof. If that makes you a superman, then why bother about meditation and such long procedures? Time is very short.

But I am not interested either in raising people's consciousness, or in raising their bodies. In fact for decades I have not been interested in doing anything for the world, for humanity, because to me these are bogus words. I am interested only in a few chosen people.

The whole mass of humanity -- whether it lives or disappears makes no difference.

I may look hard to you, but I am simply being factual. Just look at the past. Millions of people have lived and died -- what does it matter? Where does it lead? Millions of people are living today -- in what way are they enriching life? Just breathing, just vegetating; is that enough?

Just today I have received a news item: in Miami, a man's situation has become really terrible. He had a brain cancer, and to remove that cancer they had to use, for the first time, some poison without which it was not removable. That poison entered into his brain by mistake. The cancer was removed but the poison entered into his brain and killed his brain. Now the man is alive, the brain is dead. He can live for years, there is no problem; you just have to take care of him. His brain is completely dead, so everything that his brain was doing, you will have to do. And it was your mistake.

But the doctor can also not be condemned. That poison was used for the first time, so there is no way to say that he used

it wrongly because there is no precedent. He tried his best -- just an unlucky man.
Now, between this man, I thought as I was reading the news, and the millions of masses, is there any difference? That was the question that came to me. Their brains are not dead, but their souls are dead -- which is far worse. And nobody else is responsible -- they themselves are responsible.
They are living, but do you call it life?
What is the point of their living?
What have they found out about it, what have they experienced?
Where have they arrived?
If they were not born, would you have missed them?
If they were not here, would existence be poorer because of that?
All these considerations have to be looked into before you start raising the consciousness of the world.
The greater masses of the world are not interested in consciousness.
They are more interested in unconsciousness.
You will be surprised because you may not have heard them saying that they are interested in unconsciousness, but you can see them drinking alcohol -- all kinds of narcotics are being used, all kinds of drugs are being used. And there are other kinds of unconsciousnesses which are not produced by chemical drugs.
For example, in a movie, for three hours, for what are you searching? You are searching for three hours of unconsciousness. For three hours you become so involved in any idiotic story. And they have been almost the same

for centuries: just two men, one woman; two women, one man. There are only two stories. I tried to find a third story -- I have not succeeded. If any of you succeeds, please inform me, help me, because I have found only two stories. And there is not much difference in those stories: two women, one man; or two men, one woman. It is really one story. Only three persons are needed; put them in all kinds of situations, create all different details, but the story remains the same.

But it is helpful -- you get involved in it. Millions of people seeing sports, millions of people participating in political rallies, shouting slogans, screaming ....

I used to know one man in Jabalpur. I liked that man, I was really impressed by him: he was something unique .... For one year I was living in a bungalow which was facing six roads, so all kinds of processions were passing by there. And it was near the high court, the collector's office, the commissioner's office. They were all just within a half-mile radius.

So every kind of procession -- protests, either going to the chief justice, or going to the commissioner, or going to the collector .... I used to enjoy seeing them. The most exciting thing for me was one who was always in every protest, whether it was the communist party, socialist party, congress party, president's party -- any party. And in India there are all kinds of parties.

Whether it was a religious protest -- Christians protesting that something was being done against their religion, or Mohammedans, Hindus, Jainas, Buddhists -- he was always, inevitably there. I could not believe it. That man

was something! One day I caught hold of him and I said, "You have to come inside with me."
He said, "Right now I cannot come, I am going in the protest."
I said, "You can go later on -- I will send you, I will drive you. But for five minutes you just come in -- because now it is too much, I cannot bear it any more."
He said, "But what is the problem? What have I done to you?"
I said, "You have not done anything to me; I just want to know to which party you belong."
He laughed. He said, "As far as parties are concerned, I am a member of all the parties."
I said, "But ...?"
He said, "You will not understand, nobody understands. I enjoy shouting, screaming. Now, who is screaming against whom, that is not material. I simply enjoy -- I shout, jump, have a flag. I don't care whose flag, I don't have any flag of my own. And I am not interested in what they are demanding, whether they get it or not, but I enjoy it."
Now this man has no political interest, no religious interest. What his interest is, is in finding unconsciousness in shouting, screaming, getting involved in something in which he has no ideological interest. But he has psychological involvement, he forgets himself. For the two, three hours that the protest continues, he forgets himself. Now, how can he miss if some other party is protesting? His psychological interest is the same.
He said, "It is not very costly." In India you can become a member for one fourth of a rupee; that is a one-year

membership. And that too you don't have to pay, somebody will pay for you, you have just to vote for him.
So I asked him, "So many parties, so many religions and you must be paying so much money ...."
He said, "No, they pay it. And those idiots don't even ask, `Are you a member of any other party?' I have not yet been asked, so I have not yet been forced to lie. Nobody asks me. I say, `I want to become a member of your party.' They say, `Very good, you just become a member of the party, fill in the form.' I have filled in all the forms of all the parties. I go to all religious prayers, religious meetings. I believe in the unity of all."
I said, "That's very good."
But he was really getting juice. You try protesting, shouting, and soon you get involved in it. Your thinking disappears, your past, your present, disappear. You are suddenly herenow -- but not in a conscious way -- through an unconscious trick. You can do it by alcohol, you can do it by politics, you can do it by religion. You can do it in a church, you can do it in a movie house. You can do it in a thousand and one ways, and people are using all kinds of ways.
People are not interested in consciousness.
Consciousness is painful, because you will have to drop so much which you have carried your whole life thinking it very valuable.
You will have to uncover your wounds which you have covered and completely forgotten.
You will have to revive all worries and anguishes that somehow you have repressed.

You will have to face again your original face which you have lost far back. You have become somebody else. You have been somebody else so long, that now to face your original face is going to shatter you completely.
To be conscious not a game.
To be conscious is to go through a deep surgery.
And the problem is, you are the surgeon, and you are the patient.
Just think of some surgeon doing surgery on himself. I had one surgeon friend -- and it was not much of a problem ....
A certain disease, a very strange disease, started happening to me every year. First, one of my fingers started being painful in the first joint -- immense pain. Sleep was not possible; no sleeping medicine would help, the pain was so shooting sharp. It continued for twenty-one days.
I asked my surgeon friend about it. He said, "This is a troublesome thing, but for one year there is no problem. Next year the second finger will be affected, and for twenty-one days at the utmost. But for ten years you will have to suffer; each year one finger will be affected."
I said, "I don't want that kind of business for ten years. Who knows? -- if I die tomorrow then my nine fingers .... No, I cannot leave them just like that. You have to do something."
He said, "There is no medicine for it -- only surgery can be done. I will have to cut the bone -- which has grown a little -- on the joint. That's how this whole thing is happening."
So I said, "There is no problem, you can cut it. But I can't wait for ten years."
He prepared everything, but I was so close to him that at the final time he had a nervous breakdown. He said, "I

cannot do it; on you I cannot do it -- I cannot cut your finger. I will call another surgeon. I have kept him ready in case, because I knew it from the very beginning -- last night I could not sleep, just the idea of cutting your finger ...."
I said, "What nonsense. My finger, anybody's finger -- you should be able to cut your own finger too if the time comes. If there is no surgeon available, you should be able to cut your own finger."
He said, "I can cut my own finger, but I cannot cut your finger, because then I will repent my whole life that I did that nasty thing to you. No, I will not do it."
He simply freaked out; the other surgeon did it. That day I understood how difficult it must be to be the patient on the table and also the surgeon by the side -- the same person cutting his own deepest layers of being.
Consciousness is self-surgery.
And don't ask me how can we raise ...? Nobody can do it for somebody else; you can only do it for yourself.
This is the fundamental of spiritual surgery: you can only be successful on yourself.
Howsoever painful it is ... but there is no other way. Yes, it pays tremendously if you can pass through the test.
If you can pass through the pain, if you can pass through all the misery, the suffering that you have repressed will rise again. It is like entering a house which nobody has entered for years. You will raise so much dust -- and that dust is not simple dust, it covers your wounds. It has helped you to forget yourself. It has made you unconscious of yourself. It is not like taking off your clothes, it is more like peeling off your skin.

But once you succeed, then all the pain seems to be just nothing, because the bliss that descends on you is incomparable; the pain that you suffered looks so tiny and so meaningless. But that is in the end.
Gautam the Buddha used to say, "My path in the beginning is tremendous pain; in the end, tremendous blissfulness. But patience is needed."
I told you, in this surgery you are the patient and you are the surgeon both. Remember the English word "patient" comes from "patience." It is significant. Why is the sick person called a "patient?" He has to be patient, he has to wait. But when you are the patient yourself and also the surgeon, the difficulty is multiplied. But still it is nothing compared to the bliss.
All that you can do is to pass through this suffering, to pass through this dark night of the soul.
Reach to the dawn of your being.
Blossom. Let your blissfulness explode.
Perhaps somebody's sleeping soul may be triggered. Somebody's sleeping consciousness may have a shock and wake up.
But these are only "perhaps." One cannot be certain in these matters. The matters are so subtle you cannot be certain.
Hope for the best.
And wait for the worst.
And time certainly is short.

From Darkness to Light
Chapter #8

Chapter title: Agony is missing yourself, ecstasy is finding yourself
7 March 1985 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
WHAT IS AGONY AND WHAT IS ECSTASY?

The same. They are not opposites as they are understood to be. They are complementaries, intrinsic parts of one organic whole. Neither can exist without the other.
It will be a little difficult to understand because they have always been thought to be polar opposites. They are polar opposites, seen from the outside. But all polar opposites are joined together from the inside. The negative or positive poles of electricity, the body and soul -- from the outside they are not only different but antagonistic. From the inside they are two aspects of one phenomenon.
Let us first try to understand their meaning.
What is agony?
It is not ordinary suffering, misery, pain.
All these are very superficial things, just like ripples on the surface of a pond. They don't have any depth. You have known many pains, many miseries, many moments of suffering, and you know perfectly well they come and go. They don't even leave a trace behind them, they don't leave scars behind.
Yes, while they are there you feel that you are engulfed completely in pain. But when it is gone you know perfectly well that that was only a momentary emotional,

sentimental, non-intelligent understanding of the thing. When you were in the cloud, yes, you were engulfed. But the cloud is gone with the wind and you are out of it, and now you know exactly that even in the cloud you were out of it, you were not it.

Note this difference, because that is the fundamental difference.

Agony is not separate from you, it is you.

Pain, suffering, misery, they are all separate from you; hence, momentarily they come and go. They have causes; when the causes are removed they disappear. Mostly they are your creations.

You hope for something, and then it does not materialize: great frustration comes in. You feel pain, hopelessness, as if you have been rejected by existence. Nothing of the sort has happened -- it is all due to your expectation. The bigger the expectation, the bigger is going to be the frustration.

It is within your hands to be frustrated in life or not. Just your expectations should become smaller, smaller, smaller, and in the same proportion the frustration will become smaller. A day will come when there will be no expectation; then you will never come across any frustration.

You think, you imagine, some moments of pleasure -- and they don't materialize, because existence has no obligation to materialize your imaginations. It has never given you any promise that whatever you think is going to happen. You have taken it for granted without any enquiry, as if the whole existence owes you something.

You owe everything to existence.

Existence owes you nothing.

So if you are running to catch shadows, you cannot catch them -- it is not in the nature of things. Then there is pain, because you were so much absorbed in running after the shadows that you were feeling a kind of fulfillment. A goal was there; although not in your hands but far away, still it was there. And it was only a question of time, a little more effort. Be a little more American: try and try and try again -- and sooner or later existence is going to yield.
Existence does not care who you are, American or Russian. It never yields to anybody -- it simply goes in its own way. By making an effort to fulfill your desires, to force nature, existence, to come behind you, you are creating causes of pain, suffering.

The moment you understand, you drop these causes.
And the dropping of the causes is the disappearance of all your misery.
It was your projection.
There is a Sufi story about a very cunning fox .... All foxes are cunning, but there are politician foxes too. This happened to be a politician fox, very cunning. One day she woke up, and finding herself very hungry, came out of her cave in search of some breakfast. The sun was rising, and she saw her shadow so long she could not believe it. She said, "My God! I am that big? Now where am I going to get my breakfast? I will need at least one camel; less than that won't do. My shadow is so big, naturally I must be as big."
It is logical, perfectly Aristotelian. You cannot say she is wrong.

You also know yourself only in the mirror -- there is no other way. Have you known yourself in any other way except through a shadow?

So don't laugh at the poor fox. How can she conceive that a small thing can make such a big shadow? It is very natural to conclude that if the shadow is so big, you must be as big. And when it comes to feeling oneself big, who wants to argue against it? When anything gives you the sense of bigness, you don't want to go into details to find whether it is true or wrong, whether it is logically right, scientifically provable. No, your whole being is so enchanted ....

The fox really felt that big. You could see -- her walk changed. But where can she find a camel for her breakfast? And even if she can find a camel, it is going to be absolutely pointless; she cannot make a breakfast out of a camel. She searches, she finds many small animals which would have been enough any other day, but today is different. She does not bother about all those small creatures. They will be lost just in her teeth. She needs a camel, an elephant or something big.

But she finds nothing big. The sun goes on rising higher and higher, and she goes on becoming hungrier and hungrier. When the sun is just exactly above her head she looks again at her shadow: it has shrunken so small it is just underneath her. She says, "My God! Hunger does things to people. Just one morning I have missed breakfast and look what has happened to my poor self! In the morning I was so big; only half a day has passed and this is my situation. Now even if I can get any small creature, that may be too much, I may not be able to digest it."

This Sufi story is significant. It is our story.

This is our agony:
We are trying to become something which is not in the nature of things. We are not allowing nature to take its course; that is our agony.
When I was leaving my parents to go to the hostel in the university, they were persistently asking, "What do you want to become?" And I was telling them, "That question is utter nonsense. How do I know what I am going to become? Only time will show."
They could not understand me. They said, "Look at all your friends: somebody is going to become a doctor, somebody is going to become an engineer, somebody is going to be become this, somebody is going to become that. You are the only person who is going to the university without any idea of what you want to become."
I said, "Becoming is not my number. I want to let things take their course. I would love to find what nature makes of me, but I don't have any program of my own. To have a program of my own means suffering. That means I am trying to impose something on nature and it is going to fail."
Man has been failing for thousands of years for the simple reason that he wants to conquer nature.
Someone has even written a book, CONQUEST OF NATURE. Nature cannot be conquered. Just look at the foolishness of the idea. You are part of nature, such a small, tiny part of such an infinite nature. And the part is trying to conquer the whole -- as if your little finger is trying to conquer you.
How can you conquer nature?
Nature is your very soul.

Who is going to conquer whom?
Where is the separation?
I told my parents, "Please let me go. I am not going to project anything for my future. I want to keep it open so if nature desires anything of me, I am available. If nothing is desired of me that too is perfectly good. Who am I to expect that something should be desired of me? One day I was not, one day I will not be. Just a few days in between -- why make much fuss about it? Can't you pass silently across this little interval between birth and death without making noise, raising flags, and shouting slogans? Can't you simply pass?"
But they said, "This is not the way. Everybody has to have an ideal; otherwise he will be lost."
I said, "I would love to be lost but remain true to nature, to existence, rather than achieve a great ideal against nature, against existence. In the first place, in which you say I will be lost, I will be blissfully lost. In the second place, in which you think I would have achieved something, I will be nothing but pain, suffering, and finally agony."
Agony is the deepest in you.
And it happens only to man.
All other animals are free of agony -- but they are also free of ecstasy. Agony and ecstasy happen together; otherwise they don't happen at all.
Have you seen any animal in ecstasy or in agony? a buffalo in agony? Just to think of it seems to be absurd. A buffalo in agony? For what reason should the buffalo be in agony? The buffalo never tried to become the queen of England -- why should it be in agony? It simply allowed nature to make her whatsoever was the will of existence. Yes, it will

never know ecstasy either because both happen at the same depth.
Agony happens if you go on missing your self.
Ecstasy happens if you happen to find yourself.
Missing yourself or finding yourself:
Both happen at the same depth of your being.
Missing yourself means that you have been trying to become something, somebody. You have an idea, and you are trying to fulfill that idea in your life.
All idealists live in agony.
It is not only the existentialist philosophers who are in agony. Of course they have brought the word to great prominence for the simple reason that
this century has come as far away from nature and existence as possible: one step more and humanity disappears. This was the longest distance possible -- we have traveled it.
We have come as far away from ourselves as possible.
That's why in this century a philosophy like existentialism became possible.
I showed one of the histories of existentialism to one of my old professors who must have studied thirty, forty, years before. At that time the word "existentialism" was not even coined. Sartre, Jaspers, Marcel, were yet to be. He looked at the content and he could not believe it.
He said, "Is this a book on philosophy? No chapter on God, no chapter on the proofs for God, no chapter on religion, no chapter on the soul of man, no chapter on beyond death, heaven, hell. A strange history -- chapters on agony, meaninglessness, anguish, anxiety. These are philosophical subjects?"

I said, "You have missed forty years. You have completely forgotten that forty years have passed since you were in the university studying philosophy, and after that you have never bothered about what has been happening to philosophy. You are still remembering Aristotle, Kant, Hegel, Feuerbach, Shankara, Nagarjuna, Bradley. You are still remembering these people who have really faded out; they are simply no longer in. And any philosopher worth the name today is not interested in God -- he is interested in man. And to be interested in man brings all these problems, agony ...."

He said, "But what is agony?"

I had to use his language, something from the past history of philosophy so that he could have a little insight into agony. In the past there has been a great philosophical question down the ages. The question was: between animals, trees, rocks, and man, what is the difference? Certainly they all exist; as far as existence is concerned there is no difference. Certainly they all live -- even rocks grow.

The Himalayas are growing every year, one foot higher. The place where I was born was by the side of a mountain range called Vindhyachal. It is thought to be the ancientmost mountain in the world. It is almost a proved fact that Vindhyachal and the land around it came out of the sea first, because on Vindhyachal corpses of sea animals have been found which are the most ancient. On the Himalayas also they have been found but they are not so ancient. The Himalayas are the youngest mountains in the world, and Vindhyachal is the oldest mountain in the world.

Just by the way, I am reminded of the story about Vindhyachal in the UPANISHADS. One great seer, Agastya, went to south India, and had to cross Vindhyachal.

Vindhyachal was so high it was difficult for the seer, so he prayed to Vindhychal, "Be kind enough to just bend down a little and let me pass. And remain bending till I come back, because I will have to pass again." Agastya died in the south and never came back, but Vindhyachal is still bending. If you see the mountain you can see, it is as if an old man is bending.

The story is beautiful, but it shows that Vindhyachal is really old, an old man who cannot even stand straight. Mountains grow old or young; they are as alive as you are. Trees, animals, birds -- as far as life is concerned we may have different kinds of life but we all have a certain quality called living, aliveness, which is similar.

So in ancient philosophy this has been a problem: Then what is the difference? Is there no difference? There have been two schools. One said there is no difference; we are all alike, we are part of one single whole -- different dimensions, different branches, but we are all rooted in one existence. These are the spiritualists who say that we are all one.

The other school is that of the materialists, who say that we are all separate, there is no organic unity anywhere; existence is not one. According to the materialists, the word "universe" should not be used. The word "universe" was invented by the spiritualists because it means "uni," one. According to the materialists the right word should be

"multiverse" -- many, not one. Everything is separate, and there is no unity anywhere.

And how does this whole go on? -- and in a such a tremendous harmony? This is where you will see how logic can be fallacious.

The spiritualist says there is harmony because it is ruled by one God, or one universal consciousness. One absolute being, one center, controls everything. That's why nothing goes wrong. Everything moves in an absolute harmony. And the universe is vast, it is immense, immeasurable; still, everything goes on without any disturbance, without any discrepancy. The logic seems to be solid, but it is not so.

The same logic the materialist uses. He says it goes on in such a harmonious way because there is nobody who is controlling it. Whenever there is somebody who is controlling everything, there is a possibility of failure, mistakes, errors. Nobody is infallible.

If there were one God controlling everything for millions of years sometimes He might fall asleep, sometimes just for a change He might go for a morning walk. If it is being controlled by one being then there is every possibility of a mistake. And during such a long period can you think that a person will not commit any mistake? Just by mistake he may commit a mistake. And there are so many things to be arranged and looked after -- just look ....

Just the other day Vivek was saying to me -- seeing a peacock with its feathers open, so colorful, she said, "God must be taking so much care to paint them."

If God were really to paint all the peacocks of the world then you can be certain there would bound to be a thousand and one mistakes. Howsoever infallible God is He cannot

manage to go on painting year by year millions and millions of peacocks. And not only peacocks, there are other birds, and every detail has to be looked into.
The materialists say that the world goes on perfectly because there is no manager, so who can commit a mistake? It is mechanical.
The same logic: the spiritualist tries to prove God, the materialist tries to prove, using the same logic -- this harmony, this continuity -- that there is no manager, that it is all mechanical. Only machines are not able to commit mistakes -- either they work, or they fail. While the machine is working, it will be working the way it has been working forever, reproducing again and again, again and again, the same kinds of peacock feathers. It is not a work of consciousness.
A conscious mind would try to improve, would like to change a little bit -- once in a while to put a little more red, a little more green, a little more blue ... a little different blue, because there are so many kinds of blues and so many kinds of greens. Once in a while he would put the head of one bird on another bird. One gets bored, putting on the same kind of head again and again, the same red nose again and again; just for a change, one would change to yellow, green, blue. But nothing like that happens.
The materialist says it is mechanical, it is a vast mechanism that goes on reproducing without any mind. While it produces, it will be producing the same. Yes, one day every machine fails, but you will not be there to know it. Once the machine fails, you fail too, so there will be nobody as a witness of the failure.

I told the old professor -- his name was Professor Dasgupta -- "Through this argument I can help you to have some insight into agony. The existentialist says there is a difference between animals and man. For the first time a certain group of thinkers has pointed to a difference which really makes a difference. They say, two sentences will have to be understood. One is: Existence precedes essence. And the other is: Essence precedes existence.

"In animals essence precedes existence. Essence means whatsoever they are going to be; the whole program comes first, before their birth. Before they exist the blueprint is there; they bring their blueprint with themselves, it is ahead of them. Their existence follows the essence."

Essence means the program, the blueprint of what they are going to be, how many lives they are going to live, how many children they will have, what colors they will change to according to seasons -- everything. So much so that there are birds who come flying from the North Pole, three thousand miles down, because it becomes too cold there, and to exist is impossible.

They have to ... they start exactly on the same date every year. They don't have any calendar, they don't know that the season is going to change, but on the exact date, day, time, millions of birds immediately start moving towards the south. They will stop only when they have passed the three-thousand-mile radius, because within three thousand miles they will not be able to survive, they need a little warmer place.

But the strangest thing that has puzzled the scientists is that while they are away from their arctic home, the season for reproduction comes. So they mate, they make love, they

find boyfriends, girlfriends. It takes time for the girls to become pregnant and then lay the eggs. By the time they lay the eggs, the warm season is finished. Now the arctic is ready to receive them back. So they leave the eggs and fly back to the arctic exactly on the same date as their forefathers and their forefathers have always done.

Those eggs hatch in their time, and the birds come out and start flying towards the arctic; three thousand miles in the exact direction they fly back to their world. Strange, absolutely miraculous, because nobody is there to tell them where .... "Your parents have gone. You don't have a map, and the arctic is far away -- three thousand miles -- and you are a little bird just out of the egg." Such a long journey with no preparation ... but they manage, they reach. And this happens year after year.

This is the meaning of essence coming first, existence following. They don't know what they are doing. It is some inner impulse, some urge that takes those birds far away. Flying three thousand miles without fail they reach their parents who had left them in the eggs without even telling them, "We are going, so when you get out, please come back home. Don't forget us, we will be waiting there," or giving them any indication of direction, nothing -- no message has been left. At least they could have left one old guy and said, "When all these kids come out you take them home." Nobody is left, no message is left, no contact exists between them -- but they reach.

There are fishes from the arctic that move in a certain season, and near England at a certain place they lay their eggs. Before the eggs are ripe, their journey back starts. And when the eggs give birth, the new fish start swimming

against the current! The natural course would be to go with the current, but their program is fixed. Against the current they start moving towards the arctic, and they find their way back to their parents.

They will not recognize their parents. There is no need either because these fellows, if they can manage a three-thousand-mile journey against the current, don't need any parents, any teachers, any schools, college, universities. They are self-sufficient. This is the meaning of essence preceding existence. They are born with their whole life pattern complete and they will simply go on unfolding it. They are not going to learn anything.

Learning is not for them. They need no learning. They have already got all that they need for their life, every detail about everything -- what to eat, what not to eat. You just look at a buffalo eating grass and you will be surprised: she goes on leaving certain grass and goes on eating certain other grass. Strange, but if you look closely, you will find she eats only a certain grass, other grass she does not eat. You see here so many deer. They prefer a grass called alfalfa, and just now because we have brought water and planted trees and lawns and made it a green place, and certainly because of the deer, I have told my secretary, "Take care that so much good alfalfa is grown around that the deer will come automatically, and this will become a deerpark."

And I love that word, because Gautam Buddha lived in a deerpark. Where his thousands of disciples lived, hundreds of deer also lived in the same place. And our deer are growing, but a danger has started happening: they are eating too much alfalfa, getting too fat, and for deer that is

dangerous because once they get too fat then they cannot run. Then they are easy prey to any animal, to any hunter. Not only that -- when they become too fat ... because two or three deer have died.

I enquired why they died. The reason was they became so fat they could not walk. They fell over their feet and broke their legs, the weight was too much. Their feet are thin, those feet are not meant for that big a load. So I told my secretary then to either bring more deer so the alfalfa is not too much, or start cutting down the alfalfa, because this will kill the poor deer. They don't have a built-in program where to stop. Nature takes care. In nature, nothing goes off balance.

If there is too much alfalfa then deer will start coming more and more from all over the place; if there is less alfalfa, deer will disperse. But our deer are in a difficulty: they cannot go anywhere because they cannot find a place where human beings will not be killing them. This much in three years they have understood perfectly well.

They are far more intelligent than your attorney general; they know that these are the right people to live with. They stand on the road, they don't bother ... you may go on honking the horn -- they move with their ease and grace and beauty. They don't bother; they understand that "These are our people," so they are not going to leave. And they don't have a built-in program where to stop, so they go on eating.

I told that professor, "Essence is a built-in program -- and that's where man is different. Man comes as existence, and essence follows. You are not given a built-in program. You come open-ended, with no directions, with no clear-cut idea

of what you are going to be. You exist first -- and this is a great difference, the greatest possible difference."

You exist first, and then you have to find who you are. The animals, the trees, the rocks, know first who they are, then they exist; hence there is no spiritual enquiry. No animal bothers asking the questions: Who am I? What is the meaning of my life? He knows it already; there is no question, there is no doubt, no enquiry.

Man is a continuous enquiry, a continuous question. To the very last breath he goes on growing. To the very last breath he can change his whole life pattern.

He can take a quantum jump.

There is no necessity for him to just go on following the path that he has followed. At the very last moment he simply can step aside. There is nobody to prevent him, it is his freedom. Man is the only animal in existence who has freedom -- and out of the freedom is agony."

Agony means: I don't know who I am.

I don't know where I am going and why I am going. I don't know whether whatever I am doing I am supposed to do or not. The question continuously remains; not even for a single moment does the question leave. Whatever you do, the question is there: Are you sure? Is it the thing for you to do? Is this the place for you to be?

The question leaves not even for a single moment. And this is as deep as anything can be in you, at the very core of your being. This is the agony -- that the meaning is not known, that the purpose is not known, that the goal is not known. It seems as if we are accidental, that by some accident we are born.

No other animal, no tree, no bird is accidental; they are planned. Existence has a whole program for them. Man seems to be totally different.
Existence has left man utterly free.
Once you become aware of this situation then agony arises. And it is fortunate to feel it. That's why I say it is not ordinary pain, suffering, misery. It is very extraordinary, and it is of tremendous value to your whole life, its growth, that you should feel agony, that each fiber of your being should feel the questioning, that you should become simply a question. And naturally it is frightening. You are left in a chaos. But out of this very chaos the stars are born.
If you don't start stuffing out of fear, if you don't start escaping from your agony .... Everybody is trying to escape, finding ways: falling in love, doing this, doing that -- somehow, somewhere engaged. One thing is not finished, and you start doing another thing because you are afraid. If there is a gap between the two and the question raises its head, and you start feeling agony, then it is better to continue, to go on running; don't stop. People start running from their birth till they die. They don't stop, they don't sit by the side of the road under a tree.
To me the statues of Buddha and Mahavira in the East, sitting in a lotus posture under a tree, do not mean anything historical. They mean something far more significant. These are the people who have stopped running. These are the people who have stepped out of the road on which the whole procession of humanity is going.
They are real dropouts, not the Californian type which within a few years drops in again. No, these are real dropouts who never drop in again.

Sitting under a tree is just representative. You will be surprised to know that after Buddha's death, for five hundred years his statue was not made. Instead of a statue only a tree was made. For five hundred years, in the temples that were made and dedicated to Buddha, there was only a tree carved on the stone or marble, nothing else.

It was enough to remind one to step out of the road, because this has been for thousands of years the tradition, to plant trees on both the sides of Indian roads -- huge trees with big branches almost meeting over the middle of the road so the road is completely covered with shadow. Even in the hottest summer you can go on the road in coolness, in the shadow.

So the tree became the symbol of dropping out of "the road." The road is the world, where everybody is going somewhere, trying to find something, and in fact basically trying to forget himself because it hurts. To remember oneself hurts, and the only thing that everybody is doing is to get engaged, concentrated -- after money, after power, after this, after that. Become a painter, become a poet, become a musician, become someone and go on becoming. Don't stop, because if you stop you become aware of your hurt; the wound starts opening up. So don't give it a chance. This is the road.

For five hundred years they managed simply to have the tree. It was a beautiful symbol of stepping aside. But as time passed, people started forgetting the symbol. The simple tree -- they could not understand what is supposed .... They started worshipping trees. It was at that time when Alexander the Great visited India, five hundred years after Buddha. He had seen those temples with trees, and he had

asked people, but nobody knew what they meant, just tree worship. And all over India, even today, trees are worshipped; it has remained.

Then the Buddhist monks who could understand started making statues of Buddha. But five hundred years had passed; there was no photography possible in those days, so they had not even any idea of how Buddha looked.

At that time Alexander visited India. Alexander looked beautiful, he was a beautiful man, so the statues of Buddha are really Alexander's statues. That face is not Indian, that face is Greek. That's why when you see the Buddha's face, you cannot think that it is an Indian face. It is a Greek face, and not an ordinary Greek face -- the face of one of the most beautiful Greek men. It is Alexander's face. They got the idea from Alexander's face. It was very fitting. It fits better with Buddha than with Alexander, so I don't have any objection.

I see it as perfectly right. Even if while Buddha was alive their heads were changed, it would have been perfectly good. What Alexander was ... what he was doing he could have done even with Buddha's face, there was no trouble. But Buddha certainly needs a beautiful face, very symmetrical, very harmonious with his inner self. The beauty that is shown on the face, in the proportion of his body, is the beauty of his soul.

Agony is the experience that you have come into the world a clean slate, a tabula rasa; nothing is written on it. This is your original face.

Now, you can do two things. One is, being afraid of this vacuum, you can start running after something or other -- earning money, power, learning, asceticism, becoming a

sage, scholar, politician -- somehow to give you a feeling of identity, somehow to hide your own inner chaos.
But whatever you do the chaos is there and is going to remain there. It is an intrinsic part of you. So those who understand don't try in any way to escape from it. On the contrary, they try to enter into it.
These are the two ways: either run away from it as everybody else is doing, or run into it. Reach to its very center howsoever painful, fearful -- but reach to the center, because that is you. And it is good at least one time to be at the very exact center of your being.
The moment you reach that center then the second word becomes significant: ecstasy.
Ecstasy is the flower of agony.
Agony is not against ecstasy.
Agony is the way to ecstasy.
You just have to accept it -- what else can one do? It is there. You can close your eyes -- that does not mean that the sun has disappeared; it is still there. And everybody is trying to close his eyes; the sun is too glaring. Close your eyes, completely close your eyes. Forget about it, don't look at it ... as if it is not there. Believe it is not there.
These pseudo-religions are trying to teach you exactly that: Try to reach to God, try to reach heaven, follow Jesus Christ.
But none of them says don't follow anybody and don't look for any paradise or heaven because this is all trying to deceive yourself.
Encounter yourself, face yourself.
Have a one hundred and eighty-degree turn.

Look into the chaos that is there, into the agony that is there. And if it is your nature, then howsoever painful it is, we have to become acquainted with it. And the miracle is, it is painful to pass through it but it is just the greatest bliss when you have passed and reached the center of your being.

Agony is all around the center, and the ecstasy is just in the center. Perhaps agony is just a protective shell -- ecstasy is so valuable it needs protection. And nature has created such a protective wall, what to say of others? -- even you start running away from it. Who is going to enter into your agony if you yourself are running away?

The moment you think of it, agony seems to be a tremendous gift of nature. It changes its whole color, its fragrance, its meaning. It is a protective wall, so protective that even you start running away from it.

Don't run away from yourself whatever the case may be. A man's mettle is judged by his entering into his own inner chaos. You are worthy to call yourself human beings when you have reached to the center, and you can see from the center, around yourself. You are blissful -- not only are you blissful, from the center the whole existence is blissful too. Agony and ecstasy are two sides of your being. They both make you one organic unity, one whole.

So I am not telling you how to get rid of agony.

That's what pseudo-religions have been telling you for centuries.

I am telling you how to befriend agony, how to be in love with the chaos.

Once you are in love with the chaos, the freedom that chaos brings, the unbounded space that chaos brings, enter into it till you reach the center.
To find oneself is to find all.
Then there is nothing missing, then there is no question left. Then for the first time you have the answer. Although you cannot convey the answer to anybody else, you can convey the way you found it.
That's what the function of a Master is.
He does not give you the answer.
He does not make you more knowledgeable.
He simply shows you the method, how he found himself.
He encourages you to take a jump into your chaos, into your agony.
The Master is simply a proof that you don't need to be afraid. If this man can find his center, passing through all the agony, there is no reason why you cannot do it too. And once you know the taste of ecstasy, your whole life, for the first time, has something that can be called godliness. A new quality arises in you, a new flare, a new flame. But that is our nature, everybody's nature.
I have never tried in my life to become anybody. I have simply allowed life to take me wherever it wanted. One thing I can say to you, I have not been a loser; it was a great joy to be taken over by nature. I have not at all interfered. I have not even been swimming, because in swimming you are at least throwing your hands about. I have been just going with the stream, floating with wherever the stream is going.
Fortunately all streams reach finally to the ocean. The small, the big, somehow or other they all find their way to

the oceanic. And the oceanic feeling I call the religious feeling.
When your small drop drops into the ocean ....
In one sense you are no more.
In one sense you are for the first time.
On one hand there is death, and on the other hand there is rebirth.

From Darkness to Light

Chapter #9

Chapter title: Your suffering makes you special
8 March 1985 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
WHY IS IT SO DIFFICULT TO GET RID OF PAIN, MISERY, SUFFERING OR ANGUISH, WHILE KNOWING PERFECTLY WELL THAT ONE HAS JUST TO UNDERSTAND AND DROP THEM?

It is difficult to get rid of pain, misery, and suffering for the simple reason that they have been your companions for your whole life. Except them, you don't have any friends in the world.
It is easier to be in pain, misery, suffering, than to be utterly lonely, because there are ways you can have pain-killers, you can have drugs, as an escape from misery. You can get engaged in all kinds of stupidities to forget your suffering. But there is no way -- no painkiller is going to help you out of your loneliness, no drug, no stupidity.

Loneliness is so deep that all these superficial methods cannot reach to it, cannot touch it. That's why it is so difficult to get rid of these few friends that you have got. This is your world, your family.

In my professorial days in the university, I had lived for a few months in the university campus. My neighbor was a newly-married man, a professor of physics, Nityanand Mukhopadhyaya -- a very sharp, intelligent teacher, with a great future ahead, because he had such a grip on physics that even older professors of physics used to come and ask him things about new physics.

He had been married not more than two or three months, but the marriage was finished. They were constantly fighting, quarreling. The wife was also educated, a postgraduate, and in a beautiful subject, in music. The walls that separated me from this couple were not very thick -- so thin that it was impossible not to hear what was going on.

It was almost thirty years ago. I was only their neighbor for a few months; since then I have not seen them, but they have given me one thing to which I have become addicted: earplugs. Even today when I don't have any neighbors for miles ... and even those who live miles away don't consider me their neighbor. In the whole of America I don't have a neighbor. And anyway, tourists are not supposed to have neighbors.

But I cannot get rid of those earplugs. I cannot go to sleep without earplugs. I have tried. The moment I think of dropping them I start thinking of Nityanand Mukhopadhyaya. From morning till midnight they were quarreling, on every point, on every single thing. There was no agreement on anything. And almost every night it ended

with them throwing things -- a pillow fight. I even heard them slapping each other.
Once or twice I interfered. I just knocked on their door in the middle of the night, and they opened the door. I looked at the scene -- things all over the floor -- and I said, "Don't be embarrassed, because I have been hearing the whole thing since the morning. I know every detail of it, so you do not have to be hypocrites before me.
"This is perfectly good -- it is supposed to happen between every husband and wife sooner or later. You are intelligent people: it is happening sooner. But one thing I cannot understand: once in a while you both say to each other, `I love you, darling, I love you.' That, I cannot understand. Everything else is understandable to me.
"I had to interfere in the middle of the night because just now, after a big pillow fight, you said, `I love you, I love you, my darling.' It simply disturbs my whole sleep. Everything else I accept, but how, out of this pillow fight, and throwing things and shouting and screaming, does the conclusion come, `I love you, darling'?"
They looked at each other. They had no answer because .... Then the professor said, "I have never thought about it but certainly you are right. After all this, this should not be the conclusion. I can understand -- you are a man of logic. I cannot understand too much logic but physics is also based on logic; I can see the contradiction."
The wife said, "I have never thought about it, but it is true that .... Can you help us to understand why?"
I said, "That's why I have come. This happens with husband and wife: they hate each other, and then they hate themselves for hating each other. And then to cover up the

whole thing -- that `I hate you,' that, `I hate myself for hating you' -- this is the cover: `I love you, darling.'
"This manages both things. You are no longer hating yourself, because you love your wife. But this is only a cover, a very thin cover which cannot stand the strong winds of life. Tomorrow morning again you have forgotten. The same story begins, comes to the same conclusion. Why don't you just separate?"
And they both were angry at my suggestion. They said, "This is not nice of you to suggest that we separate."
I said, "Yes, I suggest it. Get a divorce." And they were both ready to fight with me.
I said, "You need not fight with me because I don't hate you, I don't love you, darling; I am simply not part of it. Exclude me out, I am going back. I just dropped in the suggestion -- you can think about it. Only three months have passed. After thirty years you will be still in the same situation, but then it will be too late, even divorce will not be of any help. You will have become addicted to the quarreling, to the fighting, to everything that you hate. You will become addicted to it, you will miss it."
They were very angry; they closed the door in my face. I said, "Thank you."
After two months the wife went to see her mother for a week -- her mother was sick -- and in just one week Professor Nityanand Mukhopadhyaya started coming to me and continuously saying, "I miss my wife so much. I cannot sleep -- the bed seems so empty."
I said, "And the room also seems so empty, things are not all over the place. Why don't you throw things yourself? Shout a little, scream a little -- and she is not here so you

can say anything you want. Throw things, beat on the clothes, and then come to the climax: I love you, darling. And you will have a good sleep."
He said, "You must be joking."
I said, "Why should I be joking? You try it -- what is the harm?"
And you will not believe it: not that day, but after two days, he tried it -- because I heard it. He was doing really a great job, greater than he had done ever before, a greater performance. And he climaxed it: "I love you, darling." And soon I heard him snoring.
In the morning I went to see his room; things were all over the place. The servant opened the bedroom; the professor was still asleep. I woke him up; I said, "You did such a good performance."
He said, "Really, it works. I was just trying, knowing perfectly well that it was not going to work. How could it work? -- she is not here. But it worked; slowly slowly I got hotter and hotter. She was almost here: when I was beating the pillows I was beating her. And I have never given her such a good beating -- it was such a deep contentment to the heart. I have never slept so deeply. You were right."
But this is the situation of almost everybody. You become addicted to your pain, to your misery, to your suffering. You really don't want to get rid of it.
You go on asking how to get rid of it, but that is also a strategy of the mind; to go on inquiring how to get rid of it. Have you ever asked sincerely, do you want to get rid of it? Are you ready to live without all the miseries and the pains and the sufferings that you have been carrying all along? Will you be ready to be left alone without all these

longstanding companions who have been with you in thick and thin, who have never left you?

When everybody was leaving you, they were still with you. They have followed you like a shadow; they have been in a certain way a consolation. This will be very shocking to you when I say they have been in a certain way a consolation to you. When I say that, I have many things implied in it.

Your suffering makes you somebody special. Without all your suffering, you are nobody. Who are you? You will not even have something to talk about with anybody. You will be at a loss -- what are you going to talk about?

In England, people talk about the weather just to avoid real conversation. It is a very sophisticated way, to talk about weather. But it looks a little idiotic because you are seeing the weather, I am seeing the weather, it makes no sense to say, "What a beautiful day, how sunny!" you are seeing it, you are also in the same day. You are not tomorrow, you are not yesterday, you are here with me. And you say, "Yes, so beautiful!"

This is because of the English character; it is one of the most phony characters in the world. It does not want to raise any controversial conversation. Politics is dangerous, there is controversy; religion is dangerous, there is controversy; literature is dangerous, there is controversy. Except the weather there seems to be nothing non-controversial -- something on which both can agree without any problem.

It is said that two Englishmen were traveling in a compartment for almost three hours. Then the ticket checker came in, looked at them ... they were looking very

sad and depressed. He asked .... One said, "Three hours sitting, not even somebody to talk to."
He said, "Just in front of you another Englishman is sitting -- you could have talked."
The man said, "But how? -- because nobody introduced us. Without an introduction it is a kind of trespass."
I have heard another story too, that a man went to meet his wife -- a four or five-hour journey. The wife had come to the station to receive him, and he was looking very tired, utterly tired. She asked, "What is the matter? Why are you looking so tired?"
He said, "It always happens when I have to sit in a position where my back is against the direction of the train. If I am sitting against the direction of the train -- the train is going this way, and I am sitting facing that way -- then my whole body gets very tired."
The wife said, "But there was no problem. You could have asked the gentleman in the front seat, `This is my trouble; would you be kind enough to change?'"
He said, "I wanted to but there was no gentleman, the seat was empty. Whom to ask?"
These are very sophisticated people.
Just now I was reading that the most prestigious directory of the royal family's noble blood has dropped many names out of it in the new edition because they were all AIDS victims. Now, you can see even noble people have ways which are not noble at all: noble people with ignoble lifestyles. But that is all underground. On the surface everything seems to be the way it should be. More or less it is the same all over the world; nobody wants really to drop their suffering.

You have to ask this question very sincerely:
Are you ready to be lonely?
At least your suffering, your pain, your misery, makes you somebody special. It gives you a certain character, it gives you a certain identity. Moreover it is your misery, nobody else's. It is your possession, your prestige. If it is just taken away from you, you will be a beggar.
You ask me, why is misery so difficult to get rid of?
It is difficult because you don't want to get rid of it.
It is also difficult because you have many misunderstandings.
You say, "pain, misery, suffering or anguish." That shows you don't understand. You can get rid of pain, misery, suffering, which are your own creations; you can withdraw. They cannot stand without your support, they need constant nourishment from you. They suck you, they are parasites -- but you can throw them away.
Anguish you cannot get rid of.
So don't say "suffering or anguish."
Anguish is a totally different plane.
Anguish is something spiritual.
Anguish you are not to get rid of; anguish you have to become more acquainted with.
If you are standing with your back towards anguish, it appears like suffering.
If you turn your face towards anguish, it becomes blissfulness.
You are not to get rid of it. And it is nothing to do with you, so you cannot get rid of it. Even if you want to get rid of this blessing, then too it is not in your power. It is something intrinsic to your nature. If you are not facing

yourself, you will feel anguish; if you turn towards yourself, the same anguish becomes the greatest blessing in the world.

So don't say suffering or anguish. That shows your utter ignorance of your own inner world.

Suffering, misery, pain, are all outside.

Anguish is within.

Anguish you are born with.

Suffering, misery, pain, are your creations.

That is also one of the causes why you cannot get rid of them. You have created them, they are your children.

You just look at people when they are talking about their suffering; watch their faces, watch their eyes -- and you will be surprised. Are they talking about their suffering or are they bragging about it? -- because their face seems to be radiant when they talk about their suffering. And remember, you know! -- because you are doing the same.

You always exaggerate your pain, your suffering, your misery; you make it as big as possible. Why? If it is something to get rid of, why are you magnifying it? You are enjoying it.

One of my friends is a Catholic priest. I asked him once, "You hear people's confessions. Have you ever wondered whether they may be exaggerating?"

He said, "What! Exaggerating? They are confessing their sins, why should they exaggerate?"

I said, "People exaggerate everything. If sinners are standing in a queue, you would like to stand first, you would like to be the greatest sinner. You would not like to be just third-class, standing at the end of the queue. And if

somebody asks what kind of sin you committed -- you have stolen a hen!
When there are Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, and Nadirshah, and Alexander the Great, and Ivan the Terrible -- your whole life you only stole a hen? You must be an idiot! Such a long life -- seventy years -- you could not do anything else? And you have some nerve to stand in the line with such great people: Adolf Hitler, Benito Mussolini, and Joseph Stalin. Get lost! Don't count yourself a sinner! No, you will have to magnify it as much as possible.
A small boy came running into his home and, huffing and perspiring, told his mother, "A lion has been following me! But I was not afraid."
The mother said, "Lion? In the middle of the city? I have told you a thousand times: Don't exaggerate. Where is the lion?"
He said, "He is standing outside the door."
The mother went to the door; a small dog was standing there.
The boy said, "Yes, this is the lion."
The mother said, "You know perfectly this is a dog."
He said, "I know, but when you are telling a story, and you say a small dog was following you, and you were not afraid -- that does not fit. A lion is needed. And as far as exaggeration is concerned, you are telling me that you have told me one thousand times not to exaggerate. You are exaggerating yourself."
Everybody is making himself look, in every possible way, like somebody special.
You are talking about your suffering and somebody says, "It is nothing." You will be hurt, you will not like this

response. You were telling such a great story; you were opening your wounds and that man said, "This is nothing. You should know my suffering."

Suffering also becomes a support to your ego. A man without suffering, without pain, without any misery -- how can he manage his ego? He won't have any props for the ego.

I used to stay with one of the presidents of the Indian National Congress -- which has been the ruling party since independence. His name was Uchchhangrai Dhebar, and he loved me very much. He was the only politician of that status who used to come to the camps to meditate, to participate. He was really a nice person. It is very difficult to find in politicians that quality of niceness.

He was talking about the great problems that he was facing. I listened, and I told him, "You can talk about these things to other people -- don't waste my time. If you can do something about those things then do it; otherwise what is the point of unnecessarily talking? I am not the person interested in that kind of thing."

Just then the phone rang and he took it. The prime minister was calling, and Uchchhangrai Dhebar said, "I am very much engaged right now." And he was not engaged at all -- we were just gossiping! He said, "I am very much engaged right now; today it is not possible for me to meet you. Perhaps tomorrow I can manage. I will have to enquire from my secretary."

As their conversation was finished I said, "I don't see that you are engaged."

He said, "That is not the point. When a prime minister phones -- and I am the president of the party as far as

organization is concerned, he is just a member of the organization .... He may be the prime minister, but when a prime minister calls me, I am always engaged. When the president of the country calls me, I am always engaged. These people understand only that language.

"If I just go and run to his house and say, `Yes, sir, I am here, what do you want?' then what is the point of being the president of the party? So much struggle, so much trouble, so much conflict, quarreling, and then in the end I have been able to become the president. And you want me to say to the prime minister that I am gossiping, I am free, I have nothing to do? Now I am engaged in great problems."

I said, "Perhaps the same is true when you are talking about your great problems to me. At least with me be sincere. I am not the prime minister or the president."

He looked into my eyes for a moment and he said, "You are right. I was just bragging about how much puzzled I am, how much trouble my life is. To be the president of the ruling party of such a vast country is to be lying on a bed of thorns."

He was sleeping on a Dunlop mattress. I said, "What are you talking about? I see you sleep on a Dunlop mattress!"

I cannot sleep on one of those because it is so soft that the moment you move, it moves with you. It keeps me awake; I am waking continuously the whole night.

Once Teertha brought for me a water bed. That night I will never forget. That water bed must be supplied in hell, because you turn and the whole water inside moves just underneath you. That much water movement -- how can you sleep? I can sleep on a hard floor; it may hurt a little bit, but sooner or later you will fall asleep. But on a water

bed ... and that was the latest "in thing" so Teertha brought it for me. I had to suffer many latest in things.

You cannot get rid of your miseries for the simple reason that you don't have anything else to cling to. You will be empty -- and nobody wants to be empty. People befool themselves in every possible way.

I have visited areas where people were so hungry -- starving; they had no food. I enquired, "You don't have any food, how do you manage to sleep?" -- because without food you cannot sleep. In fact sleep is needed for one of the most basic reasons: to digest food. So all other activity is dropped and your whole energy goes into digestion. But when you don't have any food in the stomach, sleep becomes difficult.

I have been fasting, so I know. Before the fasting day, the whole night you go on tossing and turning, thinking of the next day and the delicious foods. And when you are hungry anything looks delicious. But you cannot sleep. I asked, "How do you manage to sleep?"

They said, "We drink a lot of water to fill the belly, to deceive the body, and then sleep comes." They know perfectly well they are deceiving; water is not nourishment. The body is asking for food, and they are giving water because only water is available. But at least something is in the stomach, it is not empty.

This is the situation as far as your psychological emptiness is concerned: anything will do. Nothing is not acceptable to you. And unless nothing is acceptable to you, you are not ready to get rid of your pain, misery, and suffering.

You say, "Knowing perfectly well ...." You don't know at all, and you are saying, "Knowing perfectly well." You

know nothing. "Knowing perfectly well" means that if you understand, all these sufferings and miseries will drop of their own accord.

Knowing perfectly well and still continuing to suffer, to be miserable -- no, it is not possible. Either you don't know or you cannot suffer. You cannot be allowed both together: knowing perfectly well and still suffering. And your last sentence makes it clear that that knowledge is not knowing. It may be knowledge.

You say, "Knowing perfectly well that one just has to understand and drop them." It is a little delicate affair -- to understand and drop them ... as if after understanding you will have to drop them. That's not how it happens.

In understanding is the very dropping. There is no "and to drop them."

There is no action after understanding.

Understanding is the action itself.

It is not that you bring the light inside the room, then you throw the darkness out. You don't say, "I will bring the lamp in and then throw the darkness out." If you say that, anybody will know that you are blind. You don't know what you are saying. When you bring light in you will not find darkness at all. What are you going to throw out?

Understanding is light.

The moment you understand, there is no suffering to be thrown out, to be dropped, to be got rid of.

Understanding simply cleanses you.

You may have a laugh after it, but there is no action. You may have a good laugh because you will see how stupid you have been. You have been trying to get rid of things

which only need to be understood, and that very understanding becomes freedom from them.
No doing other than understanding is needed.
But perhaps you don't have a clear-cut idea of knowing and knowledge. It is knowledge: you have heard, you have listened, you have read.
Yes, you are knowledgeable, but knowledge helps nobody. Sigmund Freud, a man of great knowledge, was afraid of ghosts -- although he said continually, "There are no ghosts, there is no evidence, no proof." He was so much afraid of ghosts that a simple incident became the breaking point between his chief disciple, Carl Gustav Jung, and himself.
Carl Gustav Jung was going to be his successor. Freud had already declared, "Jung is going to be my successor." And Jung was the most intelligent, scholarly, impressive, charismatic personality amongst all Freud's disciples, but there were a few things which were troublesome. One was that Jung was interested in ghosts; that was a constant trouble.
One day Sigmund Freud was sitting in his office with Jung in front of him; they were talking and somehow the topic of ghosts came up. Jung said, "Whatever you say, I still suspect that something like ghosts exists." Sigmund Freud became red with anger -- and at that very time, in the cupboard behind, there was a sound almost like an explosion. Sigmund Freud fell from his seat.
Jung opened the cupboard: there was nothing. He closed it again, put the seat right, placed Freud there and said, "There is nothing. I don't know what happened, what caused this explosion." They started talking again, and

again the ghost thing came up. Sigmund Freud said, "I don't believe in it and you stop talking about it" -- and the explosion!

This was too much: Sigmund Freud fell into unconsciousness. And that was the breaking point. He simply informed Jung, "Either you drop me, or you drop your ghosts."

So knowledgeable, so much a pioneer, a great scientific mind .... But if you really know that there are no ghosts then there will be a different response. You will not fall unconscious, you will not fall from your seat. It is just knowledge, belief. Freud wants to believe that there are no ghosts, but deep down he is just an ordinary human being like anybody else, with all the fears.

Jung was not different either. He was interested in ghosts, but he was very much afraid of death. Now look at this strange thing. You are interested in ghosts; if you are really interested in ghosts, you should be interested in death too, because without death ghosts can't exist. A ghost is nothing but a man who was once in the body and is no more in the body. If you are interested in ghosts, you should be logically interested in death, in the very process of death. But Jung was so afraid, more afraid than Sigmund Freud. Sigmund Freud at least had some excuse in the explosion to fall unconscious. Jung was so afraid that even the word "death" was enough. Thrice in his life he became unconscious just because the word "death" came into the conversation.

He was very much interested in seeing in Egypt the mummies of ancient Egyptian pharaohs, queens, kings -- which were very recently discovered, excavated, and were

now available for the public to see. He booked at least a dozen times to go to Egypt but at the very last moment he would find some excuse not to go.

One time Jung even reached the airport in Zurich; finding no excuse not to go, he was very much in trouble. He was trying to find some excuse not to go but there was no excuse. People had even come to give him a good send-off and say, "Have a good journey." And finally he said, "I am not going."

"But," they said, "why?"

He said, "I have tried to find an excuse not to go -- there is none. But if I don't want to go, who are you to force me to go? You have come with flowers, and I am dying with fear. I cannot look at a corpse."

It is the strange mind of man. You are obsessed with things of which you are afraid. Perhaps you are obsessed only because you are afraid. Your fear and your obsession are almost always pointed to the same thing. Jung never managed in his life to reach Egypt, and this was one of his cherished desires. He was very knowledgeable, but as far as knowing was concerned -- just nil.

Knowing transforms you.

Knowledge only gives you a false idea that you are wise.

It is better to be sincerely ignorant -- because there is a chance of change -- than to be a hypocrite insincerely believing that you know.

Ignorance has done no harm to anybody.

Knowledge has done immense harm.

The knowledgeable person goes on living with this false idea that he knows. And because he knows, there is no need to enquire any more. The ignorant man is continuously on

the verge of enquiry; always a question mark is there. And this is one of the traits of human nature, that you cannot live with a question mark. Either you have to cover it with false knowledge -- which becomes your answer -- or you have to find the real answer so that the question disappears. Knowledge is not the answer but only a pretension of an answer.

You say, "Knowing perfectly well" .... Drop this idea of knowledge. Please just accept your ignorance. Be courageous and capable of saying, of many things, "I do not know."

If somebody asks you about God, do you have the courage simply to say, "I do not know"?

The atheist has no courage; he says, "I know there is no God."

The theist has no courage; he says, "I know there IS God."

Only the agnostic is a little courageous; he says, "I do not know yet." He leaves the question without any definite answer. He is enquiring, he is searching.

From my very childhood I have been continuously questioning knowledgeable people. My house was a guest house of many Jaina saints, Hindu monks, Sufi mystics, because my grandfather was interested in all of these people. But he was not a follower of anybody. He, rather, enjoyed me bothering these saints.

Once I asked him, "Are you really interested in these people? You invite them to stay in the house and then you tell me to harass them. In what are you really interested?"

He said, "To tell you the truth I enjoy their being harassed, because these guys go on pretending that they know -- and they know nothing. But anywhere else it would be difficult

to harass them because people would stop you. People would tell me, `Your grandson is a nuisance here -- take him away.' So I invite them, and then in our own house you can do whatever you want. And you have all my support: you can ask any questions you want."

And I enquired of these people, just simple questions: "Be true and just simply tell me, do you know God? Is it your own experience or have you just heard? You are learned, you can quote scriptures, but I am not asking about scriptures: I am asking about you. Can you quote yourself, your experience?"

And I was surprised that not a single man had any experience of God, or of himself. And these were great saints in India, worshiped by thousands of people. They were deceiving themselves and they were deceiving thousands of others. That's why I say that knowledge has done much harm. Ignorance has done no harm.

Ignorance is innocent. Knowledge is cunning.

Knowing is far beyond both.

Knowing has the innocence of ignorance and the knowing of knowledge, both together. It is innocent knowing.

And knowing is authentically yours.

Unless any knowledge is yours, it is better not to have such ideas of having perfect knowledge.

Do you understand, when you use words like "perfect"? Is there anything in life perfect?

The moment anything is perfect, it is dead.

Life is continuous imperfection.

Yes, it is moving towards perfection -- but always moving and never arriving. That's the whole stance of evolution, that it goes on evolving higher and higher but there is no

point where it can say, "Now the journey is finished." The book of life has no beginning and no end. It is a continuum; infinite continuity.

Never use words like "perfect". Everything is imperfect here, has to be -- except idiots like pope the polack. These are perfect people, infallible. Only idiots can claim infallibility. The wise ones will say, "Perhaps it is so. I do not know absolutely. Yes, I have glimpses. There are moments of clarity; there are times it seems, `Yes! This is it!' but there is no full stop anywhere."

If you ask me how many times I have said, "This is it!" and the next day, something bigger .... And I think, "My God! So this is it!" But slowly slowly, when it was happening more and more, more and more, bigger and bigger, I dropped the idea of saying, "This is it!"

This is always becoming it, but there is no full stop. It is never perfect.

Knowing is a process.

Knowledge is a dead thing, with a full stop.

You don't know, and it will be of immense help to you to know that you don't know, because from there a true journey can start. Your question gives enough evidence of ignorance because you say, "By understanding and then dropping it." Alas, after understanding there is nothing to drop. You will be at a loss.

Before understanding there is so much to drop, but you cannot drop it.

After understanding, when you can drop it, there is nothing to drop.

These are the mysteries of life, real mysteries of life -- tremendously enjoyable.

From Darkness to Light

Chapter #10

Chapter title: Not spiritual guidance but spiritual presence
9 March 1985 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
IS NOT SPIRITUAL GUIDANCE AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY FOR HUMAN GROWTH?

There are no absolutes in real life -- including this statement too. Life is full of exceptions; that's one of its most beautiful things. Exceptions mean freedom. Exceptions mean you are not in a concentration camp. The absolute is nothing but complete bondage and slavery.
In the beginning days of scientific research scientists were thinking that in science there are no exceptions. That was one of the great prides of science, because that makes it absolutely certain. If there are exceptions you cannot be certain about the rules -- and science needs certainty to be the base.
For the last three hundred years science went on proving that there were no exceptions, finding absolute rules. But Albert Einstein and his theory of relativity destroyed the whole three-hundred-year-long efforts of hundreds of scientists in a single blow. The theory of relativity means that nothing is absolute, everything is relative, and there are exceptions everywhere.

It is one thing that you may not be able to find the exception; that shows your limitation. Your instruments may not be yet refined enough to catch the exception. It does not prove anything about the absoluteness of any rule -- only the limitations of human mind. The finer your instruments become, the finer your approach to reality, the more you are simply mystified: there are exceptions, and exceptions to everything. Nothing is absolute. After Albert Einstein nothing is absolute.

This is something to rejoice in, because science was creating a world of dead rules, mechanical. The whole concept of pre-Einsteinian science was that the world is a vast mechanism -- that it is not an organism, but a mechanism.

A mechanism functions perfectly without any exceptions. It has no mind, how can it create exceptions? It simply goes on moving in the same rut. It never gets bored. It never feels to do something just for a change, something other than it has been doing always. There is no mind in it; hence, the machine can be absolute.

But an organism, a living being, cannot be absolute. It is a free agent. If it follows a certain rule, that is its decision. It can drop out, it can just go in the opposite direction. Hence, science never said that the world is an organism, but a vast mechanism.

But the theory of relativity disturbed the whole setup, and it has disturbed it forever. Never again will science be able to have the old certainty, because it has been found through the theory of relativity that as we go deeper into the inner world of the atom, a strange phenomenon is experienced.

When we go inside the atom there are three divisions: the electron, the neutron, and the positron. It was thought that they must be following a set discipline, just as we find in every material thing. But strangely enough, they are very individualistic. Sometimes they behave in one way, sometimes they don't behave in the same way.

And one thing that is of tremendous importance for you to remember is -- it is just like when you are taking a bath, with the door closed, nude, enjoying the freedom of being alone, making faces before the mirror knowing that nobody is seeing you. But then suddenly you become aware of a noise near the door and you see two eyes looking through the keyhole. Suddenly you are no longer the same, you have changed. Now you cannot make faces before the mirror.

What has happened? An observer changed your behavior. We can understand this because you are a conscious human being and you were behaving in a certain way with the knowledge that nobody was watching. Once you see that somebody is watching, you start behaving the way you are supposed to behave.

Making faces before the mirror is very childish. There is nothing wrong about it; it is not a sin. It is your mirror, it is your face, you are not doing any harm to anybody. But certainly the observer instantly changes you. You start doing other things just to look busy, as if you are doing meaningful things. Just a moment before you were doing meaningless things, now you are doing meaningful things.

The same was discovered in the innermost core of the atom: the electrons behave differently when there is no observer. And the moment the scientist and his instruments

make them aware that somebody is observing, they change their rules; a sudden transformation takes place.

This was very shocking to the scientists because electrons are supposed to be particles of electricity: that's the meaning of electron. They are supposed to be material, but they are behaving with such great consciousness. And as the work progressed, many more things became noticeable. You go from point A to point B -- certainly you exist between point A and point B when you go from point A to point B. You must exist between the two; otherwise how can you reach point B? It was found that in the inner world of the atom this is not applicable. The electron moves from point A to point B but between the two he disappears; he is no more, he is non-existential. This is very absurd, illogical; it does not suit a good electron to do such a mischievous thing -- that moving from point A to point B, in the middle you simply disappear, and no trace is found. Because of this, science fiction became very prominent. In many languages that kind of fiction was written. And it seems possible -- if electrons can disappear, why not you, because you are nothing but millions and millions of electrons, you are a crowd. And if a single electron can do such a thing, perhaps one day it will be possible .... And that is the only way that man can hope to reach some faraway star. Traveling by traditional bullock cart means won't do, you cannot reach.

Even to reach the nearest star will take you four years traveling at the speed of light, and that too only if we can manage to create a vehicle which can move with the speed of light -- which is impossible because anything moving with the speed of light becomes light. At that speed the heat

is so much, the friction at that speed is such that everything becomes fire. No kind of metal exists which can resist that speed and remain itself.

The speed is very tremendous. In one second, one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles -- in one second! Multiply it by sixty, that is in one minute; multiply it again by sixty, that is in one hour. This way go on multiplying to find the distance traveled in one year: that is one light year. The nearest star is four light years away! With such a speed .... First, there is a barrier: such a speed is not possible. Your vehicle, you, and everything would become light. By the time you reached that star you would be just rays of light and nothing else.

Scientists, and particularly scientific novelists, became very enchanted with the idea that the electron can disappear in the middle, between two points. That gave them a beautiful myth for the future: that we can make a machine in which the man enters and disappears -- just like the electrons. We have just to find out how they manage to disappear. What is their mode of disappearance?

Once we have found their methods of disappearing from one point and then appearing again at another point, then there is no problem. Then man can disappear from the earth and can appear on the moon, on Mars, or anywhere in the whole universe. Then time is no problem. Here you disappear, and there you appear. In the middle there is nowhere that you can be found.

This looks very fictitious. Yes, as far as man is concerned, right now it looks fictitious, but the electrons have been doing it all along. They are still doing it. Their behavior destroys the whole certainty of science. It destroyed the

whole Aristotelian logic and Euclidian geometry, it destroyed Bacon's rules -- it destroyed everything.
It opened a new dimension of utter freedom. And if even matter is so free, what about consciousness? Then consciousness is pure freedom.
So the first thing about your question I want to tell you is, there is nothing absolute. Everything is relative.
"Absolute" is a weighty word. It gives you a certain confidence. Politicians use such words to create confidence, certainty. But I cannot use such words, I am not a politician. I would prefer to use a more humble word: "relative". It does not give you the feel of certainty. But certainty is needed only by people who are uncertain, certainty is the need of weaklings. People who are at ease have no need for certainty. They can very well understand the word "relative" and its implications.
There is a story: one day a man came to Gautam Buddha just in the morning, and asked him, "Does God exist?" Buddha looked at the man for a moment, and then said, "Yes." The man could not believe it because he had heard that Buddha does not believe in God. Now, what to make of his yes?
Even his disciples, the closest disciples ... Ananda was with him, he was shocked. Buddha had never said so certainly, without any ifs and buts, a simple yes -- to God! He had, his whole life been fighting against the idea of God. But there was a settlement between Buddha and Ananda .... Ananda was Buddha's elder cousin-brother. When he was taking sannyas, Ananda had asked beforehand, "You have to promise me a few things. Right now I am your elder brother. After taking sannyas I will be your disciple: then

whatsoever you say I will have to do, but right now I can demand something and you will have to do it."
Buddha said, "I know you. You cannot ask anything which will put your younger brother in any difficulty. You can ask."
Ananda said, "They are not big things, just simple things. One is that every night before going to sleep, if I want to ask something, you will have to answer, you can't say, `I am tired, and the whole day's journey, and so many people and so many meetings ....' You will have to answer. Yes, I will never ask in the day, I will not disturb you the whole day, but I am a human being and I am not enlightened: certain questions may arise."
Buddha said, "That is accepted."
In the same way Ananda asked two more things: "One is that you will never tell me to go anywhere else; I will always be with you, to serve you till my last breath. You will not tell me, `Now you go and spread my message,' just the way you send others. You cannot send me."
Buddha said, "Okay, that's not a problem."
And third, Ananda said, "If I ask you to give some time to somebody, at any hour -- it may be a very odd hour, in the middle of the night -- you will have to meet the person. That much privilege you have to give me."
Buddha said, "That too is okay because I know you."
Ananda was very much puzzled by Buddha's answer that yes, God exists, but he could not ask in the day, he had to wait for the night. In the afternoon, another man came and asked the same question: "Is there a God?" And Buddha said, "No, not at all."

Now, things became more complicated -- Ananda was almost in a state of falling apart. But this was nothing. By the evening, a third man came; and he sat by the side and he asked Buddha, "Will you say something about God?" Buddha looked at him, closed his eyes and remained silent. The man also closed his eyes. They sat in silence for half an hour; then the man touched Buddha's feet and said, "Thank you for your answer," and went away.

Now, it was too much. Everybody gone -- the time was passing so slowly and Ananda was boiling; and when everybody was gone, he simply jumped up. He said, "This is too much! You should take care, at least, of us poor people too. Those three persons don't know all the three answers, they only know one answer. But we are with you, we have heard all the three answers. You should think of us too, we have been going crazy. If this is going to go on, what will happen to us?"

Buddha said, "You should remember one thing. First, those questions were not your questions, those answers were not given to you. Why should you jump into it? It is none of your business. It was something between me and those three people."

Ananda said, "That I can understand. It is not my question, and you have not answered me. But I have ears and I can hear; I heard the question, I heard the answer. And all the three answers are contradiction upon contradiction. First you say yes, then you say no; and then you remain silent, you don't say anything. And that great guy touched your feet and said, `Thank you for your answer.' And we are sitting there and there has been no answer at all!"

Buddha said, "You think about life in terms of absolutes, that's your trouble. Life is relative. To that man, the answer was yes; it was relative to him, related to the implications of his questions, his being, his life. That man to whom I said yes was an atheist; he does not believe in God, and I do not want to support his stupid atheism. He goes on proclaiming there is no God. Even if a small space is left unexplored ... perhaps in that space God exists. You can say with absoluteness there is no God when you have explored all existence. That is possible only in ultimate samadhi.

"And that man was simply believing that there was no God -- he had no existential experience of there being no God. I had to shatter him, I had to bring him down to earth. I had to hit him hard on the head. My yes was relative to that person, to his whole personality. His question was not just words. The same question from somebody else may have received another answer.

And that's what happened when I said to the other person, no. The question was the same, the words were the same -- but the man behind those words was different. So the relationship between the words and the implications had changed. It is relative. The second man was as much an idiot as was the first, but on the opposite pole: he believed there is God. And he had come to get my support for his belief. I don't support anybody's belief because belief as such is the barrier. It does not matter what belief it is, true or false. No belief is true, no belief is false; all beliefs are simply idiotic. I had to say to that man, no.

"And the third man had come with no belief. He had not asked me, `Is there a God?' No, he had come with an open

heart, with no mind, no belief, no ideology. He was really a sane man, intelligent. He asked me, `Would you say something about God?' He was not in search of somebody's support for his belief system, he was not in search of a faith, he was not asking with a prejudiced mind. And he was asking about my experience: `Would you say something about God?'

"I could see that this man has no belief, this way or that; he is innocent. With such an innocent person, language is meaningless. I cannot say yes, I cannot say no; only silence is the answer. So I closed my eyes and remained silent.

"And my feeling about the man proved to be true. He closed his eyes -- seeing me close my eyes, he closed his eyes. He understood my answer: Be silent, go in. He remained in silence for half an hour with me and he received the answer -- that God is not a theory, a belief, that you have to be for or against.

"That's why he thanked me for the answer, and you are puzzled for what answer he thanked me. He received the answer that silence is divine, and to be silent is to be godly; there is no other god than silence. And he went tremendously fulfilled, contented. He has found the answer.

"I have not given him the answer, he has found the answer. I have simply allowed him to have a taste of my presence."

I am telling this story for two reasons; one, to illustrate that nothing is absolute. You are asking me, is it absolutely necessary to have spiritual guidance? It all depends, nothing is absolute.

For the first man, there was no need for any guidance. He had not come for any guidance. So was the case with the second man; although he was opposite to the first, he had

not come for any guidance. He wanted a ready-made answer. Those two were not seekers. They wanted somebody else to take their responsibility. They were parasites, suckers. They wanted to throw their burdens onto somebody else's shoulders.

"But the third man was a seeker. He had not asked for guidance, but he received it. I had not given it to him."

It is not necessarily so, that you can receive only that which is given to you. There are so many ways to receive it. You can steal it, you can borrow it, you can simply find it on the street -- it may have fallen from somebody's pocket. Gurdjieff actually used to say to his disciples that unless you are ready to steal the truth from the Master he is not going to give it to you. He will only give it to you when he sees that now you have come to the limit of your tolerance; now if he is not going to give it to you, you are going to kill him. Only then will he give it; only then are you capable of receiving it.

But Buddha is saying a different, totally different thing. He is saying, "I have not given it to him but he has received it. I was simply present, available -- just like a river flows, and if you are thirsty you drink. The river does not give the water to you, does not invite you. You have to bend down and make a cup with your hands to take the water. The river is available. If you are an idiot you can go on standing on the bank of the river for your whole life -- thirsty, cursing the river, "It goes on flowing with so much water, and I am thirsty and standing here, and nobody takes care of me!"

You will have to allow the presence of the Master to flow into you. You will have to be open, vulnerable. That man in

his silence was vulnerable. He left all his windows and doors open to let the breeze blow. And when you are so close to a Master like Gautam Buddha, you will be filled by his presence, his waves will go on shattering on your shores. Nothing is being given, but much has been taken in.
You ask me: Is it not absolutely necessary to have spiritual guidance? It raises so many questions. Let us try to understand the implication of different words in it. Spiritual guidance ... what spiritual guidance? stand on your head? fast every alternate day? go on changing a mantra? ... What is spiritual guidance?
Guidance is possible, guides exist. When you go to visit an historical place, ruins, then there are guides who tell you what used to be a palace and is now a ruin. I used to go to many places, just traveling around India, talking to people, finding my people. On the way there were so many ruins -- India is such an old and ancient country, there are so many places.
Sarnath is near Varanasi, where Buddha gave his first sermon. I was staying with a doctor friend who was very insistent that I should go. "Sarnath is so close, just a half-hour ride." He was willing to take me, and he knew the best guide, so he would make every arrangement. And he could take me around the ruins of the temples -- the places where Buddha lived, where he sat, where he spoke for the first time.
And now many new temples have arisen because of Buddha. All the countries of the East have made their temples and their guest houses, because people from Japan, people from China, people from Tibet, people from Burma, people from Ceylon, from all over Asia, continuously go on

coming on a pilgrimage -- and Sarnath is one of the places where they are bound to come. All these countries have made big places, big temples, so Sarnath is not just ruins. On one hand it is the ruins of twenty-five centuries, and in these twenty-five centuries, many Buddhist kings have made temples and they have gone into ruins. Now new countries go on making temples.

So I said, "If you insist I will go."

The best guide happened to be one of the Buddhist monks, Jagdish Kashyap. He is a learned man, and finally became the head of the Buddhist research institute. But at that time he was the guide for the kings from Buddhist countries, queens, ambassadors, big shots. He took me around, and he started saying things that he must have been saying every day to people who were coming. He said, "This is the place where Buddha sat and gave his first sermon."

I asked him, "Do you have any inner certainty about it?"

He said, "Inner certainty? It is an historical fact."

I said, "I am not concerned about history. I am asking you, do you have any inner certainty? Have you sat in this place and felt that a man like Buddha may have sat in this place? Have you felt any vibe?"

He said, "My God, these ... I am a GUIDE!"

But I said, "Otherwise, what historical proof can you give? For centuries it has been said King Ashoka has made a pillar and written that this is the place. But he himself lived five hundred years after Buddha. Gossips change with five minutes ... five hundred years! This pillar is not an historical fact; it was made five hundred years after. You give me something solid."

He said, "You are a difficult person. Come with me to my house and have a cup of tea."
I said, "That seems far better than your historical proofs."
Sitting in his house was such a difficulty. Just to drink one cup of tea was difficult -- so many mosquitoes, and so big I have never seen. In India there are great places where there are really giant mosquitoes, but nothing compared to Sarnath. Just drinking tea, I told him, "You say Buddha gave his first sermon here."
He said, "Yes."
And I said, "You told me on the way that in another city in Vasali, he gave forty sermons."
I said, "Why didn't he come to Sarnath again?"
He said, "How can I answer why he ... that was up to him, whether he wanted to come back or not. You ask strange questions."
I said, "No, because I have the answer."
He said, "You have the answer ... why he didn't come twice?"
I said, "Because of the mosquitoes. I am also not going to come twice. Finished! And I call this proof; there is no need for any historical proof. These mosquitoes are enough to prove that any intelligent person would not come here again. And you must be an idiot that you go on living here."
Guides are good in ruins, historical places; but you are not an historical place, you are not a ruin. You are a living being. You are not a ruin. You are a living being. You are here, now, present. You don't need guidance -- you need presence. And try to understand the difference.

In guidance you are given certain rules: Do this, don't do that -- ten commandments. But you can follow those rules, you can follow those commandments; you will be just an imitator and nothing else. You may become very disciplined but inside you will remain as hollow as ever.

I had a friend who was a homeopathic doctor. Now homeopathic doctors are almost starving, nobody goes to them. Or sometimes people go to them when they have tried everywhere else and are just on the last hope, ready to die, knowing perfectly well .... This homeopathic doctor used to live next door to me, and whenever I saw a patient coming to him, I said, "This man is dying. If he is not, why is he going to the homeopathic doctor?"

I used to keep a record, and I found that anybody who came to him died within a few weeks. And I showed him the record. I said, "I have been keeping a record for you. You are some great doctor! Anybody who comes to you, you don't let him live more than four weeks. That is the longest span you give."

He said, "You mean I killed him?"

I said, "No, I don't mean that, I mean they come here only when they are dying. Before that nobody thinks of homeopathy as a pathy or any scientific treatment. People just laugh at it. The moment I introduce you to somebody and say, `He is a homeopathic doctor,' they start smiling."

He was a poor man -- because if patients are not coming, and those who come, die, it becomes notorious all around: "Don't go to that doctor. Once a man goes to that doctor, then his fate is sealed." And he said, "The trouble is that not only do they die, they don't give me the fees! Before giving me the fees they are gone."

He showed me one day, his post office account: one hundred and thirty-six rupees. He said, "Once these one hundred and thirty-six rupees are finished, what do you think I should do?"
I said, "Why wait for your one hundred and thirty-six rupees to be finished? Take them out, enjoy, and become a sannyasin."
First he thought that I was joking, but then he said, "The idea is right. Why should I wait? At least once in my life I can enjoy for two, three days whatever I want and then become a sannyasin. This is a good idea." So he became a sannyasin.
After ten or twelve years passed ... I had no news about him, what had happened to him, where he went -- just one day, when I was passing near Gwalior somebody told me that one sannyasin lives in the nearby forest. I asked the name, and I said, "Are you certain?"
He said, "I am absolutely certain -- I go there. He is a very nice man, and he is a great homeopathic doctor. I am almost a disciple to him."
I said, "I must go and see" -- so I went. He was living in a small house. The window was open because he was in the forest, and he was naked, walking inside the room. I saw him from the outside, walking inside the room. I saw him from the outside, walking naked. I knocked on the door. He came with a towel wrapped around. I said, "Why did you do this?"
He said, "Did you see me walking naked, from outside?"
I said, "I have seen you, you can put aside your towel. There is no need."
"No," he said, "not now -- slowly slowly."

I said, "What do you mean?"
He said, "I am disciplining myself. That is my goal, to become a nude monk." That is the highest goal, to become a nude monk; and he was practicing for it by walking nude, then going into the city with just the towel on. Then one day, just by chance, the towel slips ... slowly, slowly.
I said, "I can understand. You are following a right methodology -- but this will not make you a real sannyasin, this will make you only a practiced circus man."

What can you practice? Can you practice love? Yes, you can do all the actions of love; you can hug somebody, but it does not mean that it is love. It may be just a wolf's hug. Yes, in love, people hug, but that does not apply vice-versa, that when you hug you are in love. Yes, when people love they have certain expressions for each other. That does not mean that by repeating those expressions you are in love. This is something very essential to understand: when a person like Mahavira became nude, it was not practice; he had not practiced it. He was a king. He distributed all his property, land, money; whatsoever he had, he distributed it all to the masses, to the people. With just a shawl around he left town. But when he was just leaving the town, he met a beggar who was crippled, who was trying to come to the town because he had heard that Mahavira was distributing things. But he was crippled, so he was just dragging himself, without legs. And he was late, so he met mahavira when Mahavira was getting out of the city.
He said, "I was coming, but I am without legs so I could not reach in time. You are leaving, and the poorest man of your kingdom has not received anything."

Now Mahavira said, "I have not got anything else except this shawl, but it is very precious studded with diamonds." So he tore half and gave half to the beggar. He said, "This will be enough for your whole life and I will manage with the other half." So now it remained just like a towel wrapped around him.

As Mahavira was entering the forest, a rosebush caught hold of the half that was his shawl. He suddenly found himself naked. He thought to take the shawl back from the rosebush, but then he thought, "What is the point? Sooner or later I am going to lose this shawl. It is so precious that even while I am asleep I will have to take care of it. It is better the rosebush has taken its share and freed me completely. Now I have nothing to fear -- nothing can be stolen. And I am left exactly as I was born."

This is not practice, this is simple understanding.

Now this man was practicing for twelve years, slowly slowly reducing his clothes: four, three, two one. Now he had come to a towel; and in the house he was naked, outside the house, he wore the towel. And the villagers all around knew him as naked. He was really making them see, that's why he kept the windows open. This was his practice. He would become a nude sannyasin one day and would be very famous and people would worship him because he had renounced everything.

And it happened that I was in Patiala, in Punjab, eight years after meeting him in the towel, in the forest. He had become very famous, thousands of people used to gather to listen to him. The king of Patiala, who was my host, told

me that a great saint had come. I said, "I know the saint, and I know that he is great."
The king said, "No, it is ... I am not talking non-seriously, he is really a great saint. He has renounced everything."
I said, "I know how much he has renounced: one hundred and thirty-six rupees."
He said, "How do you know the exact amount?"
I said, "You can ask him: one hundred and thirty-six rupees was in his post office account."
He invited the great saint. I was in another room, and I said, "First you ask him; if he refuses to say then I will come in."
So first the king asked, "How much did you renounce?"
And the man, in a saintly way, said, "Who cares? Who remembers how much it was? But I renounced it all. It is all useless, it is just a burden. I will suggest that you too, renounce this kingdom, this Patiala kingdom. It is so peaceful and so silent when you renounce the worldly things."
Then I came in, and he ... it was worth seeing! he suddenly stood up, and he said, "From where have you come?"
I said, "I was here and was listening to your great spiritual things. What about one hundred and thirty-six rupees? Have your forgotten? Could you not be true and say to the king, `I have renounced one hundred and thirty-six rupees'?"
The king said to the man, "You are known as a great saint."
I said, "He is a great homeopathic doctor too. And he had to renounce the world, it is not that he wanted to renounce it. And he renounced it on my advice. He had to renounce because every patient coming to him was dying. He had become so notorious, there was no other way. The world

had rejected him. I suggested to him that it is better to renounce the world than to be rejected by the world; why miss such an opportunity?"

There were tears in the man's eyes and he said, "I am very sorry that I was not telling the truth, but the truth is that I am also living a complete lie: I am not a saint at all -- it is all practiced."

And I told him, "I have told you that practice will not make you a saint. Saintliness comes out of understanding, not out of practice. It is the flowering of your intelligence, not a certain discipline."

So what kind of guidance can you get? No real Master gives guidance. Those who give guidance simply show that they are not Masters at all. And there are millions around the world who are guiding people. In every religion, rabbis, priests, monks, are guiding people, helping people to grow spiritually. Nobody even bothers to ask himself: Has any REAL Master ever given guidance?

Bayazid, a Sufi mystic, remained with his Master, Junnaid, for twelve years. When he came, Junnaid told him to sit down. Every day he would come and Junnaid would say, "Sit down." Many would come and talk, and this and that, but Junnaid never asked anything about him. In the evening, when Junnaid withdrew into his silent room, Bayazid would get up and leave. It continued for twelve years. Every day Bayazid would come and immediately Junnaid would say, "Sit down."

After twelve years Junnaid looked at him and said, "Those fools have been wasting their time and my time. What about you?"

Bayazid said, "I am immensely happy just with your saying, `Sit down.' And slowly slowly, slowly slowly, everything in me has settled. It is not only me just physically sitting. Spiritually inside me everything has settled. There is no turmoil, no question. You have given me so much. I cannot, in any way, repay it."

But Junnaid said, "I have not done anything -- I was simply saying, `Sit down.' Do you think that is something for which you have to be grateful to me? Anybody in your place would have killed me! Twelve years! and nothing but, `Sit down' every day! The whole day sitting there, and again the next day, the same story."

But Bayazid said, "That is not the question. I am not saying anything about your giving, or not giving. Just sitting by your side I was getting it. I don't know whether you were giving it or not, but just sitting by your side I was getting it. It was simply flowing in me."

Spiritual guidance is nonsense.

Spiritual presence is the way of a real Master. And it does not need you to sit down for twelve years. That happened in the case of Bayazid -- all cases are different. It may happen just by a look into your eyes. It may happen just by a touch on your head. So there is no fixed pattern of guidance with a real Master. And I am talking about pseudo-teachers. With a real Master anything can become a transfer of energy.

All that is needed is your availability.

All that is needed is your indefensibility.

Ordinarily everybody is defending himself. That's how you have been brought up in the world: be defensive, be alert, because the whole world is your enemy. And if you are not

defensive, you will be crushed. In fact, people like Machiavelli say that the best way to defend is to attack. If you really want to defend yourself, before anybody attacks you, you attack. That's the best way of defense. And certainly it is.

If you are in search of defense then don't wait for somebody to attack you; it is better you attack. Make the other person defensive and you will be one step ahead. That is better for your defense. Machiavelli is the real teacher of all your spiritual guides. They are not helping you to drop your defenses.

Now this Junnaid saying to Bayazid, "Sit down" -- and then not even looking at him for the whole day .... It must have been difficult in the beginning, almost unbearable. When Bayazid was leaving after twelve years, paying his tributes, gratitudes, touching his Master's feet, who has never said anything other than "Sit down," he asked Junnaid, "Will you tell me something about YOUR Master, just as a parting message?"

Junnaid said, "It was not much different from what has happened between me and you. It was a little more difficult. For six years he would not allow me in his room; I had to stand outside. Anybody .... What do you say? -- Harry, Tom, Dick? or Dick, Tom, Harry? These three names are so difficult. I can never manage to remember who is first, who is second, who is third. Tom ... Dick and Harry ... Okay, I will try to remember that Harry is last: Tom, Dick, Harry. So all Toms, all Dicks, and all Harrys were allowed in. Just Junnaid was not; for six years he remained outside.

"After six years the Master himself came outside, took my hand in his own hand, and said, `Please come in.' Then for six years again, there was silence. I was allowed in, and I used to come and sit, and wait for any guidance. After six years he looked at me and smiled; and then for six years again he forgot about me completely.

"It took eighteen years. After eighteen years, he called me close, and hugged me, and kissed me on my forehead; and that very moment something happened. I don't know how and what it was, but something in me died, and I was completely renewed -- a renewal. I looked all around; I had the same eyes, but everything looked new, fresh, alive -- the whole existence became a beauty. And just the way you are feeling grateful to me, although I have not done anything, I also had felt grateful to him. He said, `I have not done anything. Your patience for six years standing outside earned my coming out and taking you in. You deserved it, you were ready for it, to come in.

"`For six years I did not pay any attention to you,' he said, `but I never felt a single moment of depression in you, hopelessness in you, anger in you, or hostility towards me, that a man who was keeping you sitting for twelve years, wasting your life .... That's why I smiled. I smiled to give you a sign that you were coming closer, just to give you a little encouragement.'"

Six years of standing outside, and he calls it a little encouragement! Six years of sitting and he calls it a little encouragement -- a smile. But with a true Master these small things are not small. Remember, everything is relative. Its meaning, its depth, changes with the person. When a Master smiles it is not just an ordinary smile.

And it was understood. Then another six years passed, and Junnaid's Master said, "I have not called you on my own, I had to call you close to me. It was something irresistible. You have managed such an openness, such a great trust that I am grateful to you. You need not be grateful to me; I had to call you. In fact I have been too hard on you and I simply kissed you so that you could forgive me all those eighteen years of hardship."

A true Master looks at things in a totally different way. But that kiss transformed Junnaid ....

In the human being's growth, the presence of the Master is needed, but not any spiritual guidance.

All guidance is bogus. It is exploitation.

The real thing never comes through practice, through discipline.

The real thing only happens between two living flames.

All that is needed is that those two living flames should come closer.

Now, coming closer is not a discipline.

It is a love affair, it is not a practice.

That's why I say that religion is a love affair, a love affair with existence itself.

Be silent, be available, trust -- because you have nothing to lose.

And then one day -- of course it is unpredictable when, one never knows because things are so relative. It may happen in this moment, it may take years, but it doesn't matter. Once you have detected a real Master, once you have had a little glimpse of an authentic man, then it does not matter when it happens. It does not matter even whether it happens or not.

In finding the Master it has happened already.
Now it is only a question of when you realize it, when you recognize it. You may take a little time, you may take a long time -- but it is immaterial.
I repeat: In finding the Master it has happened.
Now take your time, and whenever you want to recognize -- recognize this life, next life ... time is immaterial.

From Darkness to Light

Chapter #11

Chapter title: Science and religion -- two petals of the same rose
11 March 1985 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
ISN'T A SYNTHESIS BETWEEN SCIENCE AND RELIGION NEEDED?

The very idea of synthesis already accepts that they are not only two but opposed to each other. Unless there is an antithesis there is no question of synthesis at all.
For me, science and religion are two sides of the same coin. Science is looking outwards, religion is looking inwards, but both are the same kind of looking, the same kind of search. They may have different names -- that does not matter at all.
Science calls it observation, religion calls it awareness. Science calls it experiment, religion calls it experience.

The difference of words simply signifies that their dimensions are different.

Science is focused on the object; and remember the meaning of the word "object" -- that which hinders, objects, prevents.

Religion is focused on the subject. Without the subject there can be no object; without the object there can be no subject.

The subjectivity of man's consciousness and the objectivity of existence are totally interdependent. But this idiotic idea of synthesis between religion and science has a long history, just as long as foolishness and stupidity. It is part of the same parcel.

Just now, one British marine scientist, eighty-nine-year-old Sir Alistair Hardy, has won the most prestigious British award, the Templeton award. The award has been established to give to people who are trying to create a synthesis between religion and science. So all kinds of idiots are going to get it -- Mother Teresa has got it.

Now this other fool, Sir Alistair Hardy, has got it. He must be really senile .... The things for which he has got the award and the things which he has been saying are worth close analysis. He says that he is a follower of Charles Darwin; he strongly believes in the theory of evolution -- and he also believes in religion. His whole life he has been trying to create a synthesis between religion and science, to bring them closer together.

He says he does not believe in the ascension of Jesus Christ to heaven. That's why I call him an idiot. Why can't you believe in the ascension of Jesus Christ? If you can believe God created the whole world then the ascension to heaven

is a very small thing. If God can do all this mess, can create you, Sir Alistair Hardy, then what is the problem in the ascension of Jesus Christ?

Just see the stupid mind: the whole world is created by God, and still he believes in the theory of evolution. That is a miracle far bigger than the ascension of Jesus Christ.

Creation and evolution are absolute opposites to each other. You can't believe in both. Creation simply denies any possibility of evolution. That's the meaning of creation: God created man as man.

According to Charles Darwin, God created man never. He created monkeys; man evolved. Man does not owe his creation to God. God must have had some other idea in His mind when He created the monkey; otherwise He would have created man Himself. Why go so indirectly -- first create all kinds of monkeys, and then a few monkeys evolve into man?

Charles Darwin's theory is only a hypothesis. And Alistair Hardy certainly is eighty-nine years old: I think for at least fifty years he has not looked into all the research that has completely destroyed the theory of evolution. Now no prominent scientist believes in the theory of evolution, there is so much evidence against it.

Just look at the simple fact: why did only a few monkeys evolve? There are millions of monkeys still waiting to evolve. For thousands of years we have seen man as man, and in these thousands of years no other monkey jumped out of the trees and said, "Here I am, no longer a monkey -- I am a man!" For these thousands of years not a single monkey has evolved into man. The whole idea seems to be fictitious.

And why did only monkeys evolve into man? Elephants are there, they have not evolved; crocodiles are there, they have not evolved; tigers are there, they have not evolved -- far more intelligent people than monkeys. The elephant is very wise .... And now we know that there are sea animals which perhaps have a better mind than man, far more sensitive, far more fine. They have not evolved.

If you look around the world there are millions of species of animals, birds, insects; nobody has evolved. Elephants are just elephants, as they have always been. Camels are just camels, as they have always been. It just happened to a few monkeys -- becoming man? If evolution is a truth then the whole of creation must be evolving: elephants should be evolving into a better being, tigers should be evolving into a better being, perhaps non-vegetarians turning into vegetarians, camels becoming Christians.

Evolution -- why only to a few monkeys? If evolution is a fact, a reality, then it should be happening all around. Trees should come out of the ground and start walking, talking. They have been standing there for millions of years -- no evolution, no sign of evolution, just the same circle goes on moving. The Hindus call it the wheel of life and death. The same spokes come up, go down, come up, go down. The elephant creates, reproduces, more elephants; just the way he was produced, he produces. His children will produce elephants.

Charles Darwin's theory has remained only a hypothesis. In the first place, to give the prize to Alistair Hardy is absolutely wrong because in the last fifty years the theory has been losing ground every day. There are more and more anti-Darwinians -- more than Darwinians -- because

facts and realities don't support Darwin. Secondly, he does not understand at all that creation means once and for all. That's what Christians believe: in six days God completed the creation.

Darwin is trying to say He did not complete it. There were possibilities of evolution open that God only began but He never ended. He left it open-ended. But this is nowhere mentioned -- not in the Christian BIBLE nor in any other holy book of the world. Wherever God is believed to be the creator, He creates completely, entirely. And He is the omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent: whatever is the best He knows and He has done it.

Evolution means that you can improve upon God -- that His creation is just a primitive thing, and you have evolved out of it.

I call these people idiots for a specific reason -- because they can't see simple contradictions.

Creation and evolution cannot go together.

However hard Mr. Hardy tries he cannot succeed in putting them together. They are simply antagonistic to each other. Evolution means nothing is complete, nothing will ever be complete; everything is in a process. Existence is an ongoing phenomenon. It is not that on Monday God started, and on Saturday evening He looked at what He had created and said, "Good" -- just the way I say it; even where it is not needed I say it. And at least at that time, when God said it, it was not needed because there was nobody to hear it. Monkeys cannot understand it, elephants cannot understand it, tigers cannot understand it. And man was yet to come, if Charles Darwin is correct. In fact, even if man was there .... All religions believe that God created man, man is not an

evolved animal; God created him -- not only did He create him, He created him in His own image.

Now, do you think the monkey is the image of God? That He created the monkey in His own image?

Charles Darwin was also a very orthodox Christian. But he never thought about it, whether God created the monkey and then said, "I create you in my own image," and thanked Himself and said, "Good"; was rejoiced seeing the monkey: "I have succeeded in creating myself." Neither Charles Darwin bothered about that, nor does his follower Alistair Hardy bother at all. They continue to remain Christians and they continue to believe in the theory of evolution. You cannot be a Christian and a believer in the theory of evolution.

Whatever God created must have been something totally different. In all these millions of years everything must have changed, if evolution is true. But they don't see the simple contradiction.

Evolution denies God.

Let me make it absolutely clear:

Evolution denies God because evolution denies creation. And if there is no creation there is no need of a creator. These are simple implications. God is a hypothesis to support another hypothesis -- the creation. If there is no creation there is no God, because the whole base of His existence is demolished. If evolution is the thing then one wonders whether God is evolving or not. If monkeys have become men, what has happened to God?

Sometimes such questions harass me very much; why don't these idiots ask, "What happened to God?" Charles Darwin never asked this. If even monkeys evolved, at least God

should have evolved. Nothing has been heard of that guy since that last Saturday. Sunday of course was a holiday, He rested. Then comes Monday again -- but He had finished His creation already. He had put "The End" on His film on Saturday.

Now, for God, Monday cannot come. Or if it comes it will be so empty -- nothing to do. The calendar will go on moving, Monday, Tuesday, for eternity. What happens to God? Religions created the idea of God and forgot all about the fact that someday somebody is going to ask what happened to Him, whether He died, got lost somewhere .... Religions have no answer to what happened to God.

At least evolution has not happened to God, because no religion can accept the idea of God evolving; God means perfection, absolute perfection. He is the last word -- the first and the last, both alpha and omega. There is no way beyond the omega point.

And if evolution is not happening to God there will be a great discrepancy. What He has created is evolving, and God is stuck at that Saturday, four thousand and four years before Jesus Christ. It must have been the first of January, Monday, I assume -- unless it was April Fool's Day; that is another matter. Creation goes on evolving and God is stuck where He was; He remains aboriginal, primitive.

You have gone far, far away from Him. And you can see it in Jewish scriptures; in the TALMUD God says, "I am a very angry God, I am a very jealous God. I am not nice. I am not even your uncle" -- speaking exactly in the Jewish style: "I am not your uncle." This God is very primitive -- anger?

Buddha seems to be far more evolved even though he is not a God, he is only a human being. But he seems to be far more evolved because he has no anger; he is far more evolved because he has no jealousy. And certainly he is nice. Of course, he is far better than any uncle.

God is stuck -- His creation goes on evolving. Charles Darwin never bothered about that.

This man, Alistair Hardy, gets the Templeton award -- but all these awards are political! It is a big award, one hundred and sixty thousand pounds; one hundred and sixty thousand pounds is big money. Why is it being given to a man who has no experience of religion at all? -- this award is meant for those who will bring religion and science closer.

He has no religious experience, and as far as science is concerned he is fifty years behind; he is no longer worthy to be called a scientist. Perhaps half a century before he was, but within these fifty years he became stuck, just like his God.

The theory of evolution has almost gone down the drain. No scientist worth the name is in support of it, for the simple reason that existence seems to be certainly changing, moving, but not evolving; otherwise, in thousands of years a few men must have evolved into supermen.

The idea of supermen arose because of this theory of evolution: if monkeys can become men, then certainly a few men are going to become supermen. Who are the supermen? Adolf Hitler? Benito Mussolini? Joseph Stalin? Who is the superman?

As far as I can see, existence remains exactly the same. Consciousness evolves, not bodies.

Consciousness moves to higher peaks, bodies simply go on doing their routine job. But consciousness is not in any way bound by the body and its program. Consciousness is something in you which is utterly free. So to me there is no contradiction. Existence is as it has always been, as far as the physical aspect is concerned -- but consciousness has evolved immensely. But Darwin is not concerned with consciousness, neither is Alistair Hardy interested in consciousness.

Consciousness is a totally different dimension. I said to you, it is subjectivity. The objects will remain the same but the subject, the seer in you, the watcher in you, the witness in you, can have immense levels of height; it can go on rising higher and higher.

Even when a buddha is there his body is not different from yours. His body follows the same routine biological program as your body. All religions have been trying to prove that the bodies of their prophets, messiahs, incarnations of God, don't follow the ordinary routine biology. That is just an effort to prove that their bodies have evolved. That's why Christians talk of the "ascension of Jesus Christ." He does not die like you, or like me. He simply ascends towards heaven, fully in his body.

His body is not left behind, he takes it with him.

Mohammed did even better: he ascended to heaven with his horse too! Now, sitting on that horse -- naturally the horse must have evolved. So why is Alistair Hardy so much disturbed about Jesus Christ? Jesus Christ is not doing very great; even Mohammed's horse did it, it is not something very special. But he never says anything about Jesus' virgin birth.

These people who are trying to synthesize science and religion are very afraid of bringing things in which may create conflict. It will be difficult scientifically to prove the virgin birth, the Holy Ghost. He does not talk about it. But without it you cannot be a Christian. These are the fundamental beliefs of a Christian; these are the test of whether you are a man of faith or a doubter.

If you doubt the virgin birth of Jesus Christ you are not a religious person. And I know this man Hardy: if he cannot believe in the ascension of Jesus' body, how can he believe in the descension of the Holy Ghost and his raping a poor girl?

It is a simple case of rape -- and still you go on calling him the HOLY Ghost. Rape seems to be something holy? At least after the rape he should have been called the unholy ghost. Before that he may have been the Holy Ghost but this was enough proof that this man is not holy. But Hardy does not ask, because he must be afraid: if he asks these questions, then how to bring religion and science together? Anybody who tries to bring them together is going to be in great difficulty.

In India Mahatma Gandhi was trying hard to bring all the religions together. Of course it was politically motivated but he tried his whole life -- a tremendous dedication -- to bring all the religions together. But how was he doing it?

I was too small; I saw him when I was very small, met him, talked with him, but it was not time for me to discuss. I was not even aware of what he was doing. But I discussed with his son, Ramdas, I discussed with his chief religious follower, Vinoba Bhave, and I have discussed with many of

his disciples who had lived with him very closely. None of them has any answer .... And they are not ordinary people. Acharya J. B. Kripalani, who must be ninety-five years old, was a professor before he became committed to Mahatma Gandhi's programs -- a learned man. I asked him, "Can't you see that Gandhi chooses from the KORAN only those sentences which are almost exactly the same as the BHAGAVAD GITA, the Hindu holy scripture? He leaves out everything that can create problems. He chooses from THE BIBLE -- again the criterion is the GITA. The GITA is the ultimate truth. He will not say it but his action shows it, that the GITA is the criterion.

Anything that is in the GITA, wherever it exists, is true. So he picks up fragments from the KORAN, from the BIBLE, from the DHAMMAPADA, from the TAO TE CHING, from all religious books of the world. But what actually is he saying? He is saying that the GITA is the only truth. Yes, other holy books have also a few fragments here and there, reflecting the truth. The GITA is true as a whole; the KORAN, only in fragments; the BIBLE, only in fragments. And those fragments are to coincide with the GITA; that is the only criterion.

And he does the same with Jesus Christ, Hazrat Mohammed, Gautam Buddha, Mahavira, Krishna -- the same. He has the Hindu ideal of the perfect man, the man of God; then he goes on choosing. But a Christian cannot choose from Jesus Christ's life: either he accepts it whole, or he rejects it whole.

What about Jesus Christ drinking alcohol? Now, Mahatma Gandhi is in trouble. In his ashram even tea was not allowed, what to say about alcohol?

I asked his son,"Your father continued his whole life talking about Jesus Christ, even sometimes he expressed the desire to become a Christian. But what about Jesus Christ eating meat, drinking alcohol, mixing with prostitutes? Can Gandhi accept this man as a man of God? No, he ignores all these facts.

The same is being done by all the people who try to synthesize. Now there are hundreds of facts in religion -- the so-called religions -- which go against science. How are you going to reconcile them. Either you have to deny them or you have to deny science.

THE BIBLE believes in a flat earth. And you cannot edit THE BIBLE, you cannot change anything in THE BIBLE; it is God's book. You are just a human being. This will be outrageous, to change it. Now what are you going to do? It is an accepted fact now that the earth is round, it is a globe, it is not flat. Either THE BIBLE is wrong or science is wrong. Hardy has not the courage to say that THE BIBLE is wrong, nor has he the courage to say that science is wrong.

So these people go on playing games with words: "We want to create a synthesis" -- but how can you create a synthesis? And when they talk about religion they forget completely that there are three hundred religions in the world. First, create the synthesis among three hundred religions so that you can have something called religion. That is absolutely impossible in the first place because there are religions that believe in God; there are religions that believe in an eternal soul, there are religions that don't believe in an eternal soul. There are religions that believe in one consciousness; in all of us only one consciousness

exists. And there are religions that believe that each consciousness is individual and remains for ever individual; there are millions of souls.

Jainism is that religion which believes that there are infinitely infinite souls in existence. Not only one infinite soul in existence. Not only one infinite, they use double -- not only in one direction, not only horizontally infinite, vertically too; so there are infinitely infinite souls in existence. And there is Hinduism which believes there is only one consciousness, the brahma, and all consciousnesses simply are part of it. It is one light shining in so many people; but it is the same source.

How are you going to ...? And these religions have existed for thousands of years quarreling with each other, arguing with each other. They have not come to any single conclusion.

In Jainism it is almost a sin to breath because when you breathe, hot air comes from your nostrils and kills small living cells in the air. And it is true. You know that a doctor doing surgery keeps his nose covered. For what reason? He is afraid of infection -- infecting the patient, or getting infected himself. So there is a continuity of infectious cells living bodies, through the air.

Just the other day I read the news that AIDS can be caught even by sneezing! Now, it is beyond the board, now you can simply forget all about it; you cannot save yourself. You can prevent people kissing, you can prevent people making love. You can prevent people doing this, doing that -- but how can you prevent people sneezing? And a sneeze never comes knocking on your door saying, "Get ready, have your gloves on!" It simply comes.

But a sneeze certainly throws out many infections. They say now it can infect you with AIDS, so it seems that you are a goner. You should rather accept it simply, that you have AIDS, rather than going through any test or anything. There is no point.

So Jainas are not wrong. Their monks, just like surgeons, keep their mouth and nose covered. it is so difficult to talk to them because you cannot hear what they are saying. They are simply mumbling.

When I used to see them I used to tell them, "You please write. Or, I am going to close the door -- you remove all this nonsense because ...." So those who were intelligent would allow me to close the door and would remove their paraphernalia. And I would say, "Just be like a human being; otherwise it looks like you are from somewhere else. And when you talk it is difficult to figure out what you are saying -- and I have to answer it."

But then I became worried about another thing -- because they stink. Their breath stinks because Jaina monks are not allowed to do mouth-washing, use toothpaste, teethcleaning, no -- because you may be killing so many germs -- and each germ is as valuable as a human being. There is no question of any categories; all souls are equal. Jainism is perhaps the only communist religion, truly communist. Even the germs which will give you AIDS are equal to your soul. They are living beings.

Now how are you going to reconcile Mohammedanism with Jainism, because the KORAN says, "God created animals, birds, for man to eat" -- a simple statement without any philosophical hogwash. You cannot manage .... The KORAN is simple in that way because Mohammed

was uneducated. He could not write complicated philosophical treatises. He could not write, he could only talk. And the KORAN was not written in one sitting, it was written over many years. In Mohammed's whole life, once in a while he would manage to say some sentences, and they were written down.

And those sentences are simple: "God created everything for man." So there is no violence -- in fact this is the whole purpose of all the animals, birds, trees. And if you don't kill them you are going against God; you have to eat them.

Now how are you going to reconcile these two religions? And there are three hundred versions. On each single point you will find them different. So what religion do you want to be synthesized with science?

Only what I call religiousness can be an intrinsic part of science. But that is not a synthesis because there is not antithesis.

To me religion is really one aspect of science.

Science has two hands. Now nobody tries to synthesize my right and left hand. They are synthesized, they are continuously synthesized without anybody synthesizing them; they are always in tune. While you are walking do you synthesize your left and right leg, keeping alert so that you do not commit some mistake?

I have heard that in an army regiment a captain was training the new recruits and he was saying, "Left turn, right turn, march." And then he said, "All of you raise your left leg." Everybody raised his left leg. Only one man by mistake raised his right leg, so his right leg and the left leg of the person by his side, both were raised close together. And the captain said, "Who is that fool who is raising both

his legs?" You cannot do that; even by mistake you cannot do that. Your whole body continues in an organic harmony. Science and religion to me are just like my two hands, dancing in tune, in synchronicity. There is no question of synthesis, there can never be a synthesis. There can only be oneness. And remember, oneness and synthesis are not the same.

Synthesis is a very poor thing: somehow managing, trying hard, making the corners less corny, giving them a little rounder shape .... I am not saying horny, I am saying corny. Or do both the words mean the same? There is no possibility of any synthesis and there is no need either.

In the first place, why can't we accept different dimensions having their own uniqueness? Today you are synthesizing science with religion, tomorrow you will synthesize science and religion and music, and then art, and dance -- but why? And you will create a hodgepodge.

Now, synthesizing music with mathematics you will destroy both. The mathematician will be dancing, and the dancers will be doing arithmetic. But what is the need? They are perfectly okay as they are, doing their work in their own dimension. Just one thing has to be understood -- that life is multidimensional.

A painter has no need to synthesize himself with science or with religion or with music. All that he has to be is a committed, involved artist, a true painter, so that while he is painting the painter disappears and only painting remains.

Let me repeat: when a true painter is there, painting, there is no painter at all; there is only the process of painting, there is nobody doing it. It is happening. Yes, from the

outside you can see a man with his brush and paints and canvas, working. That is an outsider's outlook. But as far as the inside of the painter is concerned there is nobody. There is only a vision of the painting, and that vision is translating itself onto the canvas. All that is needed of the painter is not to interfere, not to come in the way of this transference. When a dancer is dancing, there is no dancer, only dance. All these different dimensions meet at one point, which I call religiousness.

There is no need to mix up all these dimensions with each other. Then they have to make an effort to be friendly and to be adjusting, and not to hurt anybody's feeling: the mathematician has to look whether the musician is happy with his mathematics or not, the chemist has to be worried about the physicist. You will make a madhouse -- there is no need.

All that is needed is that the physicist disappears when he is doing his work, the musician disappears when he is doing his work.

This disappearance is religiousness.

I cannot give it that third-class name, synthesis.

It is oneness.

It is just like the rose opening in many petals -- all the petals are separate but joined at the center, getting juice from the same source. Every scientist, every artist, every mystic -- they are all petals of the same rose, getting juice from the same roots, but totally unique in themselves, totally separate from the others.

Don't try to synthesize. And you cannot succeed anyway. Alistair Hardy, just try to be a little religious, and in your being religious you will understand that there is no need for

any dimension of life to have an outer combination, synthesis, cooperation; no, they are already joined at the center.

I declare that they are already one.

But for thousands of years the effort has continued. In India there was a great philosopher, Doctor Bhagwandas. His whole life he wrote volumes upon volumes; synthesis was his theme, the synthesis of all religions. He was very old when I went to see him.

I said, "I don't feel like harassing you in your old age but all that you have written is just nonsense. You talk of synthesis and you are still a Hindu! If you were really interested in synthesis at least you should have declared, `I belong to all religions, and all religions are mine.' But no, you are still a Hindu. I can see the mark of Hinduism on your forehead.

"So what nonsense have you been talking about? I have read your books, and this is simply befooling people, trying to say that Krishna and Mahavira are giving the same message to the world. It is so easy because Krishna has spoken so much. You can find one sentence in which he says, ahimsa paramo dharma non-violence is the greatest religion.' You pick it out, that's enough. Mahavira's whole message is: Non-violence is the greatest religion. Synthesis is accomplished."

I asked him, "And what happened about the mahabharat war in which millions of people were killed, butchered? And Krishna is responsible for it." Arjuna, his disciple, wanted to renounce the kingdom and to renounce the war because the war for the kingdom was being fought between cousin-brothers.

Seeing that so much bloodshed was going to be there, Arjuna said to Krishna, who was functioning as his charioteer, "Move me towards the Himalayas -- I simply want to drop out of this bloodshed.

"Even if we win, which is not certain because the forces are almost balanced, but suppose ... even if we win, it will be by killing so many people of the other side, who are also related to us because the other side are our cousin-brothers. Their friends are our friends, their relatives are our relatives; our relatives are their relatives, our friends are their friends. We have grown up together in one house, in one family.

"We have studied under one guru, one teacher. Now both sides are friends, brothers. And it has been such a hard time for everybody, how to decide with whom to be? Everybody has been invited by both the parties and they had to decide with whom to fight, for whom to fight."

Dronacharya, the teacher who had taught them archery, who had made Arjuna the master archer of India, was fighting on the other side. Now, the master is on the other side, and the disciple is on this side .... It was a difficult thing for Dronacharya also to decide with whom to be. Finally he decided, because on that side there were a hundred brothers, and on this side only five brothers.

But those hundred brothers were the sons of a blind father. So Dronacharya just felt compassionate; "The father is blind, it is better I should be with these people" -- whom he had never liked, who were all rascals. His love was for Arjuna and those five brothers who were really great warriors, but when the blind father asked him, "Because I am blind I cannot come; you be there, you be their father."

Their grandfather was grandfather to both, and their grandfather was one of the most famous men of Indian history, Bhishma. He was a rare man. It was difficult for him also because he loved these five brothers. They were sons of one of his sons, but the other son was blind, and he had those hundred rascals who were really cunning politicians. He had never liked any of them, he wanted them to be defeated. But that blind son was also his son, and now to be against the blind son's sons would not look right. So he was also there.

Arjuna said, "It looks so weird to fight against my own grandfather, who wants me to win yet has to fight against me. It is just inconceivable to fight against my own master who has made me a world-famous archer. It is better you take me away. Even if we win, all our people, from both sides, will be gone. I will be sitting on the golden throne on top of millions of corpses -- for whom? There will be nobody to rejoice, to celebrate even. It is better that I become a sannyasin and let my brothers rule the kingdom."

If Arjuna had been listened to by Krishna there would have been no war. And Krishna says, "Non-violence is the greatest religion." He is a politician. In some other reference, maybe defining religion and talking to religious people, he may have said that. But here, what he says to Arjuna is, "You are a warrior, and the religion of a warrior is to fight. Escaping from the fight is cowardice."

But Arjuna goes on arguing, "Let me be a coward. The world will call me a coward, okay -- what does it matter? But I don't want to color my hands with millions of people's blood."

But Krishna goes on insisting to Arjuna "It is not you, it is God's will."

God is very handy. When you cannot manage anything, bring God in: "It is God's will. Those rascals have to be eradicated. God wants you to destroy the immoral people and establish the rule of the righteous." Now, when you bring God in, man becomes silent. What can he say now? And Krishna says, "If God wants, then you should simply surrender, surrender to His will."

Finally he convinces Arjuna, and takes him into the war -- and millions of people are killed. This happened nearabout five thousand years ago; it is called the Mahabharat war -- the great Indian war. After that, India never became the same again. It lost its nerve, it lost its spine. The war was so destructive that it destroyed India for five thousand years.

"Now, how are you going," I asked Doctor Bhagwandas, "to synthesize Mahavira and Krishna? Just by hanging the pictures of Krishna and Mahavira in your room you think synthesis is going to happen? This man is responsible for one of the greatest wars in history; and not only that, he supported the war in the name of God. He made it a religious war, a holy war. I know that Arjuna, somehow in his unconscious, must have been ready. He was a warrior, he was a fighter; so deep down, although he was arguing to leave .... If I were in his place I don't see Krishna convincing me.

"All Krishna's arguments are so stupid. If he said to me, `It is God's will; you should surrender,' I would say, `Okay, I surrender: God is telling me to go to the Himalayas. That's why I am going to the Himalayas -- I am surrendering. He does not want me to fight.'

"It was so simple, no other argument was needed. But somehow, deep down, Arjuna was ready for war. They had gathered to fight. They were standing in front of each other just waiting for the signal to happen, then they would rush into each other and kill millions of people.

"Up to now Arjuna had never even bothered what war means. And he had fought many other small wars and battles, and killed many people, without ever thinking of non-violence and other things, so unconsciously he was ready. Only consciously he became a little troubled, and that trouble was also not about violence.

"That trouble was about his master, his grandfather, his brothers, his blind uncle, all his friends. It was really attachment, not the question of violence or non-violence. Deep down it was an attachment to all these people. Relationships, that was troubling him: How to kill our own people?

"If they had been somebody else he would have killed them without thinking even a single moment. So unconsciously he must have been ready. But for convincing him, for bringing his unconscious over his conscious, the responsibility goes to Krishna.

"One of Krishna's cousin-brothers, Neminath, was a Jaina tirthankara. Neminath is the twenty-second Jaina tirthankara. The twenty-third is Parshvanath, the twenty-fourth is Mahavira. Mahavira came after Krishna, nearabout five or seven hundred years afterwards. But in Krishna's time, Krishna's own cousin-brother, Neminath, was one of the Jaina masters.

"Krishna never even went to listen to Neminath because Neminath had become a follower of a different tradition,

the Jaina tradition: he was no longer a Hindu. Although Neminath was a cousin-brother, elder brother, and so much respected by the Jainas that he was declared to be their ultimate master, Krishna would not go. Even though many times he passed by the side of the town where Neminath was delivering his talks, he would not go to see him. Jaina sources say that Krishna always considered Neminath to be a man who had betrayed Hindus.

You are trying to synthesize these people who think in terms of betrayal? If Neminath feels it right to be a Jaina, it is his birthright to be a Jaina. Who can prevent him? It is not a betrayal. He had not come into the world as a Hindu, you forced Hinduism on him. Now, when he becomes mature, thinks over things, finds that this is not the right religion for me, moves into another religion .... He has the right. To say that he has betrayed is ugly.

And you are trying to synthesize these people? No, you cannot synthesize three hundred religions. It is impossible. On each single point you will find them differing. And then the question arises of synthesizing religion with science. "Each religious scripture if full of unscientific facts. Either you will have to drop those unscientific superstitions -- the religious people will not allow that -- or you will have to compromise and you will have to say the earth is both flat and global. To synthesize, what else to do but say that sometimes it is flat, sometimes it is global? Or when a religious person looks at it, it is flat, when a scientific person looks at it, it is global? Some kind of compromise you will have to find. I don't think it is possible, and I don't see the need either."

Let religion grow in its own way. Let science grow in its own way. And whenever religion will be authentic .... The past religions have rarely been authentic; once in a while there is an authentic individual -- but not communities. Whenever there is an authentic religious person you will not find him in any conflict with science, art, music, dance. You will not find him in any conflict for the simple reason that he will have such wide perceptivity, such tremendous sensitivity, such a great insight, that in his perceptivity all different dimensions will merge.

He will be able to see the original source of all different dimensions of human research. And it is good that they remain different; it is good they remain true to themselves. And it is difficult to find a man .... This whole Templeton award should be dissolved, this is useless!

It is difficult to find a person who knows even all the sciences. You cannot find a physicist who knows how much evolution has happened in chemistry, in biology, in other sciences; you cannot find one person. The world has moved far away from Aristotle. Aristotle wrote one book about all the sciences, all the religions, all the philosophies. In those days it was possible.

In fact he devoted one chapter to each and that was enough. Philosophy was called metaphysics for two thousand years for the simple reason that the chapter on philosophy comes after physics. In Greek, metaphysics means "after physics". The chapter had no name so it became metaphysics -- the chapter coming after the chapter "physics".

It was possible then. But now, when every science has taken such a flight and has divided itself into so many divisions, which themselves have become independent

sciences .... For example, chemistry has developed into organic chemistry and inorganic chemistry; now they are two different sciences. Organic chemistry has a division, bio-chemistry, which is a totally different world -- so vast that it is not possible for a single person to know everything that is happening in bio-chemistry, what to say about organic chemistry, inorganic chemistry? It is not possible. All the sciences have gone so far away from each other that there is not a single person who can manage to know all these sciences. So even to use the word "science" is as wrong as to use the word "religion". There are three hundred religions; perhaps there are going to be more sciences than that. If there are not now, there will be. The whole effort will be meaningless. What is significant is very simple: science is the search into the outside world, and religion is the search in the inside world. Both are searchers, enquiries about the same truth, because it is the same truth that exists outside and that exists within. Within and without are not different, so from wherever you arrive to the truth you arrive to the same truth.

There is no need to go on comparing small details. You may have followed a different route, and on your route there may have been no trees; you may have come through a desert, and I may be coming through a jungle where there are hug, ancient trees, but if we reach to the same point .... Then I go on arguing that a person only reaches here who comes through huge, ancient trees, and you go on arguing that it is impossible to reach here unless one passes through a desert. But we both have reached, that's enough proof.

So what I suggest is that a simple meditativeness should become a part of all sciences, religions, arts, all

departments of human research -- a simple meditativeness of becoming silent, thoughtlessly silent.
In that silence is the experience of oneness.
It is not going to be done by Mother Teresa, who knows nothing of religion. It is not going to be done by Sir Alistair Hardy; he knows only Charles Darwin and the theory of evolution, which is no longer valid.
One thing you should remember: it almost always happens that scientists have a very uncommon intelligence -- but they lose common sense, they don't have common sense. Perhaps they can't have; if they have too much common sense then they cannot be scientific. To be scientific many things have to be sacrificed; common sense is one of them. If you listen to common sense then you will cling to the tradition, the old, the conventional.
When the Wright brothers were trying to make the first airplane, it was absolutely absurd to any man with common sense. Their father was an owner of a bicycle shop. In their basement he used to collect all kinds of junk -- old bicycles, their parts -- and that basement was the science lab of the Wright brothers, these two young boys; one was nineteen, the other was twenty-one. And with rejected cycle parts they were trying to make a flying machine. Of course it was not called an airplane at the time, it was called a flying machine.
They had to work in the night when the whole family was asleep because everybody thought they were crazy. Who had even heard of a flying machine? And out of cycle parts! But they managed. They must have been very uncommon, they did not listen to anybody. Their teachers

were laughing, their friends, their family was saying, "You will go crazy. You stop this nonsense!"
But they continued, and one day they managed it. But they were afraid. They wanted to test it alone because if it falls flat on the ground then everybody will say, "We have been telling you, but you will not listen. You wasted you lives, so many years."
First they tried in a lonely faraway place. And for sixty seconds, just for sixty seconds, their plane remained in the air -- but that was enough. Next day they declared that the whole village should come. Nobody was willing; they said, "It is all nonsense, why waste our time? These are idiots. They have gone completely mad now. Up to now they were saying, `We are making it'; now they say they have made it. The have gone crazy."
But the brothers said, "Think us mad but just be kind enough to come there for a single minute because our flying machine will remain in the air only for one minute. We will not take much of your time."
So people came, just getting bored by these brothers they were harassing their teachers and the principal and their family. So all the people came, and they could not believe their eyes. The second day, the whole world knew about the Wright brothers, that they had made the first airplane. Only sixty seconds it used to stay in the air, but that was enough for a beginning.
One needs uncommon sense, but one loses common sense. These people like Alistair Hardy have lost common sense completely. That's why they are saying that he is trying to bring together religion and science: the theory of creation and the theory of evolution.

I am just a common-sense man. I am not a scientist I am not a religious prophet. I am just a common-sense man, but I have tried to sharpen my common sense to its utmost.
I have only one capacity, to see clearly; not in the sense of my eye doctor -- he is sitting here. he is trying to force glasses on me. I am talking about his eyes. About my eyes I will listen to him.
I am very much a man of common sense. When it comes to my physical eyes, I listen to my eye doctor. When it comes to my body, I listen to Devaraj. When it comes to anything concerning the ordinary details of life, I listen to Vivek. Then I don't go into details about these things. If these people are doing the work, and if they are doing their homework properly, then it is perfectly okay.
When I say that I have only one capacity and that is of seeing clearly, I mean some insight.
And in my insight, religion and science are two names of one phenomenon.

From Darkness to Light

Chapter #12
Chapter title: A single humanity rejoicing
12 March 1985 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
THE EUROPEAN PEOPLE HAVE BEEN WORRIED ABOUT EASTERN RELIGIONS, WORRIED THAT THEIR VITALITY CAN DESTROY THE NATIONS. IS

THERE THIS DANGER/BLESSING WITH YOUR RELIGION TOO?

Religion is not geography. It is neither Eastern nor Western. It cannot be divided in such a stupid manner; otherwise there will be a Southern religion, a Northern religion, and there will be no end to these divisions. The Middle East is not the East, and the Far East is also not the East.

Just a few days ago one South African politician said, "Now the conflict between East and West is over; now the real fight is going to be between South and North." Up to now nobody has been thinking in terms of a conflict between South and North, but basically, there is. Southern countries are all poor; northern countries are all rich. Southern countries are mostly black; northern countries are mostly white.

This seems to be a far wider gap than that between East and West. In fact to divide East and West is very difficult. In Europe, Russia is thought to be an eastern country, although half of Europe, the upper half, is Russian. Russia is spread from one end of Europe to the other end of Asia. In fact, Asia and Europe are nowhere divided; it is one continent, one continuity.

Politicians need division -- without divisions politicians have no function. Priests also need divisions, because they are a spiritual kind of politician. Without divisions the priest also disappears.

So there are people who are tremendously interested in keeping divisions, and they go on dividing everything -- even to the extent of stupidity. Now, dividing religion into

Eastern and Western is just inconceivable. A little intelligence is enough to understand that love cannot be Eastern or Western -- or do you think it can be? Can silence be Eastern and Western? Can meditativeness be divided according to geographical divisions?

A man meditating in Tibet or a man meditating in Europe or America will have the same quality of consciousness; there will be no difference at all, because the man in Tibet, when in meditation, disappears. He is no longer Tibetan, he is no longer even man; he is just pure silence, awareness. The same is true for anybody meditating anywhere. Meditation is universal, just as love is, compassion is, intelligence is.

These are qualities -- and religion is the ultimate quality of consciousness. At least don't be so idiotic as to divide it.

I am reminded, when I was graduating from the university .... In India -- I don't know how it is in other countries -- to pass the post-graduation class you have to pass two kinds of examinations. One is written and the other is oral. In the oral examination one professor from some other university is invited. The vice-chancellor is present, the head of the department is present, and each individual student is called in for an interview.

The vice-chancellor just jokingly had mentioned to me .... We used to meet almost every morning because we were the only two persons going for a morning walk. Slowly slowly I was no longer a student, he was no longer a vice-chancellor; we were simply two persons going for a morning walk. And just as it happens to all morning walkers -- they become friendly, they start gossiping .... And two years is a long time -- slowly slowly the partitions,

divisions, dropped, and as the examination was coming closer, my vice-chancellor asked me, "I will be present in your viva, in your oral examination; whom would you prefer to be called from another university?"

I said, "Find the toughest guy!" He said,"I knew you would say that, and I have also been thinking about finding the toughest guy, because I would love to see how you manage it."

And they found him. In Aligarh University there was a Mohammedan professor who was known all over India as the toughest professor of philosophy. For years he had not passed anybody, and in his whole life he had never given the first class to anybody. Third class was the highest that he had given to anybody.

One of my professors had been his student and he used to say, "I am one of the persons who passed from Aligarh University. I am only a third class, but a third class from Aligarh University is far better than a first class from Oxford, because that man in his whole life has been continuously failing people. Nobody comes up to his standard."

So the vice-chancellor said, "I am thinking of calling this professor from Aligarh."

I said, "That's the right thing!"

That professor was invited. He was rarely invited; he was very happy! The head of my department, S.K. Saxena, told me, "Be cautious, because that man is absolutely destructive."

I said, "You don't be worried; he cannot be more destructive than me."

But he said, "You cannot do any harm to him, you are not the examiner; he can do harm to you, he can fail you. And he is well-known for failing; he simply puts zero."
I said, "You don't be worried. If he gives me zero then I have achieved my goal, because that's what I have been working for -- to attain to the state of zero-ness."
He said, "You are incurable! I am not talking about that zero."
I said, "You just wait." He said, "Remember, I will be sitting by your side, and if you go off the track I will nudge you with my feet, or I will pull your kurtha. That is an indication -- `Come back, come right to the point.' And that means just be within the limits of the textbook."
I said, "You need not be worried."
But they were afraid. Even the vice-chancellor that morning said to me, "Although I have invited him, now I feel concerned. That man is really hard, he has no compassion."
But I said, "I don't need anybody's compassion; he will need my compassion."
He said, "We will have to see what happens. Of course it is my fault, I should not have invited him. I carried the joke too far and risked your career. You may pass in all your written papers but if he fails you, your two years are wasted, and I will never be able to forgive myself."
I said, "Don't be worried at all. This is the first time he is encountering a real philosophy student. He will remember it his whole life."
The examination began; I was called in. I came in .... Of course it is not expected that the professor, the vice-

chancellor and the invited guest will stand up, but I came in and I remained standing.

My vice-chancellor asked, "You may sit down. Why are you standing?"

I said, "I am just looking at three gentlemen who don't know any courtesy. If you cannot pay respect to a human being, you should not expect any respect in return."

That visiting professor was shocked -- hearing this from me, and hearing me talk this way to the vice-chancellor of the university. But the vice-chancellor knew me: he stood up; he said, "I am sorry." My professor stood up; he said, "I am sorry." When those two stood up, the invited guest thought, "It looks odd if I don't stand up," so he stood up and he said, "I am sorry."

I said, "You are all forgiven. Now the real business can be started. But you must have understood what kind of man I am. I have heard much about you -- that you are a hard guy -- so please prove it, because I don't see that you are a hard guy. You stood up for a student and apologized! You are almost feminine, you are not a man."

My Professor Saxena started kicking me, saying,

"From the very beginning you are going off."

I said, "Professor Saxena, this is not good, that underneath the table you are kicking my leg. This is an examination -- you are not supposed to support me, help me, or in any way give me indications. You keep yourself in control."

And I said to the vice-chancellor, "It is up to you to watch, because he loves me too much and he is kicking me so that I don't go off the path. You keep an eye on him so that he does not disturb me, because I am determined to get the zero. This is my life's goal."

Before the examination began I told them everything: "This is my life's goal -- to attain to the state of zero. And Professor Saxena is trying hard that I should not get zero today, but I trust in the invited guest, that he will remain hard and he will do his best -- that means he should do his worst."

So I told my vice-chancellor, "You look at my professor and watch that he does not disturb me, and I will take care of the invited guest." And I asked him, "Now you start. Why are you sitting silent? I am not here to examine you; only I am speaking -- you start!"

He was almost having a nervous breakdown. He must have come prepared -- what to ask, what not to ask -- but he completely forgot. He simply asked me, "How can you explain the distinction between Eastern philosophy and Western philosophy?"

I said, "I do not need to explain it -- because there is no distinction. Who has told you that there is any distinction between Eastern philosophy and Western philosophy? Have you lost your nerve? You cool down, collect yourself; remember what you wanted to ask me.

"Is this a question? Can philosophy be divided into Eastern and Western? Philosophy is literally ... the word means love of wisdom. Now, love of wisdom can exist anywhere; it will be the same love of wisdom. It is an inquiry into truth. Do you think truth is different in the West? Do you think truth changes itself according to the climate, nation, geography?

"I am not here to explain the distinction; first you have to explain to me on what grounds you have asked the

question. You tell me how philosophy can be Eastern or Western. It is such a simple thing."

There was silence for a moment, and I said, "Do you have another question or are you finished? Then give me zero, but remember, that zero is given to you by yourself. You have utterly failed as an examiner, and these two gentlemen are witnesses of it."

That man somehow managed to come out of the shock and he said, "You are right. I had never thought that philosophy cannot be divided, because traditionally it has been divided. "Bertrand Russell has written the history of Western philosophy; Radhakrishnan has written the history of Indian philosophy; Suzuki has written the history of Eastern -- so I simply believed these fellows."

I said, "But a philosopher is not supposed to believe. This is so obvious, such apparent nonsense. Bertrand Russell, Radhakrishnan, Suzuki, all are committing the same mistake: they are dividing something which is indivisible. And everybody goes on accepting it, just because great authorities have written .... Bertrand Russell got his Nobel prize for this book, THE HISTORY OF WESTERN PHILOSOPHY, which is a third-rate book, for the simple reason that from the very title it goes wrong.

"And then to write the history of philosophy is a tremendous job, it cannot be completed in one volume. It will need all the volumes of THE ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA; then too it will be only a very very abridged history of philosophy.

"To write one book and to give two pages to Socrates -- what can you write about a man like Socrates in two pages? Two pages to Heraclitus, two pages to Pythagoras? -- this is

simply unforgivable, this is insulting. The whole book will not suffice even for a single philosopher: Pythagoras, Heraclitus, Socrates, Plotinus -- just a single philosopher will be enough. This is very idiotic, daring. And I have looked into the book -- it is Russell's poorest book, for the simple reason that you cannot put Socrates in two pages."

I am not Socrates, but can you put me in two pages? I will be almost out of it. Yes, you can write the name of my father and the birthplace and the birth date and how many books I have written and a little bit of my life and how the life ends -- but this is not philosophy.

This has nothing to do with Socrates -- where he was born, when he was born. What about his vision, which provoked the whole of Greek orthodox, traditional, conventional people to such a point ... and they were the most cultured in the world.

Jesus' crucifixion can be forgiven because they were not the most cultured people of the world. Judea was an almost non-existential part of the world. Who cared about Judea? Who knew about Judea? And it was a slave country. But Athens was at the peak of its culture, sophistication, intelligence; perhaps nowhere else, in no other time, has any city reached to such a peak of wisdom as Athens reached in the time of Socrates. And I don't think it will be possible again; Athens will remain unique.

Still that sophisticated, cultured, intelligent city decided to poison Socrates. His philosophy must have been a tremendously rebellious vision of life. In those two pages you won't find that rebel anywhere, nor that rebelliousness anywhere.

Bertrand Russell got the Nobel prize for this book, for the simple reason that all the books written by him -- all the other books -- are in some way or other controversial. He himself was a man of great insight, and he was unorthodox, untraditional, unconventional.

He could write a book like WHY I AM NOT A CHRISTIAN. He could write a book, UNPOPULAR ESSAYS, because every topic was against the mind of the society; it was unpopular. He could write SKEPTICAL ESSAYS which show his logical sharpness.
The Nobel prize awarding committee was in a difficulty. Russell was at the peak of his popularity. Not to give him the Nobel prize would be too apparently prejudiced. Fortunately he wrote this HISTORY OF WESTERN PHILOSOPHY which, just being a history, has nothing controversial about it. What controversy could there be? He is simply writing the history, and that too so condensed -- and it has to be condensed. It is a one-thousand-page book, but two thousand years of philosophy, thousands of philosophers, many of whom are not even mentioned .... This was the most uncontroversial thing, and the Nobel prize-awarding committee thought it was a good chance to get rid of Bertrand Russell; give him the Nobel prize for this book -- because he himself was a trouble-creating man. He belonged to a very noble family. He was a lord, but he dropped using the word "lord" before his name "because," he said, "this looks ugly." He was participating in a protest against the government just in front of the House of Lords, where they meet. The police were beating the protesters, and they started beating Bertrand Russell. He fell on the

ground -- and at that time somebody said, "What are you doing! He is a lord!"
The policeman simply started trembling and said, "Please forgive me -- I had no idea that you were a lord."
He said, "No, you have done perfectly well -- I am not a lord. I am protesting against these lords."
Now, this man could get the Nobel prize for a third-class, third-rate book .... Because of the Nobel prize that book became the most prominent of all his books, which are really valuable.
I told that professor, "You also got deceived by the Nobel prize? And you talk to me about Radhakrishnan? Radhakrishnan later on became president of India and his whole fame depended on a book -- two volumes of Indian philosophy. And you will be surprised to know that these two volumes were stolen; they were not written by Radhakrishnan.
It was a thesis of a student. Radhakrishnan was a professor in Calcutta University and the thesis came to him to be examined. He went on prolonging the period for two years. But he was a very prominent figure; nobody could think what was going on underneath.
Within these two years he published his book, INDIAN PHILOSOPHY, in England -- it is nothing but the thesis of that poor boy. You can go on reading pages and pages exactly the same; not even a comma is different. And when his book was published, then the boy was given his doctorate -- just to make it appear Radhakrishnan's book was published first, so nobody could say that he had stolen it; if anyone had stolen anything then that student had.

But that student went to the court, the High Court; the case was in the High Court. " ... Because," the student said, "I produced my book two years earlier in the university. The university is a witness. Other professors -- because three examiners are needed for the thesis -- two other examiners are witnesses. This is my thesis and this is his book. There is no need to judge -- just read.

Pages upon pages, even chapters completely as they are in the student's thesis, are in Radhakrishnan's book; Radhakrishnan must have been in a hurry. It is a big, two-volume book -- must be two thousand pages. He must have been in a hurry; he could not manage .... Otherwise he would have been able to manage to change a few words here and there.

The case was so clear -- but the student withdrew the case from the court before the decision of the court, because he was bribed. Ten thousand rupees were given by Radhakrishnan to the student to withdraw the case. He was so poor that ten thousand rupees in those days was enough. Everybody was puzzled why the case was withdrawn because the case was clear: the boy was going to win. But the boy must have thought, "Even if I win the case I am not going to get anything. Perhaps Radhakrishnan may get punished by the court, but what am I going to get out of it? "Right now I am getting ten thousand ...." And the boy who had written the book was so intelligent, he could not care: he could write ten other books like that.

I told the professor, "You trust Radhakrishnan? You must have known about the case." He said, "Yes, I know about the case. I know about the High Court, and I know that it is

certain theft." "And," I said, "still you think of these people as authorities. You withdraw your question.
"There is no division of Indian philosophy, Eastern philosophy, Western philosophy: philosophy is simply philosophy. If you agree with me you can ask another question."
He said, "I agree with you completely. There is no need for another question."
My professor and vice-chancellor ... now it was their turn to be shocked. They could not believe it because this man gave me a first class, and he said, "This is the only first class I have given in my whole life, and I don't think I will give one again, because I don't think anybody is going to hit me so hard."
He hugged me. He invited me and my vice-chancellor and the professor to come to the cafeteria. He said, "I enjoyed it because for the first time I felt I was really encountering someone; otherwise, students come so afraid, and they go on repeating only what is written in the books. That's why I have never given anybody more than third class. Most of them fail for the simple reason that they are only robot-like, repeating. And here is a student who knows perfectly well that I can fail him, I can harm him, but is not afraid of it at all. That should be the philosophical approach.
"A man of philosophy should be unafraid, and I am giving him first class because of his unafraidness, because I have not asked anything else. One question I have asked which he has dismantled. He has not answered, he has thrown it back on me: I have to answer it."
He was very happy, and later on whenever I used to go to Aligarh, he forced me to stay with him. I said, "You don't

understand: the trouble is I am being invited by the Jains, and if I stay in the Mohammedan's house that creates trouble."

He said, "You can face trouble perfectly well -- that I know -- but you have to be my guest." While he was alive, I was always his guest, and the people who were inviting me were very much concerned because they even started asking me, "Have you dropped vegetarianism too? -- because staying with that Mohammedan, you must be eating with him."

I said, "Yes, I eat with him, but I eat my food. And you will not believe it -- he calls in a brahmin cook to prepare food for me. And the food is far better than you will be able to manage because he takes every care that in a non-vegetarian house I should not feel in any way inconvenienced. He takes so much care that I start feeling a little uncomfortable -- because of his care. I tell him, `You need not worry about me, I can manage things myself,' but he won't listen."

You are saying that in Europe there is a fear that Eastern religions can be very destructive. It is strange to remind you that this idea was given currency by one of the best minds of Europe -- Karl Gustav Jung. He was the first who started saying that Eastern religions are dangerous, particularly for the Western man.

His argument is worth understanding although it is absolutely wrong. His argument was that Western man has developed in a different way; his traditions, his past, his roots are different. And Eastern man has also developed in a different way.

They have grown in such divergent manners that it is just like bringing a mango tree from India and planting it in Europe. It will die, it cannot survive, for the simple reason that the mango tree has millions of years' tradition of a certain climate, a certain temperature, certain rains. It cannot simply change itself, it cannot adjust itself to a new environment.

Many animals in the past have died because climates changed and they could not adjust to the new climate. Many trees have disappeared from the world for the simple reason that the climate changed and those trees could not go anywhere else; they were rooted in the earth.

Only two beings are capable of adjusting to any climate: One is man, the other is the cockroach. And wherever you find man you will find cockroaches; wherever you find cockroaches you will find man -- they are always together. If man goes to the moon, cockroaches will go. They are inseparable companions, and both are capable of adjusting to any situation. Perhaps cockroaches are more capable of adjusting, because man has many scientific, technical ways to adjust himself.

If it is is too cold he can have warmer clothes; if it is too hot he can have air conditioning. Poor cockroaches don't have any technical, any scientific methods with them, but they manage. Certainly they are more capable. Man without all these technical supports would not be able to adjust. If he goes to the Arctic naked, he will die, but the cockroach has to go naked.

Karl Gustav Jung said that religion is such a strong power that if it is not supported by your heritage, by your past, by your tradition, it will simply destroy you, it will uproot you.

It looks logical, and if you think of pseudo-religions, Jung is right. For example, compared with Eastern religions, Christianity, Judaism, or Mohammedanism cannot survive, for the simple reason that they are very immature, very primitive, while the religions coming from the East have reached to the highest possibility of sophistication.
Eastern religions' logic is not primitive, and they have lived longer -- Jainism, for example, for at least ten thousand years. For ten thousand years they have been polishing, and the way they have been polishing ... Christianity has not been polished in two thousand years. Jainism has been continuously arguing against Buddhism, against Hinduism; Hinduism has been arguing against Jainism .... Thousands of treatises of tremendously beautiful argumentation are there.
Great minds like Nagarjuna, Shankara, Ramanuja, Vallabha, went around the country demolishing everything that was not according to their vision. Teachers were roaming all over the country with a challenge to anybody to argue, to discuss. The whole country was in a philosophical turmoil for ten thousand years.
Naturally, out of that turmoil and argumentation and continuous confrontation they sharpened their arguments, they became very subtle. Mohammedanism is only fourteen hundred years old, which is also nothing.
India reached its peak at the time of Buddha and Mahavira; that was five hundred years before Jesus Christ. If you compare Jesus Christ with Gautam Buddha you can see: Jesus looks simply like an illiterate villager who has heard a few things about philosophy and religion, but has no argument to prove them. He is simply repeating the

conclusions, while Buddha will never repeat the conclusion.

Buddha will start from the argument, the very premise. Then he will go through the whole procedure, and in the procedure he will also talk about all other possibilities, and will go on demolishing them, proving that they are wrong. He will not leave chances for anybody. He will take account of all other viewpoints and will demolish them before he reaches his conclusion.

In Indian philosophy it is a basic tenet that when you say something, always say simultaneously, immediately, that which is its opposite. First destroy the opposite; then only declare your conclusion. If you cannot destroy the opposite, then forget all about your conclusion, because anybody can raise the opposite and your conclusion will be lost. It is better that you do it yourself.

So to read a book of Indian philosophy is totally different than reading Kant, Hegel .... They are simply proposing their idea. Hegel is proposing his idea, not at all bothered that this is only one aspect and there are thousands of others. Hence Indian treatises are very complicated. Before you can get to the conclusion of the man you will be puzzled about what is happening, because if he believes in God's existence, he will first demolish all arguments against God; he will not leave a single loophole.

When he has demolished all the opposite viewpoints, all alternative possibilities, only then will he come to his conclusion. It has a solidity. It will be very difficult for you to find something which he has not already criticized. You need a very outlandish attitude like me; otherwise you

cannot manage Indian traditions, their treatises, their philosophies.

What do I mean by outlandish? It happened that I was invited to one of the international Vedanta conferences in Amritsar. The name of Amritsar has just now become world famous because for Sikhs, that is their sacred city, and they have the beautiful golden temple there.

Just now, because they have been trying to become an independent nation, separate from India, thousands of Sikhs have been killed, thousands of Hindus have been killed, and Indira Gandhi has been assassinated. And it continues still: people are being killed. And it will continue, it is not going to stop easily. Amritsar is the stronghold of the Sikh religion, and Sikhs are very fanatic people, but very sincere, very honest.

In India if you need to trust anybody, find a Sikh; you can trust him. All others are cunning: they will promise you but the goods will never be delivered. But when a Sikh promises you, he means it. He will do it even at the cost of his life. They are sincere, they are honest, they are nice people -- but they are very fanatic about their religion. That corner of their mind is completely blocked.

This Vedanta conference was being held in Amritsar. It was a Hindu conference; from all over the world Hindu representatives were there, shankaracharyas, all the great monks were there. In Punjab at that time there was one very famous Hindu saint, Harigiri Maharaj. He inaugurated the conference.

He told a beautiful story that I myself have told many times; it is so beautiful and so indicative. Inaugurating the conference, he said that ten blind men were passing a

stream in the rainy season -- the stream was flooded. They held the hands of each other. It was not very deep, but the current was very strong; so holding each other's hands they reached the other side.

And then one of them said, "Let us count whether we all have come, because we are all blind, nobody can see; if somebody has been taken by the current we will never know."

So they started counting, and of course the number always came to nine because the person who was counting never counted himself. He started with the others and ended with the last man. A very simple fallacy -- the scientists are doing it all over the world. All blind! The scientist counts the whole world; believes, trusts, accepts its existence, except the scientist's own self -- that is left unaccounted for. He is ready to accept anything believable, unbelievable. In physics, in chemistry, in other branches of science -- even if it goes against logic he accepts it, because experimentally, objectively it is there, proved. But if you ask him, "What about your consciousness, your awareness?" he simply tries to explain it away.

He says, "It cannot be proved; hence, I cannot accept it. It cannot be made an object: I cannot put it in a test-tube, I cannot put it on the table, dissect it, figure out what it is, what it is made of, what its constituents are. Unless I can do that I cannot accept it."

Now this is what those ten blind people were doing. Condemning scientists, I had used that story many times, because it so clearly shows that the scientist is leaving himself out of the account: he counts everything but then he

leaves out the most important and the most significant thing.

Harigiri Maharaj told the story, and he said when they counted and found there were nine, they started crying and weeping: "One of our friends is lost."

A man was watching, sitting by the side of the river, and he laughed at the whole thing: "These fools are all there and are crying for someone who is lost. Nobody is lost" -- because he had been watching all these ten coming from the other side to this side. He came close to them and asked, "What is the matter? Why are you crying?"

They said, "We have lost one of our companions in the current."

He looked at them; he said, "How many were you?"

They said, "We were ten and now we are nine."

He said, "You all stand in a line and I will count and teach you how to count. I will slap the first person; he has to say, `One,' then I will slap twice the second person; he has to say, `Two,' then thrice, the third person; he has to say, `Three.' This way I will go on hitting. And when I hit ten times you know you are ten; nobody is lost." And this way he counted. He enjoyed hitting them, and they were very happy being hit because the lost companion was found.

This is Vedanta's attitude, that in the world we go on collecting everything, possessing money, power, prestige, just forgetting ourselves -- but that is the most precious thing.

I was the second person to speak. You know I am crazy, so I said, "This story is just absurd." The whole conference was shocked: This is an ancient Vedanta story and nobody had ever called it absurd, not even those who are against

Vedanta, because they all use it. Jainas use the story, Buddhists use the story. The story is so beautiful, so indicative, that everybody has used it; nobody has condemned it.

And I said, "This is absolutely absurd, for the simple reason: how did these ten blind people come to know that they are ten? Before they entered the stream, did they count? Now I want Harigiri Maharaj to answer me. Did they count before they entered the stream?

"If they counted, then they know how to count. Just by passing the stream they forgot how to count? First they counted themselves -- and just by passing the stream they stopped, all the ten, counting themselves? This story is absolutely foolish; it makes no sense.

"All that I can understand is that somebody else must have told them, `You are ten'; they never counted. Somebody must have told them, `You are ten,' and they believed that somebody else. This is where belief leads. They believed, but they knew not. So when there was nobody and they themselves tried to count, they were in great anguish: one companion was lost.

"This story only proves that beliefs should be completely dissolved from all religious climates. Nobody should believe anybody because in a real situation you will be in trouble. Either know, or know that you don't know.

"If these ten people were not aware that they were ten, there would have been no trouble. If they had not believed somebody else they would have been perfectly happy being nine; there was no trouble. On both the sides they would have counted in the same way. The trouble arose because on one side was the belief, on the other side was

knowledge. And belief falls flat when you encounter knowledge.

"So," I said, "once and for all, this story should be removed from all Vedanta literature."

Harigiri became so troubled, red with anger .... Of course there was no answer, and I said, "If you have any answer, come to the mike and give the answer" -- and there were at least fifty-thousand people gathered for the conference. But what answer could he give? -- he had never thought about it, nobody had ever thought about it. It was so outlandish, out of the way.

Instead of coming to the mike he left the stage, and I said, "This is cowardly, Harigiri -- and you have been known as `the lion of Punjab'! And the way you are escaping from here -- your tail under your legs -- you are proving to be a cowardly dog."

Of course he had thousands of followers there; I had none except myself. There was nobody, and I was for the first time speaking in Amritsar. Still, people were silent, shocked, because what I had said was absolutely logical. Only two persons who must have been very very close to Harigiri shouted, "Shame! Shame!"

They were shouting at me, but -- you know, I said I am crazy -- I said, "Stop! Even if he is a coward, don't do that." They were standing; I said, "Sit down! Although he is a coward, that does not mean that you should start calling, `Shame! Shame!' This is not a moment to humiliate and insult him; he has insulted himself enough already." And those two cowards could not say that they were shouting "Shame!" at me.

I have been moving around India, and in many situations the same was the case. I had to find some very eccentric way to find a loophole. Of course there are always loopholes because whatever man makes -- howsoever foolproof -- you can always find a loophole. No man-made thing can be perfect; even the God-made universe is not perfect, what about man?

But if you compare .... And that's why Jung was afraid. Jung was studying Eastern religions his whole life, and as he became more and more acquainted with them, a great fear arose in him; and the fear was that one day, sooner or later, the East is going to take over the West completely: "Religiously we cannot argue with such sharp, ten-thousand-year-old, very intricate, complicated systems. Our systems in the West are very poor."

There is not a single commentary on Jesus' gospels. In two thousand years Christians have not even written one commentary, for the simple reason that there is nothing to comment on. Jesus was saying things so simple that I became the first commentator on Jesus, because I can make simple statements into complex philosophies.

It is not difficult. It works both ways: you can make very complex philosophy into simple statements; you can do vice versa -- simple statements you can make into a great philosophy.

When I spoke first on Jesus in THE MUSTARD SEED, it was accepted all over the Christian world as something unique, because in two thousand years nobody had bothered; nobody had even thought that there is any philosophy in it.

Philosophy is not something that is ready-made, present anywhere; you have to create it. It does not exist. It is not that you simply open the door and philosophy is sitting there. No need to open the door -- you can simply create the hallucination of philosophy.

Philosophy is just a linguistic game. It is a gimmick. you have only to learn to play with words -- and just being born in India is enough to know the game. It is in the very air. Everybody is talking great philosophy, it is not something rare. Even villagers are talking great philosophy, reading great philosophical treatises.

So when I spoke on Jesus it had nothing to do with Jesus, it had nothing to do with anybody else; I enjoyed playing with words. But it is a very dangerous game. I can play for, I can play against. So when I was playing for, even Christian publishers published my books.

Sheldon Press in London is a Christian publishing house. They published THE MUSTARD SEED and eight other books and, when in one of my talks I said that there are sources which say that Jesus was ugly, that he was four foot five inches high and that he was a hunchback, they freaked out! Their board of directors decided to withdraw all my books immediately.

They withdrew all the books. Our sannyasins told them, "We are ready to purchase all the books at cost price." No, they wouldn't sell them even at cost price, because they would again be back in the market. They sold the books to some shopkeeper who sells old newspapers, old magazines, old books, which are not used for reading, mostly for recycling.

But Poonam, our sannyasin, was behind them, following them; she found the place. She got all those books -- even cheaper because that man was very happy, they were going to be recycled; so all the books are back in the market, and those Sheldon board people are at a loss -- what happened? How did these books, which were recycled ...? This is resurrection! At least Christians should not be worried about such things: things like this happen.

Jung was afraid, and his fear was right, that if Eastern religion comes as a strong wind it will demolish all Western religions and their systems. And it will demolish Western man because Western man is rooted in a different soil, in a different climate, in a different way of thinking. It was Jung who created the fear in the West, then others followed.

But to me, if Eastern religions and their winds can destroy Western religions then they are worth being destroyed, they deserve to be destroyed. No special protection should be given to them. Either they should stand on their own -- they should become more sophisticated ....

Not a single meditation method exists in Western religions -- only prayer. And prayer is not meditation: prayer is a very primitive method. These religions, if they can be destroyed, that's perfectly good; let them be destroyed.

Jung says that Eastern religions will destroy Western religions but he never says Western science will destroy Eastern science. No, that is not his concern. I am happy in both ways: Western science should destroy Eastern science, because Eastern science is not scientific enough; that's why Western science can destroy it.

If you believe in stupid things ... for example in India you can see it often happening. On a hot summer day ... when it is too hot a poor man may have sunstroke, may fall on the ground, go unconscious; and a crowd will gather around. Indians are very efficient in gathering quickly. Where not a single soul was, within seconds you will find a crowd. Nobody is bothered about their work, where they were going, what they were doing: everything stops. And do you know what they do when somebody falls with sunstroke? They put a shoe on his nose to bring him back to consciousness. Now, this is Eastern science!

Jung is a coward. If Western science comes and destroys Eastern science of this type, it should be welcomed. Western science has evolved, Eastern science has not evolved. And whosoever is on a higher pedestal should be victorious.

It is not a question of East and West.

Western science should take over the whole world as far as science is concerned.

Eastern religiousness should take over the whole world as far as religion is concerned.

And that's what I mean when I say science and religion are two aspects of one thing.

The West has worked on the objective truth.

The East has worked on the subjective truth.

The East has poured its whole energy into that dimension, just as the West has poured its energy into the objective direction. Now, both have found great treasures. It is good that they should share their treasures. In that sharing the world will become one; and of course in that sharing much will be destroyed -- in the East and in the West. But it

needs to be destroyed. It has no right to exist. If it cannot face the truth then why go on clinging to it because it is Eastern or because it is Western?

Yes, it is true that if religious consciousness spreads it is going to destroy pseudo-religions. It is going to destroy nations.

There is no need for nations.

The whole world can be governed by one single government -- and that government will be only functional. Let me make it clear to you what I mean by functional. Right now a president of a country is not only functional, he has a status, power. But the postmaster general -- what power has he and what status? He is functional. Of course he is the head of all the post offices of the country. In one world he will be the head of all the post offices of the world -- so what? It is just functional, he is the head clerk.

In the same way, all departments should be functional; and when the world is one, many departments will not be needed -- for example, defense. This takes almost seventy-five percent of the countries' income. Seventy-five percent of the income of the whole world will be simply saved, because there is no need for a defense department. Who is going to attack? -- unless some other planet starts a war against the earth. But I don't see any possibility of that. We have not yet been found by anybody, nor have we been able to find anybody. Signals have been continuously sent for fifty years; from the earth, for fifty years continuously, a few scientific departments have been sending signals to the planets, to the stars, in different ways. But as yet there is no sign that any signal has been received or that anybody

has answered. So there is no question of any other planet creating a war against us.
There will be no defense department -- which is the most destructive department, killing millions of people unnecessarily, because all of the money goes on pouring into more and more death material. Who is interested in life?
Perhaps, except this small commune, in this whole world nobody is interested in life.
Politicians are interested in the other world -- which means after death. Nothing special is going to happen before death, don't waste your time unnecessarily. Simply die, because then the real show begins. What are you doing here? Simply wasting your time. It is not even a rehearsal. Everything begins after death -- heaven, God, eternal life, bliss: everything after death.
Religions are interested in death.
Politicians are interested in death.
Perhaps this is the only commune which is interested in life. Perhaps I am the first religious man who is interested in life here and now.
All other religious leaders, founders, prophets, messiahs, were interested in the other world: "This world is just a punishment, this world is an imprisonment, this world is nothing but humiliation. You have been thrown out of the garden of Eden. To be alive is disgraceful. Pray to God, ask Him, `Please let us be back in the Garden of Eden.' That means you will have to pass through death."
All these nations, religions -- what is their need? If they are interested in death, let them die.

What happened in Jonestown was absolutely Christian, but not even a single person in the world has talked about the fact that it was a Christian phenomenon, that Christianity was its background, that Jim Jones was a reverend, that he was a Christian priest, and the people who followed him simply followed according to the Christian ideology.

Of course, they went to the very logical end. Jesus says to his people: "After death there will be judgment day, and I will be there to pick my people. And only those who are with me will be saved; all others will be thrown into the eternal darkness of hell."

Reverend Jim Jones was continually teaching the BIBLE, Christianity, and of course he was teaching that real life begins after death. And if he convinced those fools, one thousand fools, it is nothing to be surprised at: they were all Christians. The gospel was Christian, and if he convinced them to die with him ... why wait for the judgment day? And on the judgment day there is going to be so much of a crowd -- poor Jim Jones, how is he going to find his one thousand followers? It will be really difficult. The best way is: Jim Jones dies and with him his followers die. And they will reach the gates of heaven with God and Jesus Christ and all the apostles shouting, "Alleluia!" This is far better, quicker.

Other Christians have waited for two thousand years but the judgment day has not come yet. And if you read Jesus, his disciples asking again and again, "When will the judgment day come?" and he says, "Soon." The whole indication is that it is going to happen within your life. Now, twenty centuries have passed; it has not happened. Nobody asks the pope, "What about the judgment day?

Jesus was saying, `Soon.' What do you mean by `soon'?" At least it should be explained how many centuries, how many generations .... "Soon" cannot be extended that much.
But Christian bishops and cardinals and priests are comparing me with Jim Jones. In churches, sermons are delivered and it is said that Rajneeshpuram is going to become a second Jonestown. Now, who is going to say to these fools that this is the only place which cannot become Jonestown? The whole rest of the world can become -- because we are not interested in the afterlife, we are only interested in life here, now.
But strange are the ways of the world! A man like me is compared with Reverend Jim Jones .... I am absolutely for life, so much so that I am ready to drop God, paradise, heaven -- everything! Life is so precious; everything can be dropped for it.
So if a real religiousness spreads and nations disappear -- so far, so good. If religions disappear -- so far, so good. The Western man as Western, dies -- so far, so good, because his death as Western will also mean the death of the Eastern man as Eastern. Those terms are related only to each other: the East cannot exist without West. The death of the Western man will be the death of the Eastern man -- and that's perfectly good.
Then only man remains -- neither Eastern nor Western, belonging neither to this nation nor to that nation. A single humanity rejoicing herenow in this very life, in this, the very lotus paradise ....

From Darkness to Light
Chapter #13

Chapter title: Truth is found in your own boutique
13 March 1985 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
WHY SHOULD RELIGION AND STATE REMAIN SEPARATE?

Religion as such does not exist yet; hence, whatever is known as religion should remain separate from the state for the simple reason that it is not religion -- it is pseudo, fake. You cannot ask the same question in reference to science. Can you ask that science and state should remain separate? Nobody even thinks about science's separation for the simple reason that science exists, has come of age, has contributed immensely to human growth, welfare, health, longevity.
In every possible way science has been a blessing.
Hence, nobody will think of science remaining separate from the state.
Religion has not been a blessing yet.
It has been a curse.
But remember, it is not religion.
It is pseudo-religion.
Christianity, Hinduism, Buddhism, Jainism, Judaism, Mohammedanism -- these are all cults. These are all exploiting humanity in the name of religion. They are not religions at all. They are superstitions.
Of course superstitions should remain separate from the state. What kind of superstition it is does not matter: Hindu,

Christian, Jewish. Superstition of all shapes and sizes should be kept as far away from the state as possible because the state is power, and if superstitions become joined with power they can do immense harm. They are doing immense harm even without the state. They have managed to create power of their own, they have their own generators. That's what is meant by "organized religion".

A religious person has no power.

He is humble. Not that he has practiced humbleness, he simple enjoys being humble. He has simply understood the stupidity and suffering of the ego, and by that sheer understanding, all that nonsense has disappeared. Suddenly he finds himself humble, egoless; he is harmless.

But organized religion is nothing but politics in the name of religion. And the people who organize it are not religious, cannot be. The popes, the shankaracharyas, the imams, the rabbis -- these people are not religious at all for the simple reason that they are full of knowledgeability, while a religious man knows he knows nothing. He knows that existence is so mysterious, there is no way to reduce it into knowledge. He is mystified by existence.

A truly religious person is a mystic.

He is a poet -- not writing poetry, but living poetry.

He is a painter -- not painting on the canvas but painting on his own consciousness continuously.

He is a musician; he may have never touched any instrument but he is continuously playing on his own inner being a music which cannot be translated in any way, cannot be brought from those higher realms of being to the lower, darker valleys of our life.

He is a dancer; he may not move from one posture but his being is in a continual dance.
A religious person cannot be Christian, Hindu or Mohammedan. To be religious is to be so vast you cannot confine it in such small prisons -- churches, sects, creeds, dogmas.
A religious man has no catechism.
He knows love, he knows truth, he knows beauty, he knows authenticity. But he also knows that these values are impossible to express. You can live them, you can be them -- that is the only way of expressing them. But you cannot say. You can show, but you cannot say.
Christians in India asked me again and again, "Why don't you make a small book containing your religious vision, just as we have the Christian catechism?"
I said, "You can, because you are not religious. I cannot, because I am religious. My experience is so vast that no words are capable of containing it."
Religion has not ever existed up to now. Only once in a while has there been a religious person. And whenever there has been a religious person, soon the pseudo-religious people, politicians with religious masks, gathered around. It is not Jesus who created Christianity. It is not Buddha who created Buddhism. It is not Mahavira who created Jainism.
Very strange, almost unbelievable .... Jesus was crucified by the Romans because Judea was a slave country under the Roman empire and what a strange fate, that Rome became the citadel of Christianity! It still remains the citadel of Christianity.
Mahavira fought against Hindus and particularly brahmins, the priestly class among Hindus -- and his religion was

founded by eleven brahmins, all brahmin scholars. He fought his whole life against brahminism, and finally the people who made his religion were no one but the brahmins. And they were perfectly efficient in creating a religion, they had all the experience of ages. They have been, for centuries, the priests ... because in India it is decided by your birth what your profession is going to be. Your profession is going to be just the same as your father's; if he was a shoemaker, you will be a shoemaker, and your children will be shoemakers. This has been going on for ten thousand years. It is very ugly in a way, that there is no freedom of movement, in life you cannot move and change; but in a way, very economical, very efficient economically. Humanly it is ugly, but economically nothing could be better than that ....

A child is born in a brahmin's house: from his very first day he lives in the climate of being a priest. From his very childhood he is being respected by the whole society. He need not be taught, he simply catches it from his climate. By the time he is a young man he knows all the ins and outs of priesthood; when he is initiated into priesthood he is all ready. Economically this is a very perfect arrangement.

So the eleven brahmins who consolidated Mahavira's teachings when he died turned the whole clock backwards. Whatever Mahavira had done they managed to undo -- and in such a sophisticated, intelligent way that not even now, after twenty-five centuries, have Jainas recognized that they have been ruled by the brahmins against whom Mahavira's whole life was dedicated. He fought these same people who have since then been ruling.

The same happened with Buddha. He was not a brahmin, he was a chhatriya, the warrior caste, lower than the brahmin. Brahmin is the highest caste, the warrior is number two in status. And Buddha rebelled against it. He said, "Nobody comes by birth as a brahmin or a warrior or a business man; these things one has to learn. One becomes what one does."

Brahmins were very much against Buddha because the warriors are not supposed to be priests; their duty is to fight. And when Buddha started preaching, this was against the whole tradition -- he was trying to be a brahmin, and he was born a chhatriya. This is pure and simple rebellion. But Buddha was of great charismatic personality. He managed to influence millions of people, and when the brahmins saw that this man could not be destroyed by easy and ordinary means they started organizing Buddha's teachings. They started organizing Buddhism. And when Buddha died the people who wrote his scriptures were all brahmins.

You will be surprised that in India, the priest of the temple where Buddha became enlightened is still a brahmin. For twenty-five centuries the same family has provided the priest of the temple. The temple stands as a memorial of Buddha's enlightenment. But the brahmins who were his contemporaries simply denied that he was enlightened -- to them, except for a brahmin, nobody can be enlightened. Before your enlightenment you will be born as a brahmin. So in your other lives all that you can earn is a life as a brahmin.

From all your good deeds, your morality, your character, this will be your earning -- that you will be born as a brahmin. Then the doors open for you, you can become

enlightened -- but nobody can jump the class barrier. And Buddha did exactly that: he just bypassed the brahmins and entered the world of nirvana. This is impossible, unforgivable! His contemporaries could not accept Buddha as enlightened or a wise man; they thought him just a nuisance, a disturbance. But when he died he left such a tremendous impact on millions of people that brahmins were clever enough to see this was not an opportunity to be missed.

They were not like the Jews, who missed the whole opportunity of Jesus. If the Jews had been as clever as the brahmins, the moment they had crucified Jesus, the second thing would have been to create a religion around Jesus. In both ways they would have profited -- I am using their term.

Nobody would have ever condemned them for crucifying Jesus because they would have been the popes, they would have been the representatives of Jesus. And they could have managed to interpolate all his teachings with Judaism. There was no difficulty; Jesus was a jew, he was speaking in the Jewish language, he was speaking within the Jewish religion. The interpolation would not have been very difficult.

It was very difficult with Buddha. It was difficult with Mahavira because Mahavira was speaking a totally different language. But the brahmins were clever enough to change the whole climate around Mahavira, around Buddha; they created bogus pseudo-religions -- but organized. And they have been exploiting since then. Organized religion is one of the ugliest things that has happened in history. And the state should remain separate

from organized religion, because organized religion is nothing but all kinds of superstitions -- beliefs -- beliefs without any evidence, doctrines, creeds, which go against every scientific discovery and invention. The state should not support any pseudo-religion, any organized religion. That is supporting charlatans, cheats, deceivers, exploiters, parasites.

Let me summarize what I am saying. I am saying: religions should not be mixed with the state because there is no religion yet. And whatever exists in the name of religion is not religion. That brings me to a totally different understanding.

Religion is in the process of birth.

Just as it took three hundred years for science to come of age, if humanity survives, then religion will also come of age. That day it will be sheer stupidity to say that state and religion should remain separate, because it will mean that all which is valuable in life and all that is great in existence should remain separate from the state -- that the state should not be benefited by the enlightened ones, that the state should continue to exist in its dark world of politics, dirty in every possible way, that it should never see the light.

Yes, today I agree that the state should remain separate from religions. Remember, I am saying it should remain separate from religions -- I am using the word in the plural. But when religion comes of age -- religion in the singular, just as science is singular -- then it will be simply stupid to keep state and religion separate.

Then you have to translate religion into what it actually is: then it is love, then it is understanding, then it is silence,

peace. Then it is wisdom, meditativeness; then it is intelligence, pure intelligence.

All these qualities, values, enrich life; they will enrich the state. By the sheer presence of an authentic religion the politicians will start dropping their dirty ways, their cunning policies. They will start feeling ashamed. Religion will function like a mirror, and politicians seeing their own faces -- which they have never seen, because to see your face your need a mirror ....

I have heard that Mulla Nasruddin found a mirror on the street. He looked into it and said, "My God! I never thought that my father had gone to a photographer; that old man, I never thought he was so fashionable. But it is good that although he is dead, at least I have got his photograph." He came home, fearing that his wife ....

Just the way wives are, husbands are; the husband hates not only the wife but all the relatives of the wife. Strange, those relatives have done nothing -- or perhaps they have, because if the father and the mother had not been there in the world, at least this wife would not have been produced. And the wives hate all the relatives of their husbands. Their hatred is so much that only to focus it on the husband is not sufficient; it spills all over.

Afraid that if his wife found the photograph she would burn it immediately, Nasruddin went upstairs in the attic and somewhere managed to hide the photograph -- which was not a photograph at all, just a mirror. But you cannot hide anything from your wife. That has not been possible since there have been husbands and wives. You cannot hide. His wife was doing her work, but seeing from the corner of her

eye that he has brought something, is hiding it in the attic -- "I will take a look at it. Let him first do his thing."
Nasruddin came down. As he came down he passed his wife; she was going up. He said, "Where are you going?" She said, "The same place from where you are coming."
The wife went up and found the mirror. She looked into it and said, "My God! So this is the woman he is after. In his old age, the father of two dozen children -- but I will teach him a lesson. And he is hiding her photograph in my house.
Without a mirror you can't see your face.
The politician has remained dirty, ugly, for the simple reason that he has no mirror. And the mirror is possible only from a higher consciousness. It has to be a mirror of consciousness, no ordinary mirror will do. It is not his physical face which he will see -- it is his corrupted soul.
When the true religion comes of age, religion, without any effort on anybody's part, will become the light of everybody: of the teacher in the schools, in the colleges, in the universities; of the state, of hospitals. A true religion is bound to overwhelm all values of life.
My effort here is to create an unorganized religion.
Hence, I call it religionless religion to emphasize the fact that it is not an organized religion; that I am not your leader, your messiah, your prophet; that I do not bring to you the word of God; that I am not in any way special.
These are the ways of the old pseudo-religions.
Everyone tries to prove that the founder of his religion is the only true messenger of God. God Himself is a fiction, and from that fiction they go on deriving more and more fictions -- the true messenger of God, another fiction. Then the true message from the messenger -- another fiction. It

becomes so complicated that unless you deny God Himself you cannot deny anything; then you have to follow every detail of the whole superstitious structure. And all these religions prove that their book is written by God ....
I am not claiming anything; hence you cannot organize a religion around me.
I am making every effort to create barriers, hindrances, for those who will try to make a religion organized around my teachings.
In the first place it is impossible to find out what my teachings are. Anybody is going to go nuts finding out what my teachings are, because I have not been teaching at all. These are not gospels that I am giving to you, they are simply gossips. Now, have you ever heard of any religion being created around gossips?
I am not giving you a message from God.
I simply enjoy talking, I love it!
In India, my dentist used to tell me, "At least when I am working on your teeth you should stop talking." Just five minutes work takes two hours! -- because the poor fellow had to stop. Of course he is my disciple so he could not tell me to stop, to shut up. I say that many times to him while he is doing dentistry -- it is, of course, difficult to do dentistry on me -- I tell him many times, "Shut up!" If his gas is not running well I tell him, "Hit the cylinder!" And he has to hit it, because I insist, "You hit the cylinder." And he was surprised that by hitting it, it works.
My dental nurse was also there. I always have a woman there in case I need some support -- then I cannot rely on a man. So I go on telling her, "Keep an eye on the doctor. Don't listen to him, listen to me because I am your Master.

He is not your Master." So the poor nurse has to listen to me!

They could not talk loudly because I would hear, and they had to talk while I was talking, to discuss what to do -- the work had to be done. So they started whispering. I said, "No whispering at all! At least in front of me, no affairs, no whispering. Speak clearly so that I can hear what is going on."

So my dentist was saying, "With you talking it takes two hours, three hours." He said, "You say all kinds of things." There was a time when he started taking notes -- what else to do? "If he insists on talking and won't allow me to work, it is better to take notes of what he is saying -- they may be useful later on." He has compiled a whole book -- it will be coming soon. It must be a unique book in the whole history of mankind: a man talking under dentistry, in the dentist's chair. People want to escape from the dentist's chair -- I enjoy it.

I simply love talking.

It does not matter what I am talking about. What matters is, that I am talking and you are listening. The essential religion happens there, in my talking and your listening. In that meeting, the essential religion happens.

So you cannot find out any teaching. You cannot reduce it to ten commandments -- do this, don't do that. That kind of thing you cannot find because one day I will say, "Do this," and another day I will say, "Don't do this." It is impossible to manage all my contradictions.

It is easy with Jesus, because what contradictions can there be in just those four gospels -- which are not even four -- just one gospel written by four persons, each a little

different version of the same thing. What contradictions? And he is not a man of logic who will think in contradictions or talk in contradictions. He is not attuned to the very deep esoteric traditions of religion, which talk in paradoxes. His teaching is simple, so you can make a catechism, you can organize a church.

With me it is going to be tremendously difficult, impossible. I want it to be impossible because I want you to remain individual religious persons. If you are together here, that is just a friendly togetherness, not a commitment; not in any way are you sacrificing your freedom, your independence, your individuality.

How can you organize a religion around a man who teaches you disobedience, rebellion?

All these teachers are responsible; although others organized the religion, these teachers are responsible. If I meet Mahavira and Buddha or Jesus or Mohammed, I am not going to forgive them so easily. They cannot just use the excuse: "When we died others organized the religion." I will tell them, "But you left the message in such a way that it could be organized. Who is responsible for that? You should have made arrangements to make it impossible to be organized."

If there had been no organized religion on the earth we would have seen a totally different flowering of humanity. A different fragrance would have been there on this earth, not this stink that you can see everywhere, in every church, in every temple, in every mosque, in every synagogue. It is through organization.

Organization immediately becomes power.

Now, six hundred million Catholics organized under one leader -- it is power. Otherwise the pope is just an ordinary polack. But the crowd that follows him ... and the crowd is following Jesus Christ -- and not even Jesus Christ; the crowd is following God .... It is a very strange game. They can't see God's back, whom they are following. They can't even see Jesus' back, whom they are following. They can see only this polack pope. But he consoles them by telling them, "I am directly connected to Jesus, to God." These people have direct phone lines.

I don't have any phone, not even a phone line from here to Jesus Grove, what to say about Jesus and what to say about God? I have no phone lines, for the simple reason that I don't want to be disturbed by these people. But all these religious leaders in some way implied that they have a direct connection with the ultimate source of life and existence.

I don't have any direct connection with any ultimate source of life.

I have only a connection with the immediate life -- not the ultimate, the immediate.

My whole emphasis is herenow.

This very moment is all to me.

You cannot create a religion around me.

You can dance around me, you can sing around me, you can paint around me. You can do a thousand things around me, but you cannot do politics around me. And if you do then you are an idiot. Then you are simply wasting your time, you are in the wrong place. If you want to play politics, be somewhere else. Here, finally you will realize

that you wasted your time, this was not the place for politics.
My religion is only a quality, a religiousness.
This is the problem for politicians to understand. They think that here in our city, state and religion are mixing. They are absolutely wrong. There, state and religiousness are one, not mixing; there is no question of mixing. What do you mean by mixing? In Washington they are mixing, in Salem they are mixing. Here, they cannot mix -- here, they are one, because here religion is not Christianity, is not Hinduism.
Here, religion is only a silence of the heart.
Now, won't you allow a teacher to teach silently, peacefully, joyously? Won't you allow a teacher to have these religious qualities? Won't you allow the school to have the climate of love? Of truth? Of sincerity? Of so much authenticity that work becomes worship? Won't you allow a school to be religious in this sense?
Then you don't understand education, you don't understand religion, you don't understand anything at all. You don't even understand the basic meaning of the word "education." The attorney general of Oregon needs to look in the dictionary for the basic meaning of education. To me he seems to be absolutely uneducated, illiterate.
The word "education" means drawing out whatsoever is the potential of the person. Educating means "drawing out," just the way you draw water from a well. The water is there, already there; you have to draw it out, then you can quench your thirst. The word "education" means drawing out. And drawing out truth from a man -- which is there, just laying, it has to be awakened; drawing out love --

which is there, it has to be mined; drawing out authenticity, compassion -- which are all there; somebody just has to knock at the right door.

This is religion:

Knocking at the right doors of human potentiality.

My teachers will be religious, my students here will be religious, because to me religion is not something that is only on Sunday; for one hour, you become religious in the church.

Just today Vivek gave me a cream -- she felt that some rough skin had come on my face. I looked at the cream and I really enjoyed what was written on it. Cream apart, what was written on it was, "Seventh Day Scrub." Great! It is the name of the cream -- "seventh day scrub cream." Six days you work, seventh day you scrub.

I said, "This cream is religious. And if the attorney general of Oregon comes to know about this cream mixing with people's faces ... but that's what God must have done: used the seventh day scrub. Six days creating the world, naturally he must have collected all kinds of dirt, and needed a good scrub. My religion is not seventh-day scrub cream.

To me religion is not something separate from life -- or separable.

You are religious or you are not. It is not that for one hour per week you become religious, that is impossible. That is almost like saying that every Sunday for one hour you breathe, and then for six days no more breathing, because you have to do other kinds of work. Breathing continues seven days, day in, day out. Even when you are asleep the breathing continues.

My sannyasin is religious even when he is asleep. Even when he is dying he is religious because religion is a new way of the heart beating in tune with existence. When your heart starts beating in harmony with existence, you feel an at-one-ment with the trees, with the rocks, with people, with animals. You start feeling a relatedness. You are part of an organic mystery, and you are so filled with this mystery that whether you are a mayor or governor or a president does not make any difference.

If the president is allowed to breathe, if the president is allowed to live, if he is allowed to have his pulse continue and his heart continue to beat, won't you allow his innermost core, his being to be in tune with existence, to pulsate with existence? In fact that should be the most basic requirement for anybody to be the president of a country.

In my city everything is religious, but religious in my sense. I am changing the whole meaning of religion. No religion is being taught in the school -- nobody is taught that there is a God, that Jesus Christ is His prophet. Nothing is taught but we live religiously, we walk religiously, we eat religiously. You cannot stop it.

A state has no value compared to such religiousness. We can sacrifice everything for it, but we cannot sacrifice this religiousness. This is our very life. And it is a question of twenty-four hours a day. There is no possibility of dividing, so that from eleven to five you are mayor, so you are not religious -- at eleven you put your religion in the suitcase and lock it so that it is not stolen, then go to the office. This is sheer nonsense, and the people who go on talking this way are continually doing the same stupid thing -- which is not happening here.

This attorney general is going to take the oath on THE BIBLE. I would like my commune to fight this man to the Supreme Court. Drag him, ask him, "Why THE BIBLE? The case is secondary, first the oath has to be considered. Why THE BIBLE? Why in the name of God? If this is not mixing religion with state then what will be? First prove God; otherwise it is a superstition."

We don't mix. Even if God comes here to Rajneeshpuram I don't think any of my sannyasins are going to mix with Him. He will be just an outcast. Just the idea that He thinks He is God will be enough for my people to laugh and tell Him, "You get lost."

Take an oath on THE BIBLE? -- why? THE BIBLE is full of lies, and you are taking an oath to remain truthful, on a book which is full of lies! You can ask any scientist; the book is full of lies. The earth is flat in THE BIBLE -- and you are taking an oath on flat earth! In the very oath you are lying; the earth is not flat.

Or you take the oath in the name of God, whom you have never seen. The judge has no idea who this guy God is. Why can't you be simply human? If you really want to say truth, say it! If you don't want to say truth, don't say it. That is the business of the whole court, to find out that it is a lie. The oath makes no sense. For what does the court exist? The juries, the judges, the advocates of the other party, they will all find out whether it is true or not.

Asking you to take oath .... In India once I was in a court. I refused to take the oath; I said, "I cannot take an oath in the name of God. I don't know this fellow. First you have to produce Him, I must see Him. Who is this fellow on whose name I am taking an oath? And why should I take an oath

on the name of somebody to whom I have not even been introduced?
The judge said, "Okay, then on the SHRIMAD BHAGAVAD GITA?
I said, "The SHRIMAD BHAGAVAD GITA? -- which is full of lies and statements of a man, Krishna, whom you cannot trust, who has broken his own promises, who was not a man of his word." He said he would not fight in the Mahabharat war, he would only be a charioteer. That was his promise given to the other party -- because both parties had approached him and asked him, "Fight for our side." But he was a very clever and cunning man.
He was having an afternoon nap when Arjuna and Duryodhana, the heads of both the parties, reached there. Duryodhana was a very haughty and egoistic type of man. He sat near the head of Krishna. Arjuna was humble; he sat near the feet of Krishna, so naturally Krishna's eyes first saw Arjuna. And he said, "Why have you come?"
Arjuna said, "Not only I -- my brother Duryodhana is also there, sitting behind your head. We both have come -- I have come to ask you to participate in the war from my side, and he has come to request you to participate from his side."
Krishna was very clever, he was a politician par excellence. He said, "Because I saw you first, you have the choice. I give you this choice: Both of you are my relatives, both are my friends; from one side I will fight, from another side my army will fight. You can choose."
Duryodhana was very much afraid; he was just a stupid type of man, he could not understand subtler things. He thought, "Now Arjuna will choose the army." Krishna had

the biggest army, the most sophisticated, technically-equipped army. "He will choose the army, what will I do with Krishna? It is already finished." But Arjuna chose Krishna.

Arjuna said, "This is my good fortune that you gave me the chance to choose -- I was afraid .... I choose you; Duryodhana can have your army."

Now Duryodhana became a little alert -- there seems to be something fishy! Arjuna is so happy choosing Krishna alone, leaving the whole army, the biggest in the world at that time, to Duryodhana. Duryodhana said, "This is not fair because you alone are more important" -- this was all lies. "You alone are more important than your whole army. We will miss you. Without your guidance what are we going to do with your army? I want one promise more: you will not fight."

It was known, it was the myth, that Krishna had a divine wheel, a chakra, which was invisible ordinarily. But whenever he wanted, he could materialize it. That chakra moved around his finger, and he could throw it at anyone; wherever that person was, the chakra would cut off his head. It did not matter -- miles apart, maybe in a crowd, it did not matter; that was his divine power.

Duryodhana said, "We know that your chakra alone is enough, it can cut off anybody's head. So I want a promise. The army you have given to me -- what about your arms, because that chakra is with you." Krishna promised that he would not use it, but he did use it.

"Now, you ask me to take an oath on this man's book, who could not keep his own word? I cannot."

The judge said, "Then the only way is the constitution of India."

I said, "That is absolute nonsense. Those politicians -- most of them I know -- are the ugliest, the greatest hypocrites. Nobody can lie more efficiently than they can. And this constitution goes on being amended every day. You want me to take an oath on a constitution made by politicians, which needs amendments every day? Just be a little more respectful about truth. Can't you simply trust me? -- you can trust my oath. This seems to be stupid: you can trust my oath -- as if an oath has some miraculous power -- and you cannot trust me! Just trust me.

And what is your business here? So many jurors, twelve jurors, three judges, and the opposite party's advocates -- what are you all doing here? If I simply say the truth then what is your business here? What are you trying to find out?

This is going to happen, because there is a case .... My secretary asked to argue against the attorney general herself, and the court has permitted it. Now there is great agitation. If they are afraid of her -- and these people think themselves bigshots, they are nothing but used cartridges! There is nothing inside, they are hollow. Yes, she will be enough to put them right.

In every school Christianity is being taught. In every possible way it is stuffed down the throat of every child directly, indirectly. The government, even the parliament, begins with prayer to God. I wonder how do you find so many fools to fill the parliament? And nobody asks, "Why this prayer to God?"

Democracy is for the people, of the people, by the people.

From where comes this God? -- he is not people. This despotic God, a dictatorial God, who believes in dictating, believes in giving commandments -- you are praying to Him in a democracy, and still you think you are keeping religion and state apart!

Only in this place does your kind of religion not exist, so there is no question of mixing them. Here exists a totally different quality of religiousness which is one with all that we do. We eat religiously, we drink religiously; what can we do about it? We do everything religiously -- we even breathe religiously.

And that is my whole effort, that each of your actions should have the quality, the fragrance, of godliness.

Our religion is an inquiry into truth, and it is an eternal inquiry. In life, in death, in everything, the inquiry is to continue. So if our people are in a state they can't stop their inquiry. And their inquiry is going to enhance the state and its status. Their inquiry is not against Christians or Hindus or Mohammedans or anybody, nor is their inquiry for anybody. Their inquiry is for truth.

And the greatest thing about truth is that when you find it, you are simply amazed that it was hidden in the inquirer himself.

Just two days ago, two things happened. I was looking for a toothpaste that is not available here but was available in India, and a few other things. Suman, who is in charge of our boutique, phoned almost all over the world, because they have stopped producing that toothpaste in India; but the same company exists all over the world -- it is a Swiss company. So she was phoning all over the world.

As a few other things were needed, so she was looking for some oil, and other things -- and Rafia, who is sitting here, found the toothpaste in the boutique! It was not found anywhere in the whole world. I said, "That's really great!"
Then the second day it happened that Vivek was looking for a blanket for me, and she said it was needed within two days. So they phoned the manufacturer, and he said, "Two days will be too soon, it will take at least seven days." So Suman asked, "You must have an agent in Oregon; you can give us the address and we can find it from there." They gave her the address -- and it was the address of our boutique, Rajneeshpuram. We are the only agent of that company in the whole of Oregon!
Now Suman could not say to him, "I am phoning you from the same boutique." She simply said, "Okay we will try your agent."
The inquiry into truth is almost like that. You look all around the world and finally you find it in your own boutique. And it is not something that is in any way against democracy. Inquiry for truth or inquiry for great consciousness or inquiry for greater love -- in what way are these things against the state? And if these things are against the state then you should teach in every school hatred, unconsciousness, lying, deceiving, cheating; that will be true education.
Then every politician should declare that he is a cheat, hypocrite, deceiver, mean, because these are qualifications for being a good politician, and these are qualifications for being in power. A man of love, a man of truth, a man of sincerity is disqualified.

If this commune becomes illegal, that means truth is disqualified, honesty is disqualified, love is disqualified. Then everything of value is illegal, and all that should be criminal becomes legal, political, approved by the state. This case is going to be of decisive importance. That man, the attorney general, does not know it, but unknowingly he has put his head into a nest of bees. He will repent his whole life because we are not going to leave things so easily. We have the right to define religion in our own way; nobody can prevent us. If Christians can define their religion in their way, and the Hindus can define their religion in their way, and every other religion is allowed to define things, why are we not allowed to define things in our own way?

For us, there is not God. But there is godliness -- just a quality, a presence.

For us there is not heaven or hell. But there are heavenly moments, hellish moments -- and they depend on you. They are not geographical. It is not that you enter hell or heaven; it is that you create hell or heaven for yourself. And it is up to you at anytime to change.

For us, religion has nothing to do with any creed or cult, with any holy book.

Vivek was just asking me, "Why are your discourses called `The Rajneesh Bible'?"

They are called "The Bible" just to make it clear to the whole world the "bible" simply means the book, it does not mean the holy book. That's why you say "bibliography". Is there anything holy in a bibliography? A bibliography simply means a list of books. It is really just "the book",

and I want it to be clear to the whole world that a bible has nothing to do with holiness.
I am not a holy man because to me the word "holy" seems so phony, so bogus that I would prefer just to be a human being. Just to be a human being is so grand, so great; there is nothing greater than that. But strangely, man has been trying to become God. Rather than trying to become man he had been trying to become God. God he cannot become because there is no God, and nothing like God is possible. But in making the effort to become God and trying hard to rise higher, he falls, is bound to fall. And when he falls, he falls below the human being. That's where all your religious people have fallen, your so-called holy men and saints and sages. Trying to become God they have fallen even from being human beings, they have become subhuman.
Our effort is just to be alive human beings.
This is our religion.
And there is no question of mixing because they are not two for us.
In each of our acts we are totally present. We don't leave anything out of it, we are totally in it.
Whether the city remains legal or illegal does not matter. What matters is that we are going to define religion for the first time in the right way.

From Darkness to Light

Chapter #14
Chapter title: The best government is no government
14 March 1985 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
WHAT IS THE BEST GOVERNMENT?

No government.
The very idea of somebody governing somebody else is inhuman.
Government is a game, the ugliest and the dirtiest game in the world.
But there are people in the lowest state of consciousness who enjoy it: these are the politicians. The only joy of a politician is to govern, to be in power, to enslave people
The greatest desire of all those who have reached to the peaks of consciousness has been the dream that one day we can get rid of all governments. That day will be the greatest in the whole history -- past, present, future -- of man, because getting rid of all governments will mean destroying the ugliest game, the game the politicians have been playing for centuries.
They have made man just a chess piece, and they have created so much fear, fear that without government there will be anarchy, disorder, chaos ... everything will be destroyed. And the strangest thing is that we go on believing this nonsense.
Just look at the past five thousand years. Can you conceive that if there was no government at all in the world things would have been worse? In what way? In three thousand years, five thousand wars have been fought. Do you think more would have been possible without government -- that more chaos was possible, more crime was possible?

What have these governments done? They have not done anything for the people except exploit them, exploit their fear, and set them against each other. A continuity of war somewhere or other on the earth is almost an absolute necessity for politicians to exist.

Adolf Hitler, in his autobiography, has many insights; and he is a man worth understanding because he is the purest politician -- I mean, the dirtiest. He says that war is an absolute necessity if you want to remain in power. If you cannot create war people start thinking of you as nobody. Only in wartime are heroes born.

He is right. Just think of all your heroes -- what would they be without wars? Who would Alexander the Great be? Who would Napoleon Bonaparte be? Who would Winston Churchill be? Who would Benito Mussolini be? Joseph Stalin? Adolf Hitler himself?

These people have become heroes of great importance. The bigger the war the bigger the heroes it creates.

Hitler says that if you cannot create war then at least continue to propagate the idea that war is coming. Never leave people in peace, because when they are in peace, you are nobody. They don't need you; your very purpose is not there. They need you when there is danger. Create danger. If there is not real danger, at least create the climate of a false danger.

The American fear of the Russians, the Russian fear of the Americans -- it is nothing but a game of the politicians. People themselves are exactly the same all over the world -- they don't want to be killed in wars and they don't want to kill others in wars. But the politician cannot exist without wars. Hence I call it the dirtiest game -- because it depends

on human blood, the bloodshed of millions of innocent people.

When I say no government is the best government I know perfectly well that perhaps it will not ever be possible. But it is better to have dreams that are impossible but are of some higher consciousness, of beauty, love. Perhaps if the idea goes on existing, some day we may come close to it. We may not be able to achieve it in its totality -- hence I say, the closest to no government is one government, which is not impossible. And after one government, no government becomes very possible.

Try to understand the idea. When I say one government, then politics loses much juice. When there are so many presidents in the world and so many prime ministers and kings and queens, and everybody is trying to prove himself the greatest, the game has some juice. When there is one government then it becomes functional; there is nobody against it.

The whole joy of politics is in "the enemy." When there is no enemy, then you are just working like the Red Cross Society or the organization of post offices or railways or aeroplanes. Do you know who is the head of the organization that runs the railway trains in America? There is no need, he is just a functional head.

And when there is one government we can make it a Rotary Club. There is no need for anybody to remain a president for four or five years. A few weeks will be enough; enjoy four weeks and then rotate. There is no problem in it. So every part of the world is represented; sometimes their person is the president. But by the time the world comes to

know, he is no longer the president. And when it is a Rotary Club people lose that desire, the will to power.
One government means that nations disappear.
In fact there is no validity for nations; they are simply a calamity.
In Ethiopia people are dying of starvation; in Europe they are throwing foodstuff into the ocean because they have so much that if they continue to keep it then prices in the market will go down; and prices have to be kept going up. The only way is to get rid of it. So much is being thrown away that just to throw it in the ocean one hundred thousand dollars are needed -- just for the labor of throwing it into the ocean.
This is a mad world. Ethiopia is so close to Europe -- for one hundred thousand dollars all that stuff could have reached Ethiopia. And it is not a small amount: three million tons of tomatoes and eight million tons of other foodstuff.
Can you believe human beings can be so inhuman when people are simply starving and dying just because there is no food in their country? For four years there have been no rains; even the moisture in the air has disappeared. People don't have water to drink -- they are dying of thirst. And you are throwing food in the ocean!
This is what your nations have been doing.
In India people have been dying of starvation .... Russia is one of the friends of India, and they have a treaty for almost the next fifty years, sixty years, that they will never fight against each other. And anybody who is an enemy of India will be an enemy of Russia, or the enemy of Russia

will be the enemy of India. This way they have lived for thirty years.

But all these treaties, all these contracts, are one thing; reality is totally different. Yes, if there is a war, Russia will help; but if Indians are dying of starvation it has nothing to do with the friendship. What kind of friendship is this?

In Russia they were burning wheat instead of coal in their trains because they had surplus crops of wheat, and coal was costlier than wheat. India could have given them as much coal as they wanted, and India needed wheat. But that is none of the concern of anybody else, that is your business; you take care of your country.

Nations are creating walls between human beings. Otherwise the earth is still capable of supporting beautiful, healthy life. And science has provided all the means so that there is no need for anybody to die of starvation, of sickness. There is a possibility that life can be extended to at least three hundred years avery easily. In fact scientific research shows that intrinsically there is no reason why a man should die, because his body is made in such a way that it renews itself continuously. If it can renew itself for seventy years, why not seven hundred years? Or why not seven thousand years?

It is only a question of time -- the mechanism is there. Perhaps there is need of a little scientific help to reprogram the inner system of the body. It has been programmed by nature for seventy years; the program can be changed, and the body will follow any program that is given to it. But nations will not allow this to happen.

It is strange, in India right now thousands of people have been killed in Punjab -- just a political game, and people don't mean anything to politicians.
The Sikhs in Punjab want their state to become an independent nation. I don't see anything wrong in it. If that's what Sikhs want, then who are you to prevent them? What right have you got to prevent them? If they want to become an independent nation they should be welcomed into the community of nations. India should not create trouble for them. That's what India has been doing: killing thousands of Sikhs. Why? -- because India should remain united. But why? What is the value of remaining united, for what?

The same game has been going on a long time. In 1930 Mohammed Ali Jinnah said that Mohammedans want an independent nation. Mahatma Gandhi continued in every direct and indirect way to spread the idea that India should remain united. But why? As if unity in itself has some value!
Just look behind it. India should remain united because in unity is power -- and in power is the whole of politics. The bigger the country is, the more powerful it is against the neighbors; and the people who rule the country, they are also more powerful.

Of course Jinnah was a very cunning and clever politician -- just the right person to oppose Mahatma Gandhi: otherwise it would have been very difficult for Mohammedans to get a separate country. Gandhi's whole politics was, that the country remain one: Hindus and

Mohammedans are all brothers. But these are just words of absolute meaninglessness ....

When Gandhi's own son became converted to Mohammedanism he was so angry that he abandoned him. What happened to Hindu-Mohammedan brotherhood? If they are brothers then there is no conversion. Just from this house the son has gone to another house -- there is no problem. Gandhi should have welcomed it. But he forgot; for a moment the real Hindu came in, the politician's mask slipped. He never saw the face of his own son again.

He instructed his family that when he died, his eldest son should not put fire to his body -- which is the traditional way in India: the eldest son puts fire when the father dies. Haridas was his eldest son, but he had become a Mohammedan. Now, if Hindus and Mohammedans are brothers, Haridas has done really a very Gandhian act; Gandhi should have been happy. But no, Haridas was not allowed .... He was following at the end of the procession of Mahatma Gandhi after he was shot.

All his brothers, the leaders, the president, the prime minister, the cabinet ministers -- they were all with the body of Mahatma Gandhi. Haridas was just in the crowd, tears in his eyes, nobody even bothering about him, that he is the eldest son. He was standing by the side at the funeral when the fire was given, tears in his eyes. But Gandhi was very strict in his orders: "He should not be allowed even to touch my dead body." Haridas simply touched the ground and disappeared into the crowd.

Why did Gandhi want India united? One thing was certain: Hindus are the majority in India, so if India remains united, Hindus will remain in power. That is obvious. A Hindu will

be the prime minister, a Hindu will be the president; Hindus will be in every high post. Mohammedans cannot compete.

In a democracy the majority decide who is to rule, and that's why Jinnah insisted, "We cannot live with Hindus because to live with Hindus means to live under their rule. We can never be in power." That was his politics: to be in power.

He wanted to be in power, and with Hindus it was impossible. Gandhi was a very clever politician, so clever that he almost deceived the whole world into thinking he was a religious man. He tried to bribe Jinnah too. He made an offer to Jinnah: "You will be the first president of India -- that is my promise."

Jinnah said, "I can understand, and I trust your word -- I may be the first president, but then what? I cannot remain in power forever; the majority can throw me out any day. And even if I am the president I am not really in power, because I don't have the support of the majority of the country. Just you are making me the president; you are the king-maker, you are still higher than me." Without the country's support a single man's vote is making him the president!

"But," he said, "it is not a question of my being president; what about my people? Once you are dead, I am dead; Hindus will be ruling forever -- and we cannot accept this. We are descendants of rulers, we have ruled over India for two thousand years; before the Britishers we were the rulers. Now after the Britishers we are not going to be slaves. We need a separate country."

The Britishers were playing their game too. They had no interest in Hindus or Mohammedans or Sikhs. Their interest was, if these three go on fighting among themselves, they remain in power. Their simple plea was there -- a very British type of politics, very nice. Even if they kill you, they kill you with a smile. Their politics was simple. They said, "We are ready to leave the country, we are ready to make you independent, but first you decide: to whom are we to leave the country? In whose hands? You are not united. We cannot leave the country in chaos." Just understand the politician's strategy: "We cannot leave you in chaos, in disorder. You first get yourself together." Even in 1930 Sikhs were asking for a separate, independent country. Their leader was Master Tarasingh, a very fanatic Sikh and a very powerful politician. Kashmiris also wanted to have their own country. They have a very strong politician, Sheikh Abdullah, who has ruled Kashmir for almost half a century.

He wanted Kashmir to be a separate country. He said, "We don't want to be part of Pakistan, because in Pakistan we will be lost, and we have the paradise of the earth in our hands; we don't want this paradise to be lost, to fall into anybody's hands. We don't want to be with India either, because wherever we are we will be a minority and we will be lost." His politics was to remain independent; then he would be in power.

If I had been there in 1930 I would have said, "Give Mohammedans what they are wanting -- that is their right, to rule themselves." And if in 1930 Pakistan was given to Mohammedans, there would have been no violence at all,

because there was no violence in 1930, no riots; Hindus and Mohammedans were not killing each other.

This whole thing came into being between 1930 and 1947 because Jinnah and Gandhi went on fighting more and more, and the fight started spreading to the masses. Jinnah started provoking Mohammedans against Hindus, and the British government went on supporting Jinnah in every possible way so that he remained strong, even though he was just a minority.

In seventeen years everything changed. So much violence happened -- and this whole violence happened because of this messiah of non-violence, Mahatma Gandhi.

It would have been so simple to give Mohammedans the parts of the country where they were in the majority. They were not asking anything irrational. They don't want to live with you -- who are you to force them to live with you? Their religion is different, their language is different, their culture is different. In every possible way they are a separate entity, they have their own individuality. Allow them.

And if in 1930 it had been allowed, there would have been no violence; Pakistan and India would have remained friendly. It is because of Mahatma Gandhi that it was not possible to separate in a friendly way. The violence became necessary.

India was partitioned. It was absolutely clear to anybody who had eyes that you could not stop it. Gandhi had said, "I will allow India to be divided only over my corpse" -- but even that could not prevent it. India was divided, and he forgot completely that it was being divided without his corpse.

Politicians don't have good memories. They cannot afford good memories. They have to go on forgetting their own promises.

And after the partition there was even more violence, because once both the countries were separate, with their own armies, and the British government was gone ... there was more violence because Mohammedans were moving to Pakistan. It must have been the greatest movement since Moses moved from Egypt -- but that was not this big. Millions of Mohammedans moved from India to Pakistan. But it was not any easy thing -- trains were burned, people were killed. To pass thousands of miles and enter Pakistan was not easy because those thousands of miles were Hindu territory. And the same was happening in Pakistan on even a bigger scale -- because Hindus are not very efficient in killing; they have not killed for at least five thousand years. It needs a certain expertise; Mohammedans are far more expert.

In Pakistan they completely demolished the Hindus -- completely! Only a very few people could escape. In India many Mohammedans were killed but still India remains the biggest Mohammedan country in the world. Again, the same politics ....

Mohammedans claim their religion says that every Mohammedan is allowed to marry four wives." To interfere with their religion means danger, immediate riots all over the country, so you cannot. Although the constitution says that one man can marry only one woman, Mohammedans continue to marry four women. Nobody can prevent them. And this is their political game.

You can understand: if four men marry one woman they can produce only one child in a year. Four men or forty men, that does not matter -- if the woman is one, only one child will be produced. Perhaps with one man it is easier; four men may mess around and kill the child. But one man and four women -- then there can be four children very easily, there is no problem. While Hindus will be producing only one child, Mohammedans will be producing four; they are increasing four times every year.

It is politics -- in the name of religion. Again Mohammedans will be in a position to ask for another country -- and they will ask. Sikhs have been asking for almost half a century. They should have been given one, there is no problem in it. Why insist on the unity of the country? When the people themselves don't want to remain united, who are you to force unity? And can unity be forced?

Now thousands of Sikhs have been killed, thousands of Hindus have been killed, Indira Gandhi has been assassinated -- and Punjab is in the same situation. Not a single bit has changed: Punjab is still asking to be independent; the Indian army is sitting all over Punjab. How long can you do that, and for what purpose?

If somebody asks me, I will say, "Give it to them, it is their country; if they want to be independent, let them be independent. If Bengalis want to be independent, let them be independent also. If South India wants to be independent, let it be independent also."

Naturally, the leaders of India will say that means India will disappear. So what! -- let it disappear. I don't see any problem. What is the problem? Nothing disappears: people

will be there in Pakistan, people will be there in Punjab, people will be there in Bengal, people will be in South India -- just the name, India, will disappear. Let it disappear!

People will be living -- but you are more interested in names than in people, in living people. People don't mean anything, names mean much. But it is not the name -- it is a question of the leaders who are leaders of a great country becoming leaders of small states, small countries with no power.

The same is the situation of those who are asking for their own countries, to be independent. If Sikhs are asking, what is the problem? The problem is that Punjab was a big state; then half of Punjab went to Pakistan because half of Punjab had a Mohammedan majority, so Punjab became halved. Then this continuous quarrel started .... While there were Mohammedans, there was no conflict between Hindus and Sikhs. They were one -- against Mohammedans. You see the game of politics?

The enemy of the enemy is my friend. But when the enemy disappears, what happens to the friend? Sikhs and Hindus were friends, brothers; they had never thought of being separate because of the Mohammedans: they had to fight the Mohammedans.

Once half of Punjab had gone to Pakistan, suddenly they became aware that "we are Hindus and you are Sikhs" -- and the fight started. Then Punjab had to be divided again into two states, into Punjab and Hari Ana. Hari Ana became a Hindu state -- the majority of its population is Hindu -- and in Punjab Sikhs became the majority of the population.

It is now one fourth of the original Punjab, but there is a danger, because now the Sikhs are in the majority, and the Sikh leaders think, "Unless we are an independent country .... We have no chance to become leaders of the whole of India; we will always remain a very small minority, a small state of no importance." Their leaders want to be important.

My idea is: let every city become a country just like us, just as we are a country -- because in what category can we be put? We are not a city, we are not a state; the only category that is left is, a country! A very small country -- but unless proved otherwise, we are a country. And nobody has raised any objection.

If each city becomes a country that will spoil the whole game of the politicians. Then K.D. will be the president of Rajneeshpuram, and there will be millions of presidents and prime ministers -- they will lose all meaning.

Hence the continuous effort to keep countries big: the bigger the country, the bigger the politician; the smaller the country, the smaller the politician. I want the country to be so small that the politician is of no significance at all. And in that way, democracy can be direct -- as it was in Greece in the days of Socrates.

Greece was constituted of city democracies. Each city was a state independent in itself; hence direct democracy was possible. Indirect democracy is almost no democracy at all. You choose a person for four or five years to be the president. Now, for four or five years what guarantee do you have that this man is not going to go nuts? Most probably he is already nuts; otherwise why should he bother to become president of your country. Can't he find anything better to do?

This very desire to go to the White House is so stupid -- you can just paint your house white. Be in the White House!

I really did it .... In my university, by coincidence the gate of the university was a pentagon -- five roads meeting at the gate. And one of my very beloved professors, Professor S.S. Roy, lived just by the side of the gate.

I told him, "You are missing a great opportunity."

He said, "What?"

I said, "You don't be worried -- I will do something."

He said, "What?"

I said, "Let me first do it" -- so I collected four or five students and painted his house white.

He said, "But what are you doing?"

I said, "Now this is the White House on the Pentagon!"

He said, "What will people think?"

I said, "Nothing! You haven't yet seen the signboard." He ran out, looked at the signboard: "White House, Pentagon, Washington," and said, "What is this `Washington'?"

I said, "That is the name of your garden! And from today we are going to call you, `President, sir.'" And in the class we started to call him not "professor" but "president", and he would say, "Don't do that to me, because each time it reminds me of my house that you have destroyed. My wife is angry because other women are laughing at her. And even buses and trucks stop on the road to look at the board, `White House, Pentagon, Washington.' And certainly, it is a pentagon."

I said, "This is easier than trying to become the president. This is so easy -- to paint your house."

In Athens, direct democracy was possible. Direct democracy means you don't choose any representatives -- because how can a person represent millions of people? It is impossible. Who can represent me? Except myself, nobody can represent me. And when somebody represents millions of people, certainly he is not representing anybody except himself. You are being befooled. Indirect democracy is simply a deception.

Athens had direct democracy -- no representatives. All Athenians gathered whenever there was any problem to be discussed; all the citizens would gather and they would vote for each single issue directly. They would raise their hands for or against; this is the way it was done. That was direct and, in fact, democratic. And everybody knew there was no question of somebody cheating you, some Nixon creating a Watergate -- no problem.

In Athens, when a problem was there, the whole problem was told to you; then you voted and you decided, and you could see that the city had decided for or against. Once it was decided then the whole city followed it because the majority had decided; then the minority had to be in support of it.

There were no political parties in Athens -- there was no need. Political parties are only needed in an indirect democracy. In a direct democracy everybody has his own idea and he is independent, able to represent his idea, to vote for himself; he can propose his idea, and explain his idea to the people. Perhaps he can convince them, perhaps they will be ready to support him -- but everybody is free. Only in a small commune is direct democracy possible. And direct democracy is the only democracy.

Indirect democracy is just a trick. You think you are choosing your representative -- do you know his mind? Have you ever thought whether your mind and his mind are similar? And with how many minds can he be similar? Now, Ronald Reagan -- whom does he represent except himself? I don't think he can represent even his wife -- and you all know that no husband represents his wife. And this man has got a swollen head now because he represents the whole of America. Certainly that is not possible at all. But he has the power to prove that he represents it: he can go to war and drag the whole country to war. He is preparing for war and can drag the whole country to war.

And of course if he wants to become the greatest hero in the world he should not miss this chance, because after the third world war there is not going to be any fourth war; this is his last chance to become a hero. Of course nobody will be left there to write your history, but at least existence will remember: the ruined earth will remember, the dead bodies of all human beings, animals, birds -- they will remember. The dead trees, the whole earth will become one Big Muddy Ranch -- that will remember.

He should not lose this chance. And what has he to lose? He is old enough, anyway he is going to die; and when you die, whether the world lives afterwards or not, that is none of your concern. This is a good chance. He has lived enough, he is going to die -- why not take the whole world with him?

Nobody represents you, nobody can represent you. If Rajiv Gandhi asks me, I will tell him the only solution is to give Punjab independence. Make it a country -- and not grudgingly, reluctantly, but joyously. Celebrate the birth of

a new country. The whole of India should celebrate the birth. And if other parts of India want to be free, let them be free. Let India, the word, disappear; it doesn't matter. But let the people live -- and let them live the way they want to live. Don't force anything on anybody.

I can understand how difficult it is .... If somebody imposes something on me .... For example, I lived in Maharashtra, but I would not like anybody to impose the language of the Maharashtrians on me -- no, not while I am alive! I simply hate it. I cannot conceive how Maharashtrians can be making loving conversations to each other. They look always as if they are fighting, their language is such -- harsh. It hits you! It has no roundness anywhere.
Every word has many corners, cutting you. And they talk so loudly ... I have never seen two Maharashtrians talking in a human way -- I am not saying whispering, just talking. No, they are always shouting as if they are addressing thousands of people.
I had one professor who used to teach me psychology; he was a Maharashtrian. I was his only student. Just because of him nobody joined the psychology department. I joined just out of compassion -- for no other reason, because I knew much more psychology than he knew.
I had just joined because the poor fellow, for three years, had not had a single student, and he was running after students saying, "Please join!" because he was afraid that if nobody joins, sooner or later he is going to be thrown out. He was head of the department of psychology and earning a good salary -- and all would be gone.

Almost with tears in his eyes he told me "Only you can help me -- I don't think anybody else has the guts to join."
I said, "You should have told me before, there is no problem. Just one thing you have to promise."
He said, "What?"
I said, "You have to keep silent, because I don't want to be addressed as if you are addressing a meeting of two or three thousand people without a microphone. That I cannot bear, that is too much. Moreover I love to sleep in classes. So be silent. I will join your class; you can go out whenever you want, you can do whatsoever you want. You can come, go or .... Don't disturb me, and don't try to teach me psychology -- because I know enough, more than enough. I am really fed up with psychology. If you agree to this condition ...."
He said, "I can agree, but once in a while when the vice-chancellor comes, just passes by in the corridor, I have to speak, otherwise he will ...."
I said, "No, at that time I will speak so he will hear that somebody is speaking; you listen."
He said, "This is strange! If he looks from the window?"
I said, "Then I will be asking a question -- but you are not to answer. That question will be so long that he cannot stand there. Let him stand there -- my question will continue -- but you are not to speak." His name was Professor Dandekar. I said, "Dandekar, if you agree with all these conditions, I am your student, you are my professor."
He had to agree, but it was very difficult for him, and he was boiling within.
I said to him, "If you want to talk, just tell me -- I will go out, and then you can do whatsoever you want. It is your

classroom: you can speak to the walls, you can speak to the tables .... And anyway, even when I am here what difference does it make -- whether out of a hundred chairs, one chair is filled or not? And I am always asleep; I don't waste time. In the night I read and in the day I sleep. I come to the university to sleep."

For a while I lived in Bombay, and then I lived in Poona. Poona is the very capital of the Maharashtrians. But it is unbelievable .... Now, if somebody wanted me to learn the Maharashtrian language as my national language, I would leave that nation but I would not learn that language.

And that is nothing: if you go into South India then you will come across real monsters -- Tamil, Telugu, Kannad, Malayalam, and it seems you have come onto another planet! The way they are talking -- how have they developed their languages? But if these people want to be ... and if they are not willing to accept Hindi as their national language, I can understand: why should they accept it?

Hindi is my mother tongue; I love it, but why should a Maharashtrian learn Hindi or a Telugu or a Tamil learn Hindi? For them Hindi is as foreign as any other language. Chinese would be almost the same as Hindi. Why should it be imposed on them?

These are really different nations, forcibly joined together. Let them be free, and soon you will see .... Make Punjab independent and you will see that the Sikhs start fighting amongst themselves -- there are Sikh sects whose differences are not yet in focus because they are all together against the Hindus. Just let the Hindus be removed and you will see.

There is a certain group of Sikhs who dress in blue, and always keep a very special kind of sword. The ordinary sword is long, thin; their sword is short but very thick and very heavy. Just one hit on your neck and you and your head are separated.

They are the most ferocious Sikhs. Once the Sikhs have an independent country .... They are called, neelah Sikhs, `blue Sikhs,' because of their blue dress -- and they are really fanatic people. Soon they will say, "Either we will dominate ... otherwise we want an independent country." Then ordinary Sikhs will understand how difficult it is.

It has already happened .... When Pakistan was divided, half of the country was on one side of India, and the other half of the country on the other side of India; in the middle was India. Pakistan was a strange country -- in two parts, divided by almost two thousand miles.

But politicians are politicians. Jinnah was asking for a one-hundred-mile-broad corridor from one part of Pakistan to the other part -- going through India! Even to the Britishers it looked too much. This was so strange: one hundred miles broad so their railways and their people and their airplanes and their army could pass just through the middle of India -- and they would cut India in two. Then India would ask for a corridor -- because how could they be joined?

This would go on and on. Everybody could see that this would be very difficult to solve; this would be Bertrand Russell's paradox. So the idea was dropped.

Half of Bengal in the East, Punjab, Sindh and Baluchistan in the West -- these two became Pakistan; and it became clear that sooner or later they would fight. They were both Mohammedan and they fought against India to achieve

Pakistan but once Pakistan was achieved, Bengalis started saying that they wanted an independent country, Bangladesh, on their own, because they speak Bangla. They said, "The Punjabis, the Sindhis and the Baluchistanis speak Urdu and we have no communication. If we remain together we will always be ruled by those with whom we have no connection -- we are even two thousand miles distant and our cultures are different. We cannot be ruled by Punjabis."

And Bengalis are almost like the French; they think they have the best culture in the world, the best language in the world -- everything they have is the best. Only when I visited Calcutta for the first time did I come to know that I am an Indian. They are Bengalis; they don't consider themselves Indians. Indians are far below them -- they are Bengalis!

So immediately after Jinnah died, Pakistan separated into two. With the same ugliness they fought, they killed -- now they were Mohammedans killing Mohammedans. But these were Punjabi Mohammedans, and those were Bengali Mohammedans. Thousands of people were unnecessarily killed, and finally they had to concede -- because how can you rule somebody who does not want to be ruled by you? If those people are ready to die, then sooner or later you will have to retreat. What is the point? And Sikhs are people who cannot budge an inch. They would rather die completely than surrender to an idea which is not their idea. Their politicians are continuously provoking them; every day there is violence.

And just a few days ago they killed the high priest, their own high priest, because the high priest was a liberal type

of man; he wanted some kind of negotiation. But what negotiation can there be? Either Punjab remains part of India or it becomes an independent country -- what negotiation? Because he said he wanted some negotiations with Rajiv Gandhi, Sikhs killed him -- and to kill their own high priest means they are determined.

Sikhs have a tradition that anybody who goes against the Sikh religion, if he is a Sikh, then the high command of the Sikh community can call him to the Golden Temple in Amritsar to punish him. Now they have called two persons to the temple; one is a cabinet minister in Rajiv Gandhi's government -- a Sikh -- and the second is the president of India; he is also a Sikh.

These two persons should come to the temple to receive punishment, and the punishment can be anything. You can be beaten, you can be told to go naked around the temple, your face can be painted black, you can be put on a donkey and moved around the town -- any punishment, because "both of you Sikhs are in power and yet millions of Sikhs are living in terror and thousands have died, and their temple has been profaned." This is the first time that the military has entered the Golden Temple.

In three hundred years the British government never dared. In two thousand years of Mohammedan rule, Mohammedans never dared. No army could enter the Golden Temple. It had become conventionally accepted that the Golden Temple had its own authority, a kind of sovereignty in its own territory.

The assassination of Indira Gandhi was not accidental. She was the first one who forced the army into the Golden Temple. This was provoking the Sikhs, and if they got mad

and assassinated her, it was not just accidental: she had asked for it.

To me it seems all absolutely idiotic. Let them be free. They want to be free, and freedom is everybody's right. My understanding is that the whole world slowly slowly should be divided into smaller and smaller units so every unit becomes a direct democracy. Then these direct democracies choose a Rotary Club for the whole world. But that Rotary Club will be functional, utilitarian, not based on a lust for a power. And these people will be continually changed. So this will be one government, the closest to no government.

The final dream should remain no government. In fact there is no need for any government -- just a little understanding in people. What is the need for governments?

Just look at our commune: what government do we need? No crime is committed. We have a city judge but not a single case has yet appeared in three years; and it is not going to appear. We have the police but we don't need the police for the commune, because in the commune nobody is doing anything for which the police are required.

We need the police for the outsiders, the Oregonian idiots. We don't want to be interfered with by anybody. We want to live on our own, and we ARE ... peacefully, silently, lovingly, joyously. We don't need any government.

Do you know what function our lord mayor has to perform? Nothing! just bumming around. And nobody knows who the council members are. They are all doing their jobs but there is no point; just once in a while their council meets -- nobody even takes note when their council meets or what they decide.

If people have just a little understanding that they are not to interfere with each other, then for the community council ... things like the post office, hospital, roads, electricity -- all these things will be there; they have to make arrangements for them. Of course when there are so any people living together, somebody has to be responsible for all these things.

So I don't think that with governments disappearing there will be chaos, no. With governments disappearing there will arise intelligence, understanding.

Because of these governments, people have not been intelligent; they have always looked up to the government, felt that the government is going to do everything for them. All responsibilities are thrown on the government.

When there is no government and you feel for the first time that you are responsible, whatever you do, there is nobody you can throw your responsibility upon -- that triggers your intelligence. I know it is an impossible dream to have no government in the world, but if you know moments of silence, peace, intelligence, it does not seem so impossible. If you ask me, to me it seems to be very simple and very practical.

Governments have been only a nuisance, nothing else.

You can look at any single problem -- for example, they will say that if we dissolve the courts and the police and the jails then there will be crime everywhere.

This is not right. I have seen communities, aboriginal, primitive communities, where no court exists, no police exists, no jail exists -- no crime either. Yes, once in a while something happens, but those people are so innocent that

they go on foot hundreds of miles to the nearest town where they can go to the court and report.

And do you know who goes to report? The man who has committed the crime! Somebody has murdered someone in a rage: he himself goes to the court to say that it has happened, and "I am ready for any punishment because in my community there is no court, no punishment. They told me to come here."

It looks like a miracle that a murderer should come himself, hundreds of miles, to report that he has murdered. But this is how human beings should be. If you have done something wrong and you feel that it is wrong, then you should be ready to accept the consequence of it. Trying to hide it is becoming phony; you are losing your authenticity.

Now, this murderer who comes to the court is a far greater sage than your saints -- just in the very act of coming to the court to declare that he is a murderer. In fact it is such a difficulty ....

One of my friends was a judge in Raipur; Raipur is the nearest big town to a big aboriginal area, Bastar. The judge said to me that it is very difficult when somebody comes with such strength, with such clarity, with such pride, with nothing to hide. He has committed something wrong and he is ready for the consequence.

He said to me that it feels wrong to punish this man; it seems he should be rewarded. Our police have not caught him; nobody would have even heard about the murder, because for hundreds of miles there are no trains, no roads, no schools, no hospitals. Nobody would have even heard if this man himself had not confessed.

And this is not a hocus-pocus confession like a Catholic does every Sunday before the priest. That is not a confession; you are really consoling your own guilty conscience.

This man comes to the court and says, "I have committed a murder." The judge told me, "Many times it has happened that we have to ask a man, `You have to produce evidence; otherwise we cannot punish you.'"

Once, a man said, "But evidence -- there is none. If evidence is needed, I will have to go back and find somebody, if somebody had seen us ... because we were both alone when we were fighting" -- they live in the jungles. "I will have to go back and find if I can get evidence. But when I am saying myself that I have committed murder, what is the need of evidence?"

But the problem of the judge is that without eyewitnesses, evidence, arguments from this side and that side, legal procedures -- all that hullabaloo that goes on for years, and then this man has to be convicted, or most probably, he will be released .... But what to do with this man who has no evidence, who has no advocate on his side?

The judge asked him, "Would you like to have an advocate appointed by the government to fight for you?"

But the man said, "For what? I am guilty. What more can he prove? He is going to prove me guilty? I am guilty, I have murdered. I myself am the eyewitness."

And these governments say, without government there will be chaos.

All chaos is because of government.

Their courts go on increasing, their jails go on increasing, their armies go on increasing, criminals go on increasing,

crime goes on increasing -- and still nobody compares the crime rate and the increase of the judges, courts, prisons. They go hand in hand.

My own feeling is, if you dissolve all your courts, all your advocates, even if a few thefts happen, a few murders happen, it will be less costly than this whole business of courts, advocates, juries. It will be less costly just in terms of pure economics.

And I don't see that if people have a little understanding there will be stealing. Stealing is there because people are not helping each other, people are not sharing with each other. People go on living as if the whole world is against them and they are against the whole world. Once this attitude is dissolved and you start feeling more in tune with people around you, crime will disappear. And the greatest crime, war, will disappear. All other crimes are so tiny, not worth mentioning. If wars disappear, we will have arrived at a certain stage of maturity, responsibility.

This is my vision for your commune. This is actually what we are doing here. And if three thousand people can live this way, I don't see any reason why the whole world cannot live in the same way. They are the same kind of people; they just need a little bit of understanding -- which you have got, and they are missing.

Three thousand people living in peace and silence, and enjoying, and without any problem, is enough proof.

But politicians would like to destroy us because we are a proof against their whole history; we are a proof against their whole future too. They would like to demolish us completely so they can go on saying that without government there will be chaos, that without wars the

world cannot exist, that without nations, how is it possible to exist?

Now, here we already exist without any nations. Who bothers whether you are an Italian or a German or an Indian? Nobody even questions; people don't even know who is who. I was thinking to publish a who's who for the commune, because people don't know. Sometimes they may even be boyfriends and girlfriends and they don't know. They come to know only when the other does not understand their language; otherwise there is no problem. And even with language people are managing perfectly well. I don't know English but I manage. I am surprised myself because English is such an unscientific language and I am not acquainted with it in any way, but when you have to say something, when you have something to say, then the language follows. If you have just a little bit of an acquaintance with the words they follow, they fall in line. All languages are here, all nations are here, all religions are here -- and nobody is taking any notice of any differences. Rajneeshpuram is simply one single nation, and the only nation which represents the whole world.

But the politicians are often offended by our existence, and I can understand why they are offended. If we are right -- and we are right -- then they are in the wrong, and they have always been in the wrong. But nobody has given them a solid proof of their wrongness.

Prince Kropotkin talked about anarchy, no government; but just argument won't help. I love Kropotkin, his idea is right, but he should have managed .... And he was a prince in Russia, he had every possibility to create a commune without government. He never did it. I think he himself

suspected that he could not succeed. To write a book is one thing; to write life is totally different.
We are writing life here.
If we succeed then we are the hope of the whole humanity.

From Darkness to Light

Chapter #15

Chapter title: The sweet taste of corruption
15 March 1985 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
THE OTHER DAY I GAVE A TALK AT A COLLEGE WHERE A MIDDLE-AGED MAN IN THE AUDIENCE, VISIBLY UPSET, SAID, "BY SPEAKING AGAINST GOD, AGAINST CHRISTIANITY, AGAINST ALL RELIGIONS, YOU ARE CORRUPTING THE MINDS OF THESE YOUNG PEOPLE." WOULD YOU LIKE TO COMMENT?

I have never spoken against God for the simple reason that God does not exist. How can you speak against someone who does not exist in the first place? I have never spoken against Christianity either, because there is no such thing in the world as Christianity.
What exists in the name of Christianity I have always called Crossianity. It is the worship of the cross, not of Christ. It is fear of death, not love of life. Just take a few things out of the life of Jesus and Christianity disappears. If he is not crucified can there be a Christianity? Jesus is not

important; what is important is crucifixion. Even more important is the fiction of resurrection, but that is possible only if first Jesus is crucified. It is a corollary.
These so-called Christians worship Jesus because of resurrection. That is a great consolation against death. That's why I say they are worshiping the cross, the crucifixion, the resurrection -- not for any love for Jesus and his teachings but because of a deep fear of death. This fear of death makes them believe in things which they know are impossible. But when you are in a psychological turmoil of fear you can believe anything, just as a temporary consolation.
They believe Jesus walks on water, turns stones into bread, makes wine out of water, raises the dead back to life. Just remove these things which don't have anything to do with Jesus' teachings -- or do you think these things are necessary for there to be a religion? Then there cannot be any Buddhism, there cannot be any Jainism, there cannot be any religion other than Christianity. But all these religions are there.
Buddha never made wine out of water. In fact if he had come to know that, "Jesus is going to make wine out of water when I'm gone" -- because Jesus came five hundred years afterwards -- he would have condemned this man as a sinner. This is criminal -- making wine out of water? This is against the law of every country. Just try to make marijuana and you will know whether you are worshiped or imprisoned.
A very intelligent man, Timothy Leary, served seven years in jail because he was teaching that LSD can make man in every way superior to what he is now: his consciousness

can be wider, his love can be deeper, his sensitivity can touch unknown peaks which have never been touched before. In every dimension LSD can be a tremendous boost for human growth. Just because of teaching these things he was put in jail.

He was a professor, perfectly acquainted with the chemistry of LSD and the chemistry of the mind. He was not an illiterate person; what he was saying was based on scientific discoveries. But still, because he was teaching a philosophy supporting drugs, he was imprisoned for seven years. He is not a man of great guts; professors rarely are. He may have never thought that just by teaching a philosophical attitude you can get into so much trouble. Since he has been out of jail he has forgotten all about his philosophy. Now he is teaching something else -- he has to teach, he has become a world-famous man. He can't remain silent, he can't keep quiet. The old thing he cannot teach again; otherwise he will be back in jail. Now he is teaching something absolutely absurd. Now is the time that he should be in a madhouse.

Those seven years in jail were absolutely unjustified. On the one side these politicians go on talking about the freedom of speech, and on the other hand a man cannot say something which he feels is a scientific fact. It may not be -- then prove it!

A cultured society need not throw a man like Timothy Leary in jail. You have so many scientists, let them prove what he is saying is wrong. There is no need for any court, for any law to come into it. And if he is right then he should be accepted, then he should be received as a messiah because he is bringing a new way of

transformation. If he is right, welcome him. If he is wrong, prove him wrong; that's enough.

This is very primitive, ugly, to throw him into jail because he is saying something which goes against the law. But who told you that the law is anything ultimate? You have made the law. Science goes on progressing. You will have to change your laws if they go against science; science is not to be prevented.

I am not saying that Timothy Leary is right, no, don't misunderstand me. What I am saying is, he has been mistreated without any justification. I also say he is wrong, but he is not a criminal. To be philosophically wrong does not make a person criminal.

But when I say he is wrong, I also say that there is some truth, maybe just a little bit, in what he is saying. His idea of changing men's mind chemically has a truth about it because mind is chemistry. And there has never been any method which was not chemical which has ever been used to change mind.

Just look -- yoga is the ancientmost methodology of changing mind. What do they do? Body postures are physical, but in certain postures your body chemistry changes. So simple: if you stand on your head the whole normal functioning of your body, its mechanism, is turned upside down. More blood is going into your head, less blood is going into your feet. More blood in the head is going to change the chemistry of your mind, more oxygen is going to change the chemistry of the mind.

Yoga has been teaching you breathing exercises. Breath is chemistry. With more oxygen in your lungs you are a certain man; more carbon dioxide, and you are a different

man. If your lungs are full of carbon dioxide you are dead; if they are full of oxygen .... There are millions of small, very small rooms; with your breathing, only one third of those small sacs receive oxygen, two thirds remain filled with carbon dioxide. This is your normal state.

With yoga-breathing those sacs, those small rooms, start removing their carbon dioxide, throwing it out and filling themselves with oxygen. When all the sacs are full of oxygen your vitality is different, is bound to be different -- normally you are only one-third alive. And that much oxygen in your body is going to change everything -- but it is all chemistry.

So I say there is a certain truth in what Timothy Leary was saying, yet I am against his supporting drugs to transform man. That is dangerous.

In fact, politicians are idiots; otherwise they would have used this man; he would have proved of immense help to them. He would have shown them how to enslave people forever. Drugs can be created -- and people can be made addicted to those drugs -- which will cancel all revolutions, all rebellions. Anything that goes against the status quo, the drug will prevent it.

I am against him for other reasons too -- because drugs can only change mind, and man is not only mind. He is something more. The real transformation has to happen in that something more -- in consciousness. And no drug can even touch consciousness. It can change the mechanism of the mind, the chemistry of the mind. It can give you hallucinations of samadhi, of nirvana, enlightenment; but those are only hallucinations, they are not true.

One day you miss your injection and they are gone and you are back in the dumps. And when somebody falls from nirvana, he is going to have multiple fractures -- everything destroyed. If you are going to fall, it is better never to try climbing so high. It is better to crawl on the earth if you are going to fall; at least you won't have any fractures. Drugs can take you very high but you will have to come back down; it was the drug, not you.

Meditation changes not your mind, but you, your consciousness.

And the change comes by your own awareness.

Nobody can fall from awareness. The greater the awareness, the less is the possibility of falling. When awareness is complete, entire, then there is no way you can fall.

You have arrived.

This feeling of arriving can be given by drugs; hence the influence of alcohol, marijuana, LSD, opium -- and there have been hundreds of other drugs around the world. They have always been used. And Timothy Leary is not saying anything new: for thousands of years there have been people who have not only been talking about them, but have been using them and thinking that they are reaching closer and closer to paradise.

In India you can find thousands of Hindu sannyasins taking all kinds of drugs, to such a point that they become so accustomed to drugs that drugs don't affect them. Then they start keeping dangerous snakes, cobras and other kinds, with them, because only a cobra bite on their tongue will give them a little bit of hallucination. A cobra bite will kill you; to them it is just a drug -- for a few hours they are

flying high. In fact there are monks in India -- if they bite you, you will die, their whole body, their whole chemistry has become so poisoned.

Timothy Leary was wrong but he should have been encountered on philosophical, psychological, scientific grounds. Sending him to jail simply shows that the country, even a country like America, which is the most sophisticated and cultured in the world, is still barbarous. It does not know how to handle questions, problems. This is not a way of handling a philosophical ideology. It simply shows a very primitive society.

And Timothy Leary did not prove to have guts. When he came out he started talking about taking a trip to the moon; he started recruiting people, because he wants a few hundred people to go with him to the moon. And there are fools who are getting recruited. Nobody is asking "What are you going to do on the moon? Why don't you do it here?"

On the moon they are going to expand their consciousnesses. But why on the moon? This man has to do something. He has lost his job, the university won't take him back. He cannot go back to his old philosophy because that means jail again. Out of all this mess has arisen a great idea: go to the moon because this earth is going to be finished soon!

So many fools become interested. They don't even know that on the moon you cannot exist. The oxygen is not enough, water is not there, nothing grows on the moon. You cannot live on the moon. The idea of expanding consciousness ... you will not be there at all to expand anything. But he is getting money, support.

Now the government is not taking any action against him. This is the time that action should be taken against him: "What nonsense are you teaching?" But this goes against no law because there is no law that says that going to the moon is criminal, or arranging a trip to the moon is criminal.

If Buddha had known that Jesus was going to change water into wine, he would have called him a sinner. But Christians will drop Jesus Christ immediately if all these miracles are removed. They don't believe in Jesus Christ: they believe in the cross, in the death, in the resurrection, in the raising of the dead, in his changing stones into bread, in changing water into wine.

Why do they believe in these things? Something inside them seems to be consoled ... something -- fear of death. Now they can say, "There is no need to be afraid of death, there is resurrection; one man has proved it. There is no need to be afraid, you are a follower of Jesus Christ. He can raise even dead people back to life. You need not be afraid of hunger, starvation, you are a follower of Jesus Christ; he can turn stones into bread."

These miracles -- which are all invented, none of them is a historical fact -- are invented to fulfill your psychological needs. That's why I say there is no Christianity; nobody trusts Christ, so how can you be a Christian? And all the miracles are bogus, because if these miracles had happened the whole community of Jews would have disappeared from the world. They would have all become Christians.

If the resurrection actually happened it made no impact on the contemporaries of Jesus. Can you believe this? A man who has been crucified, rises again in immense glory, with

a halo of light around him, walking, meeting people, talking to people -- do you think Jews would not have been tempted to follow this man? Do you think Jews are made of stone? They are as human as you are, with all the fears that you have. Their seeing in their own lifetime, with their own eyes, a man coming back from death would have transformed the whole Judaic system into following Jesus Christ. But not a single Jew was converted.

When Jesus raised Lazarus from his grave back to life, what do you say about the people who were witnesses to it? They were all Jews; and it is not a small thing -- if it is not news then what is news? Lazarus was a Jew, all the people around were Jews; still they did not accept Jesus as a messiah. Certainly all these stories are false, they never happened; otherwise they would have left a tremendous impact on his contemporaries. That is the true criterion. How many people followed Jesus? What kind of people followed Jesus? Not a single rabbi, and yet Jews had one of the most ancient traditions of scholarship. Nobody was impressed by this man. If contemporaries are not impressed do you think the polack pope, after two thousands years, is a Christian? On what grounds? There is no Christianity, because Christ could not influence anybody. He has not left any impact on the world. What exists in his name is something else.

So it is absolutely wrong to say that I have been speaking against Christianity: there is no Christianity to speak against. I would have loved to speak against it, but where is it?

Friedrich Nietzsche I quote again and again. He said, "The first and the last Christian died two thousand years ago on

the cross" -- underline the words, "THE FIRST AND THE LAST CHRISTIAN." So what Christianity are you talking about? There is not a single Christian in the whole world.
I cannot speak against Christianity. Yes, I have been speaking against something which is pretending to be Christianity and is not. I have been speaking not against religion, but against religions. Yes, that is true, because the very fact that there are so many religions makes it so clear that they all cannot be true. They all can be false, but they all cannot be true.
I have looked into all those religions and I don't see that any of them is true, because they are based on premises which they cannot prove.
They ask you to believe.
The moment somebody asks you to believe in something, that means he has no reason, logic, no existential support for what he is saying.
A man of truth never asks you to believe.
He asks you to experiment, to experience.
He says, "I have come to a point, you can also come to the same point. But you will have to travel, my reaching is not enough for you to believe. You will have to know it yourself, I can only show you the way."
The man of truth always shows the way but never asks you to believe.
He inspires you to walk on the path but he never says that before you have experienced, your faith, your belief is needed. This is something to be understood.
If you believe in something then there is no need to explore. If you believe, if you have faith, then what is the need for exploration? Then it is just pointless, all enquiry is

pointless. Having faith and enquiring simply means your faith is not real, you are still trying to find out whether it is true or not. Your faith is not faith if you enquire.

And without enquiry, how are you going to manage to have faith? I say to you, "There are seven gods; believe it." But you will say, "How to believe it? There is no support for believing it -- and why seven? Why not six, why not eight?" No, the people who require you to believe also require you not to doubt, not to question, not to ask why. What kind of people can become believers? -- utterly cowardly, boneless, spineless, just hollow, nothing inside, no spirit. If you are a man you should have some courage to doubt, to question, to enquire. Yes, you can take the belief as a hypothesis, and you can say, "Now we will enquire whether it is true or not. If it is true we will be always grateful to you. If it is not true then we will inform your that you had better change your mind."

All those religions, without exception, ask you for faith.

I am speaking against all kinds of beliefs because I want you to know the reality. I want you to experience the truth -- and the only way to do that is for all your beliefs to be demolished completely, eradicated from your being totally, uprooted, root and all, so that you are free to enquire, so that you are free to move in any direction, any dimension that you choose.

All religions are giving you blindfolds.

My dentist puts a blindfold on me. Have you ever heard that in dentistry a blindfold has to be put on the poor man whose teeth you are going to drill? He has to put the blindfold on me, but he is not successful. He puts on the blindfold so that he can make signs to his nurse because he

cannot speak. If he says anything that goes against my idea ... he has to convey messages to his assistant, his nurse, because she has all the mechanism, all the knobs on her side. And I keep the dentist on this side, and say, "Don't you be close to the knobs and the mechanism, let the nurse manage. You just be on this side and you do your work." So he has to make signs because he cannot whisper, because if he whispers, I stop. If he says something that is difficult ... so he found a blindfold. That poor man ... because of the strong light I can even see the shadow of his hands, and I stop him and say, "No indications!"

And I say, "This is not right, because you can drill on the wrong tooth and I cannot even say anything. I cannot even see what is going on. These are my teeth; at least I have the right to say, `Don't drill on the wrong one.'" But I can understand his trouble; if he starts arguing with me, then the dentistry is never going to happen.

And I don't start anything on belief, I start with doubt. I start by being skeptical because that is the only right way to enquire. Only then one day can you come to know something; otherwise your whole life you will be a believer with nothing solid as your experience.

The man who was very much upset and agitated and said that I am corrupting the minds of youth -- it is true. That's exactly what I am doing: corrupting the minds of youth. But this is not something new. Socrates was poisoned for the same crime that I am committing. The crime was, corrupting the mind of the youth.

Now nobody can say Socrates was corrupting the mind of the youth. Socrates is known as one of the wisest men who has walked on the earth, but he had accepted, the way I

accept, "Yes, I corrupt, because there is no other way to make them innocent again. You have corrupted them, you have poisoned them, you have distorted them. Now if I remove your distortions, your poisons, your corruptions, naturally to you it looks as if I am corrupting. But you have spoiled them; I am putting things right."

But it is natural; a person who believes in God, hearing that I say there is no God, will think I am corrupting the minds of youth.

I am simply purifying, cleaning, just removing all the dust that has gathered on their mirrorlike mind. But if they think that dust is the mirror then of course they will think I am corrupting the mirror; I am simply cleaning it. But one thing is important: Socrates was blamed for corrupting the minds of the youth, and this man also is saying I am corrupting the minds of the youth. What can we do? Young children are not available to us. They are being corrupted in your churches, in your synagogues, in your temples; they are not available to us. In your schools they are being corrupted, we cannot prevent it. Old people are gone almost beyond the border; now there is only dust, no mirror. And to waste my time on old people whose one foot is in the grave and the other is going to follow soon -- do you want me to corrupt them?

I am reminded: three great Russian novelists, Leo Tolstoy, Chekhov, and Gorky were great friends. They were sitting in Leo Tolstoy's garden discussing. And when men gather together you know what they discuss: women. When women gather together you know what they discuss: men. That's why if a woman comes into a man's group, it feels as

if she has disturbed the whole thing, because now they cannot discuss women. So boys' clubs are separate.
Even in parties, after dinner the boys will move into a separate room to have some drinks and cigars. But the basic thing is not the drink, because they can drink there, they can smoke there -- the basic thing is they need a place where they can discuss women. That is the real topic. And the women also want them to move because then they can discuss men. That is the only juicy topic in the whole world.
So all the three old men were discussing women. Gorky said something: he said, "The woman is the most deceptive animal in the world. Howsoever loving a woman may be, you can never believe her. She can deceive you."
Chekhov said, "You are perfectly right. She can not only deceive you, she can kill you. She really kills you slowly, slowly, slowly. Every day it goes on and on; finally you are killed."
And they both asked Leo Tolstoy who was sitting there with a very long face, "What is your idea?"
He said, "Don't ask me. If my wife hears it .... And I don't trust either of you. I don't trust anybody, man or woman. If my wife hears my idea about women there is going to be great trouble. I am not going to say anything."
Those two persons said, "You are such a great, world-famous writer. You should leave some opinion about women because it carries weight. And you have written so much and so beautifully, and you have characterized women in such a manner that we don't think anybody can even come close to you."

And that is true. Tolstoy created novels like ANNA KARENINA -- no novel comes close to it: Anna Karenina is such a character.

They said, "You should say something about real women." Tolstoy said, "Don't tempt me. I will say something but I will say it only when one of my legs is in the grave; I will say it and jump into the grave and be killed. Before that I am not going to say anything."

So much fear, even in a man like Tolstoy. And he was a very fanatical Christian. But all religions make you a fanatic, for the simple reason that unless you are a fanatic you cannot forget that your belief is superficial. By becoming a fanatic you become so involved and committed that you forget completely that it is only a belief.

I have been speaking against faiths, beliefs. Of course I do not corrupt old people unless old people themselves come to me to be corrupted. That is their business, that simply means they are not yet old; their spirits are still young and rebellious. Their bodies may be old but they are not old.

I don't go after anybody to corrupt him.

People come from all over the world to be corrupted by me. What can I do?

They are in such a search, they travel thousands of miles just to be corrupted. There must be something in this corruption! That old, agitated, upset man should come here and have a little taste of corruption. It is really delicious, there is nothing that tastes so good as corruption; otherwise I don't see why people should come here. And I have been escaping from people -- you can just see -- from one city to another city to another city, in such a small life!

I have been escaping from people, and I came to Oregon thinking that nobody would come here. But once you have tasted corruption, it does not matter where I go -- even if I go to hell, the young people are going to come there to be corrupted because only the young mind can understand that this is not corruption, this is purification.

They come here already corrupted, and for the first time they see that one can live without any corruption, without any belief, without any faith, without any God, without any religion. One can live with tremendous joy, with a song in one's heart, a dance in one's whole being.

There are a few children, there are a few old people, there are many young people, but as far as I am concerned consciousness is always young. There are children who have a consciousness which is not related to their physical age. There are old people who have a youthful consciousness which is not related to their age either.

In fact, consciousness has no age.

It is always youth, always spring.

It is always rebellious.

I simply help you to uncover your rebelliousness, because to me to be a rebel is to be religious.

Yes, I corrupt people. And I am going to corrupt people. And my people are going to spread all over the world the same corruption.

I am not going to be poisoned as easily as Socrates. In these twenty-five centuries people like me have learned much. I am not going to be crucified as easily as Jesus. They told him to carry his cross, and the poor man carried it. My cross will go on my Rolls Royce. And one hundred Rolls Royces will follow it!

In twenty-five centuries we have learned something. And I have my style, my way. I cannot carry the cross. No court can order me to be poisoned and killed. I am not so simple as Socrates. They had given Socrates the alternative, "You can leave Athens or you can stop teaching your truth and we will not sentence you to death."

For me both alternatives were perfectly good. I would have left Athens, I have left Athens so many times. But just outside Athens I would have created my campus. And the same youth ... in fact, they would have been more interested in coming than they ever were when Socrates was in Athens. It was simply ordinary arithmetic.

In London you can find thousands of people who have never gone to see the Tower of London for the simple reason that "any day we can go and see it, the tower is always there." But do you know what happened in the second world war? The rumor came that Hitler was going to bomb the Tower of London. Thousands of people who had lived their whole life in London, had passed by the tower millions of times, but there was no hurry, the tower was there .... But "Adolf Hitler is going to destroy the tower" -- and thousands of people were rushing to see the tower because tomorrow it might not be there.

I would have taken it, it was a perfectly beautiful chance. I would have left Athens, and just outside the boundary of Athens -- Athens was only a city -- I would have started my school, and the people who had never come to my school in Athens would have come because then perhaps I might leave completely, go far away.

Do you know, hundreds of letters come from India now, saying, "We never could manage to meet you here. We are

ready to come to Oregon to meet you." I was in their city, I lived in their city for twenty years; now they are willing to come to Oregon just to see me. Every day there are letters saying, "We missed you in India. Please allow us to meet you just for a few minutes."

There I was available. Naturally they thought, "Anytime." In Bombay I lived in a skyscraper, a beautiful building, "Woodlands." One family lived just above me, just above my head. For three years I lived there. I was being talked about all around the world, but they could not gather courage to come down just a few steps to see me or to meet me. When I left Bombay then they became aware. And, can you believe it, don't you think it unbelievable? -- they left Bombay and came to Poona; left their family, left their business, became sannyasins: the husband, the wife, and their girl, the whole family.

And I asked them, "What was happening to you for three years?"

They said, "We always thought, you are there every day. We were hearing about you so much, reading about you so much. We thought we could manage any day. But when you left Bombay, suddenly we became aware one day you may even leave life, and this chance has not to be lost."

My mathematics is different. I do not agree with Socrates being unnecessarily a martyr. There must have been some suicidal instinct in these people -- Jesus, Mansoor, Socrates; somewhere they wanted to die, they were tired of living. And this was a good opportunity, so that the whole responsibility goes on others.

Or, if I had chosen not to go out, I would have become silent in Athens; silence makes no difference. For three

years I have been silent here, still corrupting the youth and their mind -- in silence. If you know how to corrupt, you can corrupt even in silence. It is a skill. You know perfectly well that for three years I was silent. What were you doing here? -- being corrupted! And nobody could even say to me, "You are corrupting them," because I was silent.

I would have remained in Athens, but in silence, and still the corruption would have continued, because my corruption is not confined only to words. It is existential. It is infectious. You can infect anybody with your disease, even in silence. Corruption is just like a disease. In fact in silence it works even better because words are a longer route. I say something to you, you hear something else. Then you start interpreting it, what it means.

Words out of my mouth are just like arrows out of your bow; they cannot come back. And what happens to them in your mind is beyond me. Your mind is such a mess that it is impossible to put anything in it. Even if you drop the purest diamond in the Big Muddy Ranch it will be lost. You will soon lose track of where it is.

Silence is a short cut.

It goes directly, heart to heart.

They cannot crucify me. They know perfectly well that by crucifying Jesus they committed a mistake, they created this whole nonsense of Christianity. By poisoning Socrates they made him an immortal. They cannot be so kind to me. They will have to allow me to corrupt as long as I want to corrupt, and as long as people want to be corrupted by me. But make it clear to these people, say, "To you it looks like corruption; to us it is a purification of the soul. It is a bath,

we are rejuvenated by it. And if you have any doubts, come to our place; don't be afraid."

They are so afraid of even listening to the truth, what to say of experiencing it. Even listening to the truth their whole personality starts falling apart because they are somehow keeping it together. It is just glued, it is not an organic whole. They are afraid that just a single shock of truth is enough and they will fall apart. Hence my books are on the black list of pope the polack -- they should not be read. It is a sin to read them.

In Jabalpur, where I lived for twenty years, there is a big theological college where they train Christian missionaries for Asian countries; it is the biggest in Asia. I used to go there. I had a few friends there, but the principal informed those friends that I should not be entertained inside the campus "because you are making that man known to the students and to other professors. Now small meetings have started happening in your houses and he will corrupt you."

My friend told me, "This is what the principal has said, and he wants you not to be entertained anymore in the campus. And we are poor professors, we cannot antagonize him."

I said, "You don't be worried. I will go and see him myself." I went to Principal Mackwan, who was the chief of Leonard Theological College, and I told him, "You prepare missionaries for the whole of Asia -- and you are afraid of me, a single person, coming into the campus of all those missionaries who are going to convert Asians to Christianity! You don't trust your professors, you don't trust your Christianity, you don't trust your missionaries. You don't trust your students who are going to be missionaries. Your whole campus -- there are ten thousand people on the

campus -- I can corrupt them, and those ten thousand people cannot corrupt me? And you are included in those ten thousand people.
"I am here and I am going to come every day -- not in the campus anymore, to your office, just to be corrupted by you."
He looked shocked. He said, "To be corrupted by me?"
I said, "Yes, you corrupt me, or I will corrupt you. It is an open challenge. You are the head of this institute. Ten thousand people follow you, they think you are some great sage. Corrupt me, make me a Christian; I am ready to be converted. But if you fail, then be ready to be converted to my way, which has no name."
He said, "I don't want to create any conflict, any controversy."
I said, "There is no controversy, no conflict. I will simply sit here silently; you corrupt me. Or, you sit silently, I will corrupt you. Nobody will ever even hear what is going on."
He said, "Let me think about it."
The next day I was there again. I said, "Principal Mackwan, have you thought about it? Have you asked your wife?"
He said, "What do you mean?"
I said, "That's what thinking means. When a husband says, `I will think about it,' it means he will consult his wife."
He said, "You are something because actually -- that's what I did."
And I said, "That shows that you are not even man enough -- how can you be a Christian?" Just behind him was Jesus, a wooden sculpture on a cross. I said, "Give that cross and Jesus to me because it does not belong in your office. You are not man enough; you asked your wife. Do you think

Jesus asked anybody, `What do you think -- is it okay to be crucified, or escape?'"
That man became a friend -- and of course became corrupted slowly slowly. His house became my meeting place. He said, "You are irresistible. You say things which are certainly against our scriptures, our tradition, but not against our reason."
And when I left Jabalpur, among the people who had come to give me a send-off was this old Principal Mackwan, with tears in his eyes. He said, "I will miss you. You became a reality in my life, far more real than Jesus Christ has ever been. Jesus Christ has been just a belief. I am not courageous enough to drop that, but you know it has dropped. I cannot say to the world, `I am no longer a Christian,' but I have come to say it to you because perhaps we may not meet again. I am old, and I know you -- once you leave a place you never look back."
And I have never gone back to Jabalpur. Perhaps he is dead now. But on the station he confessed to me that he is no longer a Christian; he has started enquiring, although it is too late. But he is happy; even though it is late, and the evening of his life has come, "Perhaps there is not time enough to enquire, but I am immensely satisfied only with this, that at least I am not dying with false beliefs, insincere, inauthentic, not my own. I don't have any truth yet, but at least I can die with this contentment, that I have started the journey. And if there is a beginning perhaps one day there will be an end to it too."
Every being is in search of truth, but small fears go on preventing you.

Now all those Christians and Jews are having meetings. Just two or three days ago I received a printed invitation card which must have been distributed in some big church somewhere in Oregon: they are going to have my discourses every Sunday.

Why, when I am here? And these discourses will be discussed by the priest, by the bishop, argued against; it will be said that these are all anti-religious ideas, that this man is a heretic.

Why not come here? If you want to call me a heretic, come here and call me a heretic. In fact I love the word. I enjoy being called a heretic because only very rare human beings have been called heretics. To be orthodox is nothing; to be a heretic needs guts. Come here and say, "You are corrupting people." That will give me a chance to corrupt you too.

In fact in my whole life I have not met a single man whom I have not corrupted; whether he knows it or not, that is a different matter. I know if perfectly, that he is corrupted; he will never be the same again. Even those who have left me for this reason or that reason, do you know their situation? They cannot mix in society. I have corrupted them so much they cannot mix in the society.

They cannot come back here because they have been telling lies against me, now how to face me? So a rare thing is happening: in Santa Fe all those fools are gathering together. They have left me. What kind of departure is this? -- they are still together! They are my people; they cannot mix anywhere. Now they are gathering together in one place, and they are continually talking about me, against me. That does not matter.

Whether you talk for me or against me, you have to talk about me. They cannot forget me. And when you are talking about me, even if you are talking against me, you have not left me yet. I am still very much alive in you. In fact you are talking against me just to get rid of me but you cannot get rid of me. The more you talk against me, the deeper I will be going in you.
It is impossible to come in contact with a man who has experienced truth and to go away without being touched this way or that, for or against.
When I will be leaving this world I can promise you one thing -- I will leave this world divided into people who are for me and people who are against me, but there will not be a third kind. And these both are corrupted by me.
Those who are in favor of me have used the opportunity for growth.
Those who are against me missed the train.

From Darkness to Light

Chapter #16
Chapter title: Till you live life totally
16 March 1985 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
WHAT IS THE GOAL OF LIFE? WHY IS THERE A DESIRE TO CONTINUE TO LIVE FOREVER?

There is no goal of life, for the simple reason that life is its own goal. The goal is intrinsic, not something outside; not there, far away, but herenow, in this very moment.
The very idea of goal is future-oriented.
The moment you start living for a goal you stop living in the present, in the immediate. The goal becomes more important. Tomorrow becomes more important, and you have to sacrifice today for tomorrow; and the trouble is, tomorrow never comes, has never come, is not going to come ever.
But you go on sacrificing your today -- which is your only treasure, which is all that you have got.
You risk that which you have for that which is only a mind desire.
But the society, culture, civilization, religions -- they have all conditioned the mind of human beings to live for ideals, goals, to go on sacrificing the real for some imaginary paradise, future life, eternity, God. All these names mean only one thing: Don't live now.
All the cultures and all the civilizations and all the religions are against the "now" -- and now is the only reality.
Wherever you are, whenever you are, it is always now.
Except "now" there is nothing existential.
The word "goal" is very dangerous. It is suicidal to have a goal. Without your awareness you are being sacrificed for something which is never going to happen.
Life in itself is enough -- it needs no goals.
That's why there is this urge, this desire, this tremendous lust to live and to live forever. It has nothing to do with you; it is your very life. This is not being taught to you; you

are born with this desire. This desire is your gift from existence itself.

If you listen to this desire and if you stop listening to all kinds of religious nonsense, you will be a new man, really alive. Yes, life has a tremendous power, and it wants to expand. It wants to live as intensely and totally as possible. And this is not going to happen some other day. If it is going to happen it can happen only now:

Now or never.

But it is not happening now because your minds are tethered to some future goal: you have to achieve heaven and you have to achieve the realization of God. All bogus words, meaningless jargon, but because they have been repeated so often for thousand of years it sounds as if those words have some content in them.

You cannot find a more hollow word than "God" -- with no content in it at all, with no meaning in it at all.

When I was reading the book, WAITING FOR GODOT, I thought perhaps Godot is a German word for God. I asked Haridas; Haridas said, "No, Godot is not German for `god'; the German is GOTT."

I said, "My God! that is even worse. `Godot' is far better!"

But Godot or God or Gott, one thing is certain, you are never going to get it. And these Germans are thinking they have gott! Nobody has ever found God.

People have been lying, and in the name of God lying becomes easier because the name of God becomes a protective umbrella.

In the court you have to take the oath in the name of God -- this world is certainly insane -- in the name of the greatest

lie. The oath is being taken all over the world, in all the courts: "I am going to speak truth."

When I was in a court I simply refused; I said, "I can take the oath in anybody's name -- in the name of the furniture, in the name of electricity -- but I cannot take the oath in the name of God because God is the greatest lie. And you are making me tell a lie at the very beginning."

But people are conditioned to live for hypothetical things. It is a strategy of all those people who want to exploit you. The priest cannot exploit you if God is not the goal of life. The politician cannot exploit you if the classless society is not the goal of life.

If democracy, freedom, if these are not the goals of life then how is the politician going to manipulate you? You simply say, "My goal is to live, and to live joyously, and to live today -- because tomorrow is uncertain. It may come, it may not come; and I am not a gambler. And life is so valuable that I cannot postpone it."

If the whole of humanity decides to live herenow then the second thing will disappear: the desire to live forever.

Let me explain it to you, why there is this second thing, to live forever. It is because you are missing life, you are not living it. You are thirsty for it, you are hungry for it, you are starved. Naturally, in this starving, hungry and thirsty state, life starts thinking of living forever -- because for what is not happening today you have to create a tomorrow. And you see that it is not happening. Even tomorrows come and go; tomorrows go on becoming yesterdays and it is not happening, not happening. Childhood becomes youth, youth becomes old age -- and it has not happened.

When I was a small child, one of my father's friends was very loving towards me. He was a very well-known scholar, and I used to ask him all kinds of questions because my father used to refer me to him: "You ask Pandit Dada." Pandit means a great scholar, dada means big brother. He was older than my father so he used to call him dada; he was known all over the area as Pandit Dada.

So I would ask him all kinds of questions, and essentially his answer was always the same: "When you become a little older then you will know; you are too young."

I said, "Remember, because one day I am going to become older. How long can you deceive me? I know that you don't have the answer. If you have the answer, please give me the answer. Whether I understand or not, that is my problem, not your problem. Your problem is to give me the answer. Even if it takes years for me to understand it, I will wait, but please give me the answer."

He would say, "You will not understand -- you just wait. First you have to be at least mature."

I said, "Okay."

Every year I went on asking the same question. I went from the school to the college, but whenever I would come in the holidays to my home, I would repeat the questions; and now he started becoming shaky. I said, "Now how long do I have to wait?"

I graduated from the university; I won the gold medal for the whole state. I came to him and said, "Now what do you want? I have come first class -- first in the whole state -- in my postgraduation. Is the time right?"

He said to me, "Please forgive me, I was lying all the time. But you are stubborn! I have done this to many people;

they forget. They become so much involved in so many things -- who bothers about childhood questions? "You are strange -- the same questions you go on persisting in year after year, and I have been hoping that you will forget, but it doesn't seem to happen."

I said, "Now you tell me the truth: Do you have any answers? -- because now you are almost beyond eighty; death is not far away. Do you have the answers?"

He said, "I don't have any answers. I have been deceiving myself by deceiving others. People believed in me, and because so many people believed in me I started believing in myself."

It is a reciprocal thing. When so many people believe in you, it results in a very strange conclusion: you start believing in yourself, for the simple reason that if you are not right, then how can so many people believe in you? Each leader needs thousands of people in order to be convinced that he is a capable leader. Just take the followers away and you will see the leader disappearing; you will see just an ordinary person -- perhaps below average or retarded. But when thousands of people are behind you, believing that you have eyes -- they are all blind -- you start believing that you have eyes because so many people believe in you.

You forget completely that you don't know. And these people go on conditioning other people. Parents go on giving their diseases as an inheritance to their children, teachers to their students, professors to their scholars.

I was continually insisting to my teachers, to my professors, to my vice-chancellors, "I don't want a bookish answer. That I can find in the library, I don't need you for

that. I want your personal experience. Have you experienced anything that you can go on teaching?"

And I have seen their embarrassed faces, their empty eyes, their empty souls. Yes, they are full of rubbish, all kinds of doctrines, creeds, cults. If you want them to give you a sermon then they can give you a sermon, a beautiful sermon, on the ultimate goal of life.

And the truth is, life is only immediate; there is nothing ultimate.

But the vested interests cannot live without the ultimate. They have to convince you to sacrifice your life for some imaginary idea.

The idea can be democracy, the idea can be communism, the idea can be fascism, the idea can be Christianity, the idea can be Hinduism; it does not matter. But something far away .... All along the way you have to go on sacrificing that which is real for something unreal; and in the end comes death, no goal.

Because of this situation -- that you have been told to sacrifice your life -- there is a hunger for eternal life. Otherwise each single moment is so blissful -- who cares to live forever? For what?

If this moment is fulfilled, if you are contented, you don't need even a next moment. If it comes, good; if it does not come, even better -- because you have lived, you have tasted the nectar of life. Now what more can the next moment give to you?

You have squeezed the juice of life so totally, you have not left anything for the moment that is going to follow. Yes, you will live it too; you will squeeze again, you will have

another drink, but the desire for life to continue forever will disappear absolutely.

Only poor people think of riches. A rich man never thinks of riches, a rich man is really bored with riches. It is the hungry person who thinks of food, dreams of food. When you are well fed, nourished, can you have a dream about food? That's impossible, it is not even psychologically probable.

People are dreaming of sex because their sex is being repressed by the priests, by all the religions. Naturally the repressed sex becomes their dream. They start a vicarious kind of satisfaction. What they cannot have in real life at least they can dream about in their sleep.

Sigmund Freud discovered one of the very fundamental things about the human mind: that you cannot believe a human being when he is awake, but you can believe him when he is asleep. Strange! You can believe in his dream but you cannot believe what he says, because what he says is only parrot-like. He has been told what to say. All the preachers are telling him what to say. He knows all the beautiful words. But in his dreams his truth comes up; his conscious mind goes to sleep and his unconscious starts asserting itself. That is more real.

Hence the psychologist, the psychoanalyst, has to look into your dreams. You are not reliable. You are so deeply conditioned to become a hypocrite, you may be saying things without ever thinking that you are lying. You may be thinking you are telling the truth, but that does not matter, your belief is not the question; your dream has to support it.

You will be surprised to know, there are aboriginals in the world still -- I have lived with a few aboriginal tribes in

India -- and they don't dream. Sigmund Freud missed a tremendous thing. He should have visited these aboriginals who are not conditioned by civilization, education, culture, religion, who are still living a primitive life.
They don't dream. I have asked so many people, and they say no. Yes, once in a while a person dreams, but then that person becomes a prophet. His dream always proves to be true. His dream is a vision, not a dream.
Now, my secretary has just informed me from Australia, the day she reached Australia the chief of the Australian aboriginals came to see her. She asked, "But how did you come to know that ...? I have not informed anybody, I have come on a personal visit."

He said, "I have not come to meet you, I had a vision that Bhagwan or somebody very close to him is coming to Australia. I don't know who the person is, but this vision was so strong that I had to come and enquire if Bhagwan comes, where he will be. That's why I have come to the commune of the sannyasins. And if you have come, then my vision was right."
And when he was told that she is Bhagwan's secretary, he said, "That's perfectly good, because my vision was of Bhagwan or someone very intimate with him coming. And I have come from the aboriginals to welcome you."
He said, "I have been trying to read Bhagwan's books. I'm not very educated but it seems language does not matter: I understand what he is saying. He wants people to become again aboriginals -- innocent, childlike, again reclaiming what you have been forced in every way to lose."
You have been forced to lose your life.

Life has been condemned in every possible way by all the religions; and when everybody is condemning life -- the whole world is full of condemners -- what can a small child do? He becomes impressed by all this condemnation.

Just look at the story of the beginning of the world. God said to Adam and Eve, "Don't eat from the tree of knowledge, and don't eat from the tree of life."

He had prohibited two trees. Both are the most significant things in life: wisdom and life -- and God denies both. Then you can go on eating all kinds of grass and whatsoever you want. He does not say, "Don't eat marijuana, don't drink alcohol." No, He is not interested in that. Adam and Eve can smoke grass, that is allowed; can make wine from grapes, that is allowed.

Only two things are not allowed: they should not become knowers, they should remain ignorant; and they should not live, they should go on postponing life. And because they disobeyed and ate the fruit of the tree of knowledge ... they could not manage to eat the second tree's fruit, they were caught. After eating the fruit of knowledge they were speeding fast towards the tree of life but they were prevented immediately.

It is natural: anyone who has awareness, consciousness -- which are the qualities of wisdom -- his first thing will be to go deeper into life, to taste it as much as possible, to connect himself with its center, to be drowned in the mystery of life.

The story does not say it, but the story is not complete. I say to you, they were rushing immediately, because it is absolutely logical: after eating the fruit of knowledge they were rushing towards the tree of life. And that's why it was

so easy for God to catch hold of them; otherwise, in the Garden of Eden there were so many millions of trees, where would He have found them? It would have taken eternity to search: rather than man searching for God, God would have been still searching for man, for where he is. But I know how things would have happened -- they are not told in the story. God, coming to know that they have eaten the fruit of knowledge, must have rushed immediately to the tree of life and waited there knowing that they must be coming. It is such simple logic, no Aristotle is needed.

And certainly they were caught there. Both were rushing, naked, rejoicing, because for the first time their eyes were open. For the first time they were human beings; before this they were only animals amongst other animals ... and God threw them out of the Garden of Eden. Since then, man has been longing for life, more life.

But the priests who represent the God that has driven you out of the Garden of Eden -- the popes, the imams, the shankaracharyas, the rabbis, they all represent the same guy.

Strangely enough, nobody says that that guy was your first enemy. On the contrary, they say it was the poor serpent who convinced Eve, "You are being foolish by not eating from the tree of knowledge. God is jealous; He is afraid that if you eat from the tree of knowledge you will become knowledge. And He is afraid that if you eat from the tree of life you will be just like God. Then who is going to worship Him? He is jealous, afraid -- that's why He has prevented you."

This serpent was humanity's first friend -- but he is condemned. The friend is called the devil, and the enemy is called God. Strange are the ways of the human mind! You should thank the serpent! It is just because of the serpent that you have become what you have become. It is because of disobedience to God that you have attained a certain dignity, a pride of being human, a certain integrity, a certain individuality.

So instead of thanking God, change the phrase. Rather than saying, "Thank God!" say, "Thank the serpent!" It is just due to his courtesy; otherwise why should he have bothered about you? He must have been a very compassionate fellow.

Disobedience is the foundation of a real religious man -- disobedience to all priests, to all politicians, to all vested interests.

Only then can you throw the conditioning away. And the moment you are no longer conditioned, you will not ask what the goal of life is. Your whole question will go through a revolution. You will ask, How can I live more totally? How can I drown myself utterly in life? -- because life is the goal of everything; hence there can be no goal for life. But you are starved, and except for death there seems to be nothing; life is slipping out of your hands and death is coming closer every moment. You cannot dodge death.

I am reminded of a story, a very famous Sufi story. A king dreamed that a black shadow appeared -- even in his dream he freaked out! He said, "Who are you and what is the purpose of being in my dream?"

The shadow said, "I am your death, and tomorrow at sunset we have to meet. I just came to inform you, because you

are a busy man. Ordinarily I don't go to inform people, but you are a king, you are very special, a V.V.I.P. I am afraid perhaps you may not meet me at the right place, you may be engaged somewhere else; then what am I to do? You have to meet me at the right place, right time, remember!"
And before the king could ask, "Where is the right place?", out of fear his sleep was broken; the shadow disappeared. The time was known, the right time -- sunset tomorrow -- but where was the place? He tried many times to close his eyes and find the shadow to ask, "Where is the place where I am supposed to meet you?" Not that he wanted to meet death; he wanted to know the place so he could avoid it. But in this whole world, where was that place?
But you cannot continue a dream -- this is the difficulty. Once it is broken, however hard you close your eyes, you cannot continue the same dream again.
The king became so afraid that in the middle of the night he called all his wise men, his astrologers, his priests, palmists, prophets, and he said, "You decide where the right place is so I can avoid it." And they all started looking into their ancient scriptures. Morning came and the sun started rising; and once the sun started rising, the king became more and more afraid, because sunset is the end of sunrise. Sunrise is the beginning of sunset. When there is sunrise, sunset is not far away.
The sun had started moving towards sunset already and those people had not reached any conclusion; on the contrary, they were quarreling so much, arguing about each word of the scriptures. The king said, "I am not interested in your scriptures; you simply tell me where that place is exactly so I can avoid it."

They said, "Wait. This is not a simple question and we have to consult ancient scriptures. We have to find some precedent, and we have to come to an agreement. The astrologer is saying something, the priest is saying something else. If we give you fifteen answers, what help are they going to be? So let us come to one conclusion."
The king's old servant was standing by his side. He whispered in his ear, "I am an old man, and I am not supposed to interfere in this great conference of big shots; I am just a poor servant. But I am old, I am just the same age as your father, and I have brought you up from your very childhood. Just listen to me: these people will never come to any conclusion.
"These people have been arguing for centuries and they have never come to any conclusion. Two philosophers never agree, two prophets never agree, two astrologers never agree. Disagreement is their business, they live on disagreement. So don't wait. Time is very short. If you listen to me, just take your best horse -- and you have such beautiful horses -- take the best and run away from this place. At least one thing is certain: you should not be here in this palace, in this city, in this kingdom of yours. You escape ANYWHERE."
The idea was striking. The king said, "You are right, because these people are not going to settle it before sunset." He escaped. He took his best horse, and by the evening, when the sun was just going to set, he had crossed the borders of his kingdom and entered another kingdom. He was so happy that he had escaped. Now it was not going to be possible for death to find him.

To rest for the night he went into a garden. He was thanking his horse, because the horse had done really a miraculous job. The whole day he had been running so fast -- even the king had never seen him run so fast. He didn't wait to drink water, he didn't wait even for a single moment's rest ... as if he understood the urgency.

The king was thanking him, saying, "You saved me. I thank you and I love you and I will reward you. Tomorrow when we go back to the kingdom you will be received with just the same honor as me."

At that very moment the sun set, and a hand ... the king felt a hand on his shoulder. He looked back: it was the old dark shadow he had seen in the night.

The shadow laughed and said, "You should not thank the horse; I should thank the horse. This is the place where I was waiting, and I was wondering whether your horse was going to make it or not. But he did make it. You have really the rarest horse in the world! You have come to the right point at the right time."

Whatever you are doing you will reach at the right time in the right place to meet death.

Your life is not life because you are not living. So why do you call it life? At least be clear about the meaning of words. Why do you call it life? You are not living, you are simply dying -- you have been dying since you were born. Since that moment you have not been doing anything but dying ... coming closer and closer to the right place, to the right moment, to meet your death.

Your life is nothing but a slow death.

And who has done this to you? -- all your benefactors, the do-gooders, your prophets, your messiahs, your

incarnations of God. These are the people who have changed your life into a slow death, and they have been very clever in doing it. A very simple strategy has been used: they say your life is a punishment.

Christians say you are born in original sin. Now, how can you have life? -- you are just a sinner. Hence the only way to get to real life is to stop this life which is nothing but sin.

Who are your saints? The people who are living at the minimum, they are your saints; the less they are living, the greater they are.

That's why you never worship a contemporary saint. No, for you, only a dead saint is a real saint. A contemporary saint? -- suspicious! You can't believe in him unless he is not living at all. He may be living in his dreams; he may be living a double life, showing one thing, being something else. You know perfectly well that you are living in the same split way.

Now, just the other day I was reading a news story that one Christian sect has decided that anybody who declares himself a homosexual should not be initiated as a priest. Now what does it mean? It simply means that you have not to declare yourself homosexual and you can be ordained as a priest. No other problem in it!

And in fact homosexuality is a by-product of the monasteries; it is a religious phenomenon. It is truly very religious because in monasteries you have gathered men in one place; no woman can enter there. Women you have gathered in another place; no man can enter there. You have created the situation for homosexuality.

Now these men are not idiots. They will find some way for their biological urge to be fulfilled. That is simple

intelligence: if you can't have one thing to eat you will have to eat something else, you will have to find something. If you can't have a woman, then what are you supposed to do? You will have a man. If you are a woman and you can't have a man, then you will have a woman.

Monks in these monasteries were the first homosexuals in the world. Women in these nunneries were the first lesbians in the world. And these people are worried about ordaining ... that if a homosexual is ordained .... And why suddenly? -- because ten years ago the same sect had declared that everybody is equally acceptable. Anybody who wanted to be ordained as a priest had the right to be ordained as a priest; they forgot to exclude homosexuals. But now after ten years they recognized that some amendment is needed. Repress anything and it will come up from some other side. Life is condemned, sex is condemned, having a desire to live comfortably is condemned. To enjoy anything -- food, clothes -- is condemned. This is cutting your life. Piece by piece life is taken away from you.

In Mahatma Gandhi's ashram every day at lunch and supper, a certain sauce was served. It was made of a tree called neem, which is the bitterest tree in the whole world: just eat one leaf of it and for hours you will not think of anything else. It is just the bitterest thing. But according to Indian medicine it has more medicinal properties than any other herb, any other tree, any other leaf. Nothing is close to it, it has the most significant medicinal properties.

So Gandhi had five principles for his disciples. One of the principles was tastelessness. Of course he found neem perfectly good. And neem is grown all over India in every town, every city, every village; in fact every house is

supposed to have a neem tree, because in Indian medicine the idea is that having a neem tree in the house purifies the air.

I don't know ... because I don't believe in any kind of nonsense. I have seen people living surrounded by neem trees suffering from all kinds of diseases, so how can I believe that it has medicinal properties? You can have neem anywhere.

Gandhi was the first in the whole history of humanity to make a chutney, a sauce, out of neem leaves, to destroy the taste of food. It was served; and he was not a man like me ....

I don't know where you eat, what you eat; I have never been to your restaurant, to your canteen -- and I never will be. But Gandhi was just the opposite type of man. He would sit with all his disciples so he could keep an eye on what they were eating. He was almost like a detective, following and seeing if everybody was taking the neem sauce or not, because people were tricky. They might try to hide or ....

One American writer, Louis Fisher, was writing a biography of Gandhi. He went to see him, to live with him for three weeks, to see his ashram with his own eyes. Of course he was a guest, so Gandhi took him with him for lunch, and Fisher was honored to sit by the side of Gandhi. And then came a cup of neem sauce.

He said, "What is this green thing?"

Gandhi said, "This is the best thing in the whole world: the more of it you eat, the healthier and longer you live. I am going to live for one hundred and twenty-five years because of this sauce."

Fisher was impressed. He tasted it and he said, "My God! If I have to eat this then I don't want to live one hundred and twenty-five years, because who is going to suffer it for one hundred and twenty-five years? Then I would like to die -- the sooner the better."

But Gandhi was very insistent. He said, "One gets accustomed. If people get accustomed to smoking cigarettes, cigars .... Certainly for the first time when you smoke it is not a pleasant experience. People start drinking all kinds of things -- coffee for the first time is not something fantastic. So don't be worried: in three weeks I will train you -- you just go on."

Louis Fisher could not deny this old sage, by whom he was already impressed; that's why he had come to write the biography of this man. He could not be disobeyed, but to destroy all of the food .... He thought it better to drink it in one gulp and then enjoy the food, rather than eating them together .... Because an Indian chutney, the sauce, has to be eaten with food; you mix it with bread, with vegetables. You have to eat it, but that destroys the whole thing.

He was more scientific; he said, "It is better in one gulp, and then enjoy the food." But he never knew that Gandhi was a businessman, he was a Jew. In India the banya, the businessman, is called the Jew; he is equally cunning, clever. Gandhi was a banya by his very birth, and he never changed. He remained a banya, a Jew, his whole life.

When Fisher drank, Gandhi asked the cook, "Bring another cup. Look how much he liked it! -- and first he was saying that it is so bitter!"

Now Fisher said, "This won't work." One cup he had swallowed somehow; it was all poison. Now the second

cup was available. He said, "I will take it only in the end -- first let me finish the food; otherwise the third cup will come." This is the principle of tastelessness. You destroy the taste; otherwise you are enjoying the food.

I was a guest in Gandhi's ashram. There were so many mosquitoes in the ashram, more mosquitoes than Gandhians. Gandhians were only twenty, mosquitoes must have been twenty million, and just for twenty Gandhians, twenty million mosquitoes ...! It is asceticism. And the mosquito net was not allowed in the ashram, it was prohibited; nobody could bring a mosquito net.

Gandhi had his own inventions -- I don't know who gave him the idea that he was a scientist. He continued his whole life inventing all kinds of silly things. He invented the idea that if you paint your face and hands with kerosene oil then mosquitoes won't bite you -- of course, because even mosquitoes are more intelligent. They will not come to the stinking face of a man -- because when you paint your face and your hands with kerosene oil ....

I told his son, Ramdas, who was my friend, I asked him, "Ramdas, I cannot survive here, I am going; I cannot remain here in the night."

He said, "Why?"

I said, "This kerosene! If mosquitoes can't come, how can I sleep? -- the smell will be coming to me too. And if even mosquitoes are not so idiotic .... Just forgive me."

Those twenty poor people were sleeping there with kerosene painted on their face. Sleep was difficult. I enquired ... next morning I came back and enquired. They said, "It is difficult, but sooner or later in spite of all the smell, sleep has to come. One day you may go on tossing

and turning, next day you may go on tossing and turning .... In the day, sleep is prohibited because that is luxury."
I said, "If that is luxury, then in the day also I cannot be here. I have to sleep two hours in the day."
Ramdas said, "This is difficult, because if you sleep here in the day and my father comes to know, of course you won't be in trouble but I will be in trouble."
I said, "No need of anybody to be troubled, I simply will go. This is not the place for me. In the day you cannot sleep; in the night those mosquitoes and the kerosene oil will not allow you to sleep."
This is religious discipline -- and this is nothing. If you look in the history of Christian monasteries, Jaina monasteries, Buddhist monasteries, Hindu monasteries you will be simply surprised: it is unbelievable that human beings have been treated in such an inhuman way -- in the name of religion. All kinds of stupidities ....
A Jaina monk eats only one time a day. He cannot use any kind of utensil -- a cup or a plate, no -- he has to use only his hands. So whatsoever can come into his two hands, cupped, that's his whole meal for twenty-four hours. And how much can you hold in your two hands? And he has to eat like an animal because he cannot use his hands; they are holding the food.
The less you live, the more you cut your life, the greater saint you are. The real sages sleep only three hours; sleeping six hours, seven hours, is luxury. It is simply nature, it is not luxury.
It is good that these idiots cannot sermonize to the children in their mothers' wombs -- because they sleep twenty-four hours; they are the greatest sinners in the world. Then out

of the womb the child sleeps for twenty-two hours, twenty hours, eighteen hours. That is his biological necessity. In his sleep he grows; his body functions perfectly for growth. And as you become mature, sleep comes to a point ... the average is seven hours, but each individual has a different personality, different needs.

Somebody may need eight hours, somebody may need six hours; seven hours is average. And there is no average man on the earth, remember. Average is only in arithmetic, it does not exist in reality. So a person who sleeps eight hours is thought to be a sinner.

Once a young man was brought to me. He was a disciple of a very world-famous sage of India, Swami Shivananda of Rishikesh. Many American fools were interested in Shivananda. In fact, unless you are a fool you cannot be interested in Swami Shivananda. He was a rare being. This young man was brought to me by his father and mother because he was going nuts. Shivananda had told him that three hours' sleep is enough, more than three hours is a sin: sleep only three hours. So he was sleeping three hours. Now, a young man needs at least seven hours, average. He may need eight, he may need nine, it depends. But three hours? -- impossible. Now, three hours he was sleeping, so the whole day he was feeling sleepy. That is a proof that you are a very dark soul. The word in Indian spirituality is tamasik. Your whole soul is full of darkness, that's why you are feeling sleepy the whole day; otherwise the day is to be awake.

Now, first you tell a person to sleep three hours in the night; then in the day of course he will feel sleepy. Then his soul is tamasik, full of darkness. Naturally he is going to

ask, "What am I to do?" It was suggested that he should change his food; his food must be tamasik. Out of his food, darkness is being produced. He should only live on milk and stop all other food. So he started living only on milk. Now, it is a simple understanding that except for man no animal in the whole world, after a certain age, drinks milk. All mammals in the beginning live on milk -- but only in the beginning. Once they are able to eat solid food, milk is dropped. Milk is for children, it is not for mature beings. It is only man who goes on using milk. That keeps him retarded.

So that boy started drinking milk. Now, it was not enough: he started feeling weak, sick. He enquired again. Shivananda said, "These are all symptoms of your past lives in which you have been committing so many sins, and you have to repent for everything. Now, you start a japa, transcendental meditation. You continue chanting inside, `Ram ... Ram ... Ram ...'" -- the name of the Hindu god -- "while walking, eating. Whatever you are doing, even talking with somebody, inside you continue, `Ram ... Ram ... Ram ....'"

You are not to say it loudly; inside there is to be a continuity. And it becomes possible. If you continue then slowly slowly you can do other work and you can continue. It is a robot-like, mechanical thing: "Ram ... Ram ... Ram"; it goes on inside. That is thought to be a great achievement. In fact that is simply making the person schizophrenic, splitting him in two. He is doing one thing, and inside he is doing, "Ram ... Ram ... Ram ...." He is in two.

This boy's father told me, "Something has to be done because he walks on the street -- the truckdriver is honking

his horn and he does not listen, he goes on walking ahead of the truck. Someday he will be killed!"
I asked the boy, "What is the matter?"
He said, "Because I am continuously concentrating inside with `Ram,' slowly slowly that sound, `Ram,' has become so loud in me that I don't hear anything else. Perhaps a truckdriver was honking the horn but I didn't hear." If you are so full inside of your own noise .... You also know many times when you are in a very brooding mood, you may not hear a thing that is going on.
Now this man was continuously in such a state, and his father and mother said, "We are in such trouble. At three o'clock in the night he gets up and starts chanting, `Ram ... Ram ....' We cannot sleep. He is going nuts -- he is driving us also nuts!"
And the boy said, "That is not three o'clock in the night; that is BRAHMAMUHURT." In India three o'clock in the night is known as the hour of God. All sagely people wake up at three o'clock. "And I am not disturbing anybody, I am simply practicing something sacred; and these people are disturbing me, they are committing sin. Just the way I have committed sin in my past life and I am suffering now, they will suffer in their future life."
It was so difficult to convince him. I had to keep him with me in my house for four weeks. I told the parents, "Leave him with me, because it will take time. He has been badly damaged, he needs great repair -- you leave him with me. And don't be worried about me, I will not go nuts -- I am already! You just forget about it. After four weeks I will bring your child back to you."

It took four weeks continually hammering him to bring him back to earth. And when he came back to earth, it was almost as if he had been dead and come alive again. He said, "Now I can see what was happening. It was a nightmare!"

But he might have lived in that nightmare and would have become a great sage. All your sages are living in nightmares, and they are preaching to you also to follow them.

Their whole effort is to cut your life as much as possible. It helps the politician if you are less alive, because then you are less rebellious, more obedient, more conventional, more traditional -- you are not a danger.

It helps the priest if you are less alive -- for the same reasons.

If you are really alive then you are a danger to everybody, everybody who tries to exploit you, everybody who is a parasite on you. You are going to fight tooth and nail. You would rather die than live like a slave, because even death for a fully alive person is not death; it is the culmination of life. Even dying he goes on living intensely and totally. He is not afraid of death, he is not afraid of anything.

That is what makes all the vested interests afraid of the living person. They have found a very subtle strategy, and the strategy is to give you a goal for your life, that you have to become somebody.

You are already that which existence wanted you to be. You are not to become anybody.

But they go on saying you have to become Jesus Christ. Why? If Jesus Christ was not to become me, why should I become Jesus Christ? Jesus Christ should be Jesus Christ, I

should be myself. But what are all the Christians doing? -- trying to imitate Jesus Christ, trying in some way to become Jesus Christ. Hindus are trying to become Krishna; Buddhists are trying to become Buddha. Strange! Nobody is worrying about himself; everybody is trying to become somebody else. That cuts your life completely. Hence I say, Life has no goal because life is its own goal.

Drop all goals.

Drop the very idea of future.

Forget completely that there is going to be a tomorrow. Collect yourself from every dimension and direction. Be concentrated herenow, and in that single moment you will be able to know life in its eternity. Then the hunger for living, and living forever, will not be there.

Tasting life in a single moment makes you aware that life is eternal. There is no need to desire it, it is already eternal. Death is only an episode which happens many times -- perhaps millions of times -- but life continues. Death is only a changeover from one house to another house.

Right now there is a case in India in a court, a very beautiful case. A young man -- must be nearabout twenty-two or twenty-four -- killed an old man of about eighty. The old man was a door-to-door salesman. And there was no enmity between the two; what to say of enmity -- they were not even introduced to each other, they were not acquainted with each other, and the young man killed the eighty-year-old man.

In the court the young man said, "In my past life I was the dog of this old man, and he tortured me very much, so much so that finally through his torture I was killed. This was simple revenge. I don't deny that I have killed him."

He said, "I can produce evidence" -- and he produced two eyewitnesses who said that exactly twenty-four years earlier that old man had a dog; he tortured the dog and the dog was killed through his torture. That coincides with the age of the young man. And they said that it is simple: without any enmity with the old man, without any reason .... They were asked if there was any reason, if there was any conflict, any quarrel: no quarrel, no reason, nothing -- suddenly he killed that man. That made it even more solid a case; perhaps it had something to do with his past life.

The judge is puzzled what to do with this man, because if he has just been killed himself, now to punish him, to kill him again, would be too much. In fact the criminal was the old man who was dead, who could be punished. To leave this man unpunished is also dangerous, because then every murderer will start saying, "In my past life ..." and might even produce evidence, because evidence is not difficult to find, particularly in India. You bribe anybody and anybody will give evidence.

Perhaps these two witnesses were just paid. Perhaps there was no dog. If these two persons lived in the neighborhood of the man and they knew the old man their whole life, they could say, "We are eyewitnesses: he tortured the dog, he killed the dog." The age coincides, and the young man had had no problem with the old man. And from the old man's side nobody has come to say there was any conflict, any antagonism; no proof has been found of any antagonism. Certainly the judge is in a difficulty.

Vivek was asking me, "What would you have done?"

I have not told her what I would have done because I cannot say many things just for the reason that the whole

world is full of bigots about everything. Otherwise it is very simple. It has nothing to do with the judge; the man should be given to a hypnotist. The young man should be deeply hypnotized so that he goes below his conscious mind and comes to the unconscious -- and then he should be asked. And the truth will be out, because the unconscious mind cannot lie.

That is one great thing about the unconscious mind: it cannot lie. And if the hypnotist is really skillful, he can take the person even deeper than the unconscious, to the collective unconscious. Then everything is crystal-clear, pure truth. It is not a question to be decided in a court; the judge has nothing to do with it.

Whatever he decides will be wrong. I can say it before he decides: whatever he decides will be wrong unless he decides to give that young man to a great hypnotist. And things can be very easily found -- the unconscious carries all your past lives and their memories. If there has been such a thing, the unconscious will reveal it, will tell it to you clearly.

Perhaps the man may start barking when he is unconscious. He may make the bark of a dog who is being tortured, and that will be enough proof. Dogs cannot talk, but they can bark, which will be a better proof than talking. If that man in deep hypnosis starts barking, and starts showing all indications of being tortured, of being killed, that will be enough proof of the innocence of the man. He has done nothing. He should be released with honor. But perhaps this will not happen, because people all around the world are so much against hypnotism -- which is a very accurate science.

They are so afraid of hypnotism; they think it is something magical, something dangerous, something evil. It is neither evil nor dangerous; it is a simple, deliberate way of putting a man's conscious mind to sleep and allowing the unconscious to speak. It is going to be, in the future, one of the greatest sciences ever.

But if you are not living now, you will hanker for eternal life.

The last thing I would like to say about it is: you will be born again and again for the simple reason that you are not living. Your desire, which Buddha calls trishna, lust for life, will continue till you live life totally, fully, feel blessed to be alive. Once you are satisfied to your heart's content, then there is no more getting into another body again.

This is what we call nirvana.

This is what we call moksha.

This is what we call ultimate freedom from all imprisonment.

The body is an imprisonment. Consciousness can be without the body, but because of the desire to live, the consciousness is dragged again and again into a body.

Once you have lived .... And that's my effort here in my commune, that you should live totally, unafraid. There is no sin, there is no hell, there is no evil: there are only politicians and priests who have to be avoided.

Live totally!

Of course that does not mean to interfere in other people's lives. A man who knows how to live also feels a tremendous responsibility for other people to live. And when you are living with people, the more nobody is interfered with, the more space there will be for everybody

to live. So, remember one thing: don't interfere in anybody's life and don't let anybody interfere in your life either.
This is what makes you my sannyasin.
Live, and let others live -- fully.
Help, share, and the desire to live forever will disappear.
Then this death will be your last episode, then there will be no more coming back to the body. Then you are free of all imprisonment -- and that freedom is life in its utter purity, at its highest peak.
Life itself is its own goal -- the goal is intrinsic.
But just listening to me or repeating my words is of no help.
If you understand me then forget my words:
Remember the spirit.
And be totally dedicated to that spirit.
And you will be surprised that even a single moment can give you so much that all the paradises of all the religions become pale compared to it.

From Darkness to Light

Chapter #17
Chapter title: Love is a very unscientific idea
17 March 1985 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
I HAVE HEARD YOU SAY THAT SCIENTISTS ARE ONLY NOW DISCOVERING THINGS THAT PEOPLE IN THE EAST KNEW FIVE THOUSAND YEARS AGO. HOW DID WE COME TO GO BACKWARDS?

Science as such has no intrinsic value like life, like love, like blissfulness. These are ends in themselves. Science is only a means. This is the most essential thing to be understood.

Science is concerned with providing you the means to make life richer, profounder, more comfortable, more healthy. But science can do just the opposite too; it can be destructive, it can move in directions which are anti-life. Hence, science cannot be left only in the hands of the scientists. Something higher, something which is an end in itself must be the decisive factor in determining in what direction science should move, in what direction it should not move.

The concern of science is things, objects; it is not concerned at all with being. The word "being" is just nonexistential for the scientific mind. This is very idiotic because the scientist is a being himself. He is not a thing amongst other things.

Have you ever seen a chair doing scientific research? or a table? The scientist has something which things do not have: consciousness, life, being. But the problem for the scientist is that his methodology limits him. He has a limitation, he can only work on something which he can dissect, which he can set to work upon, which he can put in a test-tube.

Now, you cannot put your own consciousness in front of yourself. You cannot divide your being the way you have divided matter -- into molecules, then into atoms, then into electrons. And they go on dividing.

Being is indivisible. There is no sword which can cut it in two. There is no method by which we can experiment upon consciousness; hence, science completely denies the existence of consciousness -- because to accept the existence of consciousness is to accept your impotence too. You cannot do anything about it. Then science becomes a very small thing, concerned only with things. And things are utilitarian, their whole purpose is to be used ... by whom?

Are things using things? clothes wearing clothes? food eating food? houses living in houses? The scientist is in a real dilemma. If he accepts consciousness, being, life, then he is accepting something higher than his reach, something which is beyond his methodology. And of course a scientist, as a scientist, cannot accept anything which is not proved in his lab -- not only by himself but by thousands of other scientists around the world.

When the same conclusion is reached through millions of experiments, always the same, without any exception, then it becomes a scientific truth. Only then can the scientist accept it -- that too only temporarily because tomorrow new facts may be found and things will have to be changed. It was not so in the beginning. Just a hundred years ago scientists were very adamant, stubborn, absolute about their findings, because whatsoever they were finding was without exception. But within these hundred years all that absoluteness has disappeared. Every day, new facts are being discovered which go on dismantling the old theories. Now a new standpoint has arisen; that is, that science can only be temporarily, hypothetically accepted. Nobody can say of anything that the same will happen tomorrow. We

can only say that, up to now, whatever we know, this is the conclusion out of it. Anything new being added to it is going to change the whole conclusion.
The dilemma is that science cannot accept being, life. You can cut a man in thousands of parts, you will not find life anywhere. In fact, you cannot put him back together again. Even if you glue him together again, life will not come back.
What is life? How can science accept it? It is beyond the scientist's grasp. So if he accepts it he accepts a limitation of science -- and he accepts something higher than science. Then science cannot be the decisive factor in human life. This is against the ego of the scientist.
He can deny, as he has been doing up to now, or ignore, which is far better; but some standpoint has to be taken. Even ignoring it is a standpoint -- you have accepted it; otherwise, what are you ignoring? Either reject or ignore: in each case the acceptance is there. If you reject it, if you simply say it does not exist, that it is a by-product .... Try to understand the word "by-product."
You mix a few things and out of the mixture a new thing arises; it was not there before. But if you take those things which you have mixed ... for example, water: hydrogen and oxygen are mixed. Water is formed in a particular ratio, H2O: two parts hydrogen, one part oxygen, and water arises. The water is a by-product. If you take oxygen out, or you take hydrogen out, the water disappears.
But the scientist cannot say even that, because when you put the hydrogen back, the water appears again; yes, it is a by-product. I accept that. But life is not a by-product, because when you put the parts together it does not appear

again. You cut off the head, and then you fix it back -- you can call Leeladhar, you can do perfect plastic surgery -- but still life will not appear. Hence the scientist cannot even say that life is a by-product, that consciousness is a by-product. He will still have to prove both.

Karl Marx said that life and consciousness are both by-products. But he is not being logical, he is being simply a fanatic materialist. It is so clear. A by-product is something which arises out of a certain mixture; it will always arise whenever the mixture is made, it will always disappear whenever the mixture is taken away. That is not the case about life.

The second problem in the dilemma is that the scientist has to deny himself. The moment he denies being and says the world consists only of matter -- that is, only of things -- then who is he? He is a thing.

This is very strange: a few "things" are researching, finding great truths -- dangerous, fatal, decisive -- and other things are doing nothing. If we are all things, then perhaps while you are sleeping, your chair is trying to experiment upon you, looking into you, trying to find out what kind of thing this is. And the chairs must be publishing periodicals, research papers, getting PhDs, BScs .... But it is strange that only men, not even animals, are scientists. Animals have life but they are not consciously alive; hence they simply go on living a biological program.

Man is the only living organism on the earth who has a totally new quality -- consciousness. The walls in this room are not conscious of you. They are not conscious of themselves either. They don't know they exist, they don't

know that anybody else exists. Man is very special; he knows others exist, he knows he exists.
The scientist has to deny the greatest prerogative of man. He has to say that he is also a thing among things. Strange! Scientists also when they are not scientists -- because nobody can be a scientist twenty-four hours a day. It is not like religion. A person cannot be religious for a few hours in a day, or a few hours in a week. Either he is religious or he is not.
Religiousness is overwhelming, reaches to every pore of your being; it is not a profession like being a doctor, an engineer, a scientist.
I used to stay in Calcutta in the house of the chief justice of the Supreme Court of Bengal. His wife told me, "I cannot tell anybody, but you have become so close to us that I am daring to say it to you. And my husband only listens to you. Otherwise he is twenty-four hours a day chief justice of the Supreme Court of Bengal; nobody is above him, he never listens to anybody. So it was pointless to tell anybody anyway, but I want to tell you that you have to tell him that to be a chief justice is a profession. He need not be chief justice twenty-four hours a day."
I said, "What do you mean `twenty-four hours a day'?"
She said, "I mean even in bed he is the chief justice and I am the criminal. He is ordering! He can't speak in any other way. The jargon of his court has gone into his very marrow. To the children he speaks in the same way. When he is out of the house we are all so happy. And when he comes home everybody becomes serious because the chief justice is coming: not the father, not the brother, not the husband -- no, no relationship exists with the chief justice. The chief

justice is even required not to be friendly to anybody because that may affect his fairness. He is nobody's relation."

I talked to him. I said, "This is simply stupid. You are a chief justice between eleven to five in the court. It is a profession, it is not your religion. You need not be a chief justice in bed with your wife. That is ugly. And if you are doing that then you are the criminal. You start behaving rightly and forget all your legal jargon. Your children want you to be their father. What do they have to do with the chief justice? Do you know the moment you enter the house the whole house becomes sad, afraid? Do you consider it something great about you?"

He said, "Perhaps you are right. I have made it my religion."

Religion can only be for twenty-four hours a day, it cannot be otherwise, remember. You cannot say, "For half an hour I am not going to be religious" -- or can you? Then a Jaina for half an hour can eat meat because for half an hour he was not religious. Then a Christian, for half an hour, can kick the statue of Jesus from this corner to that corner in the room -- for half an hour he is not religious! After half an hour it will be put back on the pedestal with great honor and respect and he will kneel down and pray to it. But for half an hour ....

And everybody needs a little holiday once in a while. But in religion there is no holiday. Religion is twenty-four hours, day in, day out, year in, year out, because it is just like your breathing. But science is not a religion.

So when I have talked to a scientist when he is not a scientist -- and nobody can be a scientist twenty-four hours

a day, remember, it will kill him. He cannot love his wife because love does not exist according to science; there is nothing like love. It is a very unscientific idea -- poetic, but not scientific. Love has not been analyzed, it has not been found what constitutes it, how it can be produced on a mass scale, what taste it has, what color it has, what smell it has, whether it is tangible or not.

Nothing has been found out about love scientifically. In any scientific book you cannot find love mentioned.

When I was in my matriculation year there used to be ninety-two elements, now there are one hundred and eight; that is why I say things go on changing. Ninety-two elements constituted the whole existence. I asked my teacher, "But in this whole list many things are missing."

He said, "What do you mean?"

"For example," I said, "there is no mention of love."

He said, "Are you crazy? In a science class you inquire about love? All that kind of nonsense is okay when you are reading poetry, but in a science class ...?"

I said, "Science or not, I know that you are in love."

He was very much embarrassed because I really knew -- and he knew that I knew. I had really caught him kissing a woman. And I said, "You confess; otherwise I will tell the whole class and the whole school who the woman is" -- because the woman was also a teacher in the school, and this whole thing was happening behind the scientific lab.

"In these ninety-two elements where is it mentioned? If it is not mentioned, on what grounds were you kissing that woman? So unscientific, silly. You should start teaching in a poetry class -- poetry, literature -- and behind the poetry

class you can go on kissing anybody you want. But behind the science lab ...."
He said, "I am sorry, but ...."
I said, "This won't do. Say that there are ninety-three elements in life."
He said, "That I cannot say because love is not proved scientifically."
I said, "That's true, but all scientists love. Not only that, they produce children. Not only that, they get married, they even get divorced -- and everything is unscientific! In the first place, falling in love ...."
Even a man like Albert Einstein could not resist falling in love, knowing perfectly well that love does not exist. He fell in love with a woman, who later became Frau Einstein. She was an outstanding poet but it was very difficult to converse because Einstein was so stuffed with his science, and she was so stuffed with poetry. Now, with two heads stuffed with poetry and science together there is bound to be trouble.
In the beginning she used to show him poems that she was writing, and Einstein would listen, because he had to listen. But once in a while he would raise a question which would be scientific. For example she would be comparing the face of a woman with the full moon, and he would say, "Wait. This is going too far. A woman's face, and you are comparing it to the moon? A woman's body cannot carry it, it is impossible. Secondly, what beauty do you see in the moon? No eyes, no nose, no mouth, no hair -- nothing! What do you see there that you are comparing?
"And do you know that even this light that shines from the moon is not its own, it is just a reflection. It is sun rays

reflected from the moon." The moon is just as dusty as this Big Muddy Ranch. There is no light that you see; from the moon the earth also shines in the same way as the moon and looks so beautiful.

I asked Yuri Gagarin .... After he first orbited around the moon -- the first man to come so close to the moon -- he was invited for a tour, a welcome tour to India. I asked him, "What was your first idea, seeing the earth from that far away; for the first time, the first man, looking at the earth from that distance, what was your impression?"

He said, "I was simply mystified. I am a communist, I don't believe in mysticism, but I was mystified -- what can I do? The earth looked so beautiful, so glorious, with such an aura of light. And for the first time I could not think of myself as Russian, American, Indian, Chinese. For the first time, I thought only of myself as belonging to the earth: this is my earth. That was my first feeling: this is my earth. America was included."

I used to tell my friends in the university who were great scholars -- physicists, chemists, biologists, zoologists: "You all love. You all want to live. You all want to have silence, peace. You all want, deep down, to know who you are. Still, as scientists, you go on denying these things. Have you considered that you are denying yourself, that you are turning yourself into a thing?"

Science cannot go beyond things. And there is nothing wrong about it; all that is needed is that science should understand its limitations. Everything has limitations, and one should not try to prove that that which does not exist within those limitations does not exist at all. My eyes cannot hear music -- that does not mean music does not

exist. My ears cannot see the light -- is that enough to prove there is no light? It simply proves the limitations of the ear. I dropped the word "limitation" because it is humiliating. I used to say to my scientist friends in the university, "It is specialization, forget the word `limitation'. The eyes are specialized organs to see; ears, specialized organs to hear. And you will be surprised that it is the same body, consisting of the same chemicals.

"It is the same skin, the same bones, which become your ears, which become your eyes, which become your nose, which become your tongue. It is one organic unity. Ears are nothing but bones specialized for a certain purpose; your eyes are nothing but your skin specialized for a certain purpose. It is a specialization -- but a specialization certainly means you will have to leave many things outside."

Specialization means knowing more and more about less and less. You go on becoming narrower and narrower and narrower and narrower. The greatest specialist is certainly bound to be knowing much about almost nothing. The ultimate logical conclusion is knowing all about nothing. That will be the greatest specialist, one who knows all about nothing.

I have heard a story about the twenty-first century. A man enters an eye specialist's office, sits down and says, "I am feeling very much troubled."

The eye specialist says, "Before we begin -- because once we begin you will be charged -- I would like to ask which eye you are having trouble with?"

The man said, "The left eye."

The specialist said, "Then you go to the other specialist, because I specialize only in the right eye."
In fact the right eye is in itself a world so vast that sooner or later you will find that somebody specializes only on the eastern side of the right eye, somebody else on the western side of the right eye. That's how specialization goes on.
In India you go to a physician, an Indian physician; he is not a Western doctor. You need not bother about specialization because he is still practicing something which was invented five thousand years ago when there was no specialization. And the strangest thing is that he will not ask you, "What is your trouble?" -- because in India particularly, the Indian physicians think it an insult to ask the patient, "What is your trouble?" Then what kind of expert is he?
They will take your pulse with their hand, close their eyes and they will say what your trouble is. And it is almost always true. They will look at your tongue, they will see your stomach. And they are almost always right, because they have been watching the pulse for five thousand years or more -- the slight changes in vibration according to each disease. Just looking at your tongue ... not at the Western tongue because from the Western tongue I don't think even an Indian physician can find out what kind of disease you are suffering from.
He will find all kinds of diseases, because in the West, for some reason, you clean everything except your tongue. It has not occurred to anyone that the tongue has to be cleaned. It is only in the East that the tongue is cleaned. Just as toothbrushes exist, tongue cleaners exist, and only the Eastern tongue is capable of showing to the physician

what the disease is. The color of the tongue, the layers of whiteness, blackness, brownness that have gathered even in spite of our cleaning show what kind of disease it is, because your tongue is connected with your stomach. It is an indicator, it goes on showing you what difficulty is there in the stomach. But if you don't clean it then of course it is a mess, you cannot figure it out.

The eastern physician ... the greater the physician, the less he will ask you. He will simply check you and will start writing the prescription. You will be puzzled that he has not even asked what disease -- he need not. Specialization for thousands of years has made him know everything about very small things: the pulse rate, its very fine differences; the tongue, its color, the stuff that gathers on the tongue. But don't call it a limitation, call it a specialization.

Science is a specialization. You cannot be a scientist twenty-four hours a day.

Religion is not a specialization.

It is a way of life.

It is a way of breathing, it is a way of walking, it is a way of sitting, it is a way of sleeping.

Religion overwhelms all your life.

A religious man sits in a different way than a non-religious man.

A religious man talks in a different way than a non-religious man.

A religious man is always at ease, at home, relaxed.

A religious man knows no tensions, no anxieties.

Naturally all his functioning has a tremendous grace, a beauty. And because it is not a specialization it can spread all over his life -- it has to spread.

Once Gautam Buddha's chief disciple, Ananda, asked him, "Bhante, many times I have awakened at different hours in the night just to see, are you in any need? You were always asleep, you were never in any need. But a problem has arisen for me that when you go to sleep you continue the whole night to sleep in exactly the same posture: the same hand underneath your head functioning as a pillow, one leg upon the other leg, resting -- always on one side, never changing sides. This is strange."

Buddha said, "This is not strange. There is no need to move. When I was unconscious I also used to toss and turn -- that was the mental turmoil affecting the body. Now if I want to change my posture I can, but there is no inner necessity. And I don't want to, I love this posture."

People have been asking me how I go on sitting with my left leg upon my right leg for hours. I can change but I don't see any need. For years I have been sitting that way and now it has become so comfortable that if I change it that will be a discomfort. In this posture I completely forget my legs; there is no need for me to remember about them. But if I want to change I can change, there is no problem in it.

Once you live consciously, every act starts taking on a different quality: the quality of relaxedness, restfulness. A religious man can be religious twenty-four hours a day. Yes, even in bed, even while making love to his wife he will be religious. His lovemaking will be of the same category as his prayer, his worship, his meditation.

Perhaps I am one of the most misunderstood men on the earth today. In my name there are more than three hundred and fifty books on all kinds of subjects; perhaps I have not left any corner of life untouched. But one book became world-famous, or world-notorious.

It is just a series of lectures on the subject FROM SEX TO SUPERCONSCIOUSNESS. It is very strange, because anybody who reads the book will be surprised ... but people believe in gossips; who wants to actually read the book? People believe the journalists. Who wants to go into anything to find out the truth?

The book is not for sex; it is the only book in the whole existence against sex, but strange .... The book says that there is a way to go beyond sex, you can transcend sex -- that's the meaning of "from sex to superconsciousness." You are at the stage of sex while you should be at the stage of superconsciousness. And the route is simple: sex just has to be part of your religious life, it has to be something sacred.

Sex has to be something not obscene, not pornographic, not condemned, not repressed but immensely respected, because we are born out of it.

It is our very life source.

And to condemn the life source is to condemn everything. Sex has to be raised higher and higher to its ultimate peak. And that ultimate peak is samadhi, superconsciousness.

But I was condemned all over the world by all the religions for preaching sex. I was amazed. I chuckled. I said to myself, "I am born in a great world, in a great time! I had never thought that the world consisted of so many idiots."

Books have been written against my book; articles in almost every language, in every newspaper, in every magazine have appeared against my book. But the fundamental of their understanding remains the same: that I am teaching sex.

I am teaching transformation of sex.

It is so clear. But no, these people were not interested in transformation of sex, they were interested in condemning sex. It was a good excuse. And who is going to read the book? Who is going to find out what I have really said in it?

It is so strange and unbelievable that Hindus have worshiped one great sexologist, the first in the world, Maharishi Vatsyayana, who has written a book KAMASUTRAS, which means "Aphorisms on sex." It is the first obscene and pornographic book, with ugly drawings -- it is pictorial; photography was not in existence; otherwise it would have been like PLAYBOY. Sketches ... and he propounds eighty-four postures for intercourse.

Now many idiots must have been trying them and wasting their whole life -- eighty-four postures! And a few are such that it is better if you join the gym and do some gymnastics rather than doing those postures. You will break your neck or your wife's neck. You will not believe that there is a posture -- the woman is standing on her head and the man is making love to her. And this man, Vatsyayana, is respected in India as a maharishi, as a great seer. Because he was supporting Hindu ideology, Hindus -- it was a mutual understanding -- respected him.

Because I am not supporting anybody's ideology there is no question of respecting me for anything.
And out of three hundred and fifty books, that is the only one in which I talk about sex and its transformation. What about the three hundred and forty-nine books in which I have talked about every possible problem of human growth? Nobody bothers about all those books because nobody is concerned with human growth. Everybody is concerned that man should remain retarded.
The more retarded humanity is, the more it is in the hands of the politicians, in the hands of the priests, in the hands of all kinds of vested interests. Who is interested in transforming man? They want you to be completely blind and deaf. They want you to be just a robot: efficient, not creating any trouble -- no strike, no protest, no revolution, no rebellion -- just a robot who is always ready to say "Yes, sir."
The question is significant: why has it happened that there was a time, five thousand years ago in the East, when science reached to its highest peaks -- then what happened? Why in the East was that whole project dropped?
When, in the East, science was at its peak the West was just barbarous. Even today Ashoka's pillar which was made to honor Gautam Buddha .... It was made two thousand years ago, and scientists have not been able to find how it was made, because to make that high a pillar of solid metal .... It has been standing in the rain -- for two thousand years -- in the summer, in the winter -- and has not gathered any trace of the years: it is without any stain. Stainless steel is a modern phenomenon; it was not possible then -- but the pillar is there.

In Egypt, the pyramids have such huge stones on the top that we don't have cranes even today to take all those huge stones to that height. And they were put there three thousand years ago. Something must have existed, something better than our cranes.

Five thousand years ago, in India, there happened a war which must have been something like the third world war, if it happens. Millions of people died and the weapons that were used -- their description is clear-cut in the scriptures -- seem to be nuclear. They were not ordinary weapons. What happened to this science? Why has it simply disappeared?

In Mexico there are triangles made on the earth so big, so vast, that you cannot see them. Wherever you are standing you will see only one line. If you are standing at the corner you will see two lines meeting, but you cannot see the whole triangle. The only way to see the whole triangle is from an airplane, there is no other way. Every way has been tried to see them but the only way is from an airplane. You cannot see it unless you are flying over it, it is so huge. It is geometrically accurate -- and it is almost four thousand years old!

Why did the people create that? For what purpose? It cannot be of any use to "primitive" people -- a triangle so vast and so accurate -- unless it was a signal to flying machines, just the way you have lights and signals for airplanes in our airport. And just by the side of these triangles .... These triangles have been found in many places, not in just one; one may have been accidental, may have been natural, but in many places .... Just by the side of

the triangle there is the runway. A runway for what purpose?

Those people had no use of a runway; unless an airplane was descending or taking off, those runways are useless. And those runways have been measured and it has been found that that length is absolutely necessary only if a flying machine is being used.

But what happened to all these scientific developments? It is significant to understand that it was a conscious decision to drop all scientific development because it was going against life. It was going against consciousness, it was going against humanity, it was going against nature.

It was a conscious decision after the Mahabharat war in India, five thousand years ago, that these arenas of science should be closed -- because science is not a value in itself. Unless it serves life, unless it makes you more enriched, there is no need for so many human beings and so many geniuses to be involved in it.

It was a conscious decision. But who can make this conscious decision? That's why I have been telling you again and again that humanity can be saved only if there are enough conscious people in the world, people who are not Christians, not Hindus, not Americans, not Russians, who are simply conscious, and can create a climate of consciousness around the earth and an awareness that science should be subservient to human values.

Man is not the servant of science, but the master.

And human values should decide whether a certain scientific project is worth going into or not.

For example, when Albert Einstein wrote the letter to President Roosevelt about making the atom bomb, if

President Roosevelt had any consciousness of human values he would have refused, knowing that this plaything, this atom bomb, could become the ultimate danger to humanity that it has become. Neither Roosevelt nor Albert Einstein had that consciousness.

Albert Einstein certainly repented later on when Hiroshima and Nagasaki in Japan were burned through atomic explosions. Within seconds hundreds of thousands of people simply evaporated. It was a shock to Albert Einstein because it was his letter that triggered the whole process; he was responsible. Roosevelt was no longer the president, the president was Truman, and you cannot find ... strange, you cannot find a more untrue man, but names are strange -- just the opposite.

When Truman was asked the next morning, "Could you sleep? -- because Hiroshima and Nagasaki have been burning. One hundred thousand people in Nagasaki, one hundred and twenty thousand people in Hiroshima have died. Could you sleep? -- because it was your decision to drop the bomb."

He said, "I slept the best I have ever slept, because so many worries had been there, but in my dropping that bomb, all the worries finished. I slept beautifully." Can you say this man has any awareness of what he is saying, what he is doing?

The man who dropped the atom bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the pilot, was asked the next day, "What is your reaction?"

He said, "What reaction? I simply followed the orders; I had nothing to do with it. I was ordered to drop the bombs, I dropped the bombs. That's my profession, I am paid for it.

Those who have given the order should have some responsibility or not -- that is their business -- but I don't have anything to do with it." Now, can you say this man is even a human being? Could he not say that, "I am not going to follow this order. Two hundred and twenty thousand people are going to be killed! It is better you shoot me; I am not going to follow this order"?

This is what I call religious disobedience. And this man would have become, in my eyes at least, the beginning of a new humanity.

But the idiot said, "I simply followed the order."

I am not saying don't follow orders. I am saying, before following orders at least think twice about what the order is.

Science is not the ultimate value, it is a means.

The scientist is an expert -- specialized, limited:

He goes on knowing more and more about less and less.

The religious person is just the opposite:

He goes on knowing less and less about more and more. A day comes when he knows nothing about everything. I am in that position.

I know nothing about everything.

That is why I can speak about everything without bothering whether it is so or not. I am an ignorant man so there is no need to be worried.

Religion has values.

I have told you science is concerned with objects, things. Religion is concerned with beings, consciousness, awareness.

Unless religion has the upper hand, science is going to destroy everything, for the simple reason that the scientist

has no bird's-eye view of the whole. Of course the bird's-eye view cannot be called the expert's-eye view.

The bird flying high in the sky can see everything, but you cannot say that the man who is a biologist working on the earth, finding more and more about biology, sees more than the bird. The bird knows nothing, but the bird sees everything that is there. The bird's vision is vast. The scientist's vision is very narrow; naturally he cannot see beyond it.

Now, there is one scientist, Delgado, who has invented electrodes which can be planted in your head. You will not know -- once the electrode is inside your skull you will never know that there is anything there, because inside your skull there is no sensitivity. Even a stone can be put there, you will never know about it. That electrode in your head can be controlled from anywhere, from distant control systems, remote control.

You may be going to your home and from a thousand miles away Delgado can dictate to you, "Don't go, come back!" And you will immediately turn about and start moving back. Of course you will find some excuse why you are doing it, not knowing that you are not doing it, you have been forced to do it. But man is such an egoist, he cannot accept such a thing. He will find some excuse, something or other. He will remember something that he has forgotten that has to be done first, he has to run back.

Now, Delgado is proposing -- again, like Albert Einstein, to all the politicians of the world -- "If you want humanity to behave rightly then put electrodes in their heads."

For example, he says there is no need for a criminal to be kept for thirty or fifty years in a jail. Fix an electrode -- it is

just a five-minute operation. Put him under anesthesia, and within five minutes the electrode will be inside his skull and he will never know about it. And you have the remote control; you can always tell him what to do, what not to do. If he is a murderer you can program him not to murder again. If he is a thief, you can program him not to steal again. What is the point of putting these people in jail for fifty years when just a simple electrode can do the work? Sensible ... the suggestion is perfectly sensible, but Delgado is a scientist: he knows more and more about only the electrode; he has no conception of any of its other implications.

In Russia, what will they do? An electrode will be put in every child's mind the moment he is born. In Russia, no child is allowed to be born in a house, the child has to be born in the hospital. And that is the best time; the skull is not hard, the operation is very simple. You just push the electrode in and the child will never know for his whole life. He cannot disobey the communist party, he cannot disobey the state, he cannot disobey DAS KAPITAL. He cannot do anything that you don't want him to do, he will do only whatever you want.

You can have in the Kremlin a central remote-control system for two hundred million people. You just push one button and they will all be ready to fight, to give their life -- for any purpose.

And this is not going to happen only in Russia -- because this is the problem: if it happens in Russia it is bound to happen in America on a wider scale, a bigger scale, because America cannot be number two. If Russians orbit around the moon, then Americans have to step on the moon. If they

put in an electrode, America is going to put in two electrodes -- in case one fails. Why take chances? But Delgado is not aware of all these implications.
In the East, science came to a point where it was clear that it would destroy ecology, it would destroy man's dignity, it might destroy the whole planet; it was better to shut it down. That is why in the East almost everything that you know of has been invented but stopped because there were superior beings available, enlightened people available who could be asked whether this line would be right.
If Delgado asks me, I will say, "You are wasting your genius and you are wasting it in such a dangerous project, one which can destroy the whole of humanity, one which is worse than nuclear weapons." It is better to kill the whole of humanity than to put electrodes in human minds and make them slaves.
Only through deep meditation, silence, compassion, love, intelligence, will you be able to direct science.
In the West, science right now is going wild. It is time, there is still time -- not much of course, but still time to put a stop, a full stop, and move scientific research into helping human growth: to make man more loving, more caring, more alive; to give him something to sing and dance about; to make him celebrate, so that this whole earth becomes a rejoicing.

From Darkness to Light

Chapter #18

Chapter title: Meditation: the door from slavery to freedom
18 March 1985 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1

BELOVED OSHO,
MODERN SCIENCE HAS DISCOVERED A NUMBER OF LAWS SUCH AS THE LAW OF GRAVITY, WHICH DESCRIBE THE BEHAVIOR OF THE MATERIAL WORLD. DOES THE SCIENCE OF THE INNER SOUL ALSO HAVE LAWS WHICH APPLY TO CONSCIOUSNESS AND BEING?

It is one of the most fundamental differences between the outer and the inner.
The outer is ruled by laws:
The inner is just freedom.
Consciousness knows no laws. It is matter that needs laws. Without laws, the material existence is impossible. And in the same way, with laws, the world of consciousness is impossible.
Consciousness can exist only in absolute freedom, with no limits, with no conditions, with no laws.
Matter will immediately fall apart without laws, for the simple reason that it has no individuality. It has no center of being which can hold it together if there are no laws. Matter is without a center, or in other words, without a self. Just because there is no center in it, it cannot remain together unless it is surrounded by all kinds of laws, conditions, rules.
Science goes on discovering laws because it deals only with dead matter. It has not yet come to encounter consciousness. Perhaps the very existence of consciousness is beyond its scope. It can discover laws, it cannot discover freedom.

Laws create a certain slavery. Matter exists in slavery. Hydrogen and oxygen meeting in a certain proportion make water; H2O is their formula, no freedom, it cannot be H3O. Hydrogen cannot say, "I am bored always being H2; just for a change, today I am going to be H3.

The material existence is absolutely mechanical. There is no freedom, there cannot be, because there is no one to be free. Freedom needs consciousness; its first requirement is consciousness. There is no consciousness in hydrogen, no consciousness in oxygen; they simply follow a routine eternally. That routine we call a law because we cannot find any exception to it.

What is a law? -- a certain way of behavior without any exception. The moment you find the exception, the law has to be dropped; it is not a law, you have to find out more, you have to go deeper. The exception is not allowed in the objective world. And in the subjective world there are only exceptions. Each individual is an exception.

You cannot find laws, in the inner world, like gravitation. You throw a stone up; it goes to a certain height which is determined by how much force you have put into throwing it. When that force is exhausted that stone starts falling according to the force of gravitation. The stone has no decisiveness of its own. It cannot say, "Today I am not going to fall downward," or, "Today is a holiday." There is no holiday -- the stone has to fall downward.

I am reminded of a very beautiful Sufi story. A Sufi mystic who was very much loved by people yet very much feared too .... That was a strange combination: they loved him for his unique beauty, compassion -- everything in that man had a grace -- but they feared him also, because he was

unpredictable. He might do anything unexpectedly, things which are not supposed to be done by a mystic saint. He was a little crazy.

As far as I am concerned it is impossible to be a saint and not be crazy. I am saying it is impossible to be a saint and sane in the eyes of the world. If the world thinks you are sane, that is simply a proof that you are still part of this world. You still follow the same arithmetic, the same logic, the same reason -- that's why people think you sane. But a saint has fallen out of the mob. He is no longer part of any society, any culture, any religion.

He is spontaneous; that is his danger. For example, a Christian saint is supposed, when you slap him on one cheek, to give you the other cheek. Anybody doing that is certainly not a saint. He is simply following a rule. He is a follower, a blind follower -- but he is a Christian saint.

When you slap a real saint then it is absolutely unpredictable what is going to happen. He may slap you twice. He may slap you on both the cheeks together. Or he may simply have a good laugh and go on his way without turning the other cheek. He is not following any creed, any dogma, any principle. He is acting in the moment, so whatever happens spontaneously is his way.

About spontaneity you cannot be predictable.

And this is the most fearful thing in the world. People want you to be predictable. That's why you are so much afraid of strangers. You don't know them, they may do something that you don't want to be done.

This Sufi mystic was loved; he was lovable, he deserved it . But he was feared also because he was well known for his strange behavior.

He was staying in a disciple's house, and knowing his craziness they made arrangements for him to sleep in the basement -- because in the night he may start doing something, may create a nuisance for the neighbors, for them. The basement was good: even if he started doing something nobody would even come to know of it, it was an underground basement. And they locked it so he could not come out in the night. But in the middle of the night they suddenly heard great laughter coming from the roof! They rushed up and saw the mystic lying on the roof laughing. They said, "How did you manage to get up here?" He said, "I simply started falling upwards. I don't know how ... that's why I am laughing, because you poor guys had made so many arrangements, you had even put on a big lock. And it was perfectly okay -- but then I started falling upwards! I am laughing at this whole thing."

This may be just a story but it has something significant to say to you; a saint can fall upwards.

Don't think in terms of objective facts. The story does not belong to objective reality. It is saying something about the freedom of consciousness, where gravitation does not work. It is simply saying that there is a world in you which is beyond this world in which you are living, a world within this world: a world of freedom in the midst of a world full of laws without exceptions.

The spiritual man is bound to be a free man.

He lives in freedom, he dies in freedom.

You cannot take his freedom away, there is no way. You can kill his body, but you cannot even touch his soul.

Science cannot accept this for the simple reason that science means laws. And if you accept an exception then

the whole law loses meaning. According to the scientific attitude, everything in existence is bound by laws. And if you want to do something in the world, all that you have to do is to find out the law. Once you have got the law then you can do everything with matter. Just follow the law; matter cannot go against the law.

For this simple reason science has always denied, for these three hundred years, that there is any soul in man. To accept the soul is to accept that something is there which transcends all laws. That is very destructive to the scientific attitude. The whole palace of science collapses.

A single religious man is enough to destroy the whole scientific edifice. Hence, either the religious person has to be destroyed before his presence becomes dangerous to science itself, or he has to be ignored -- so much so that it is as if he does not exist at all. But whatever you do it is an existential reality that consciousness exists, and exists without any laws.

Meditation is only a door to take you from the world of slavery to the world of freedom.

The languages of both the worlds are going to be contradictory to each other, but as far as I am concerned there is no need for any conflict. All that is needed is a little wider mind, just wide enough to accept that there are many dimensions in existence. The dimension in which you are working is not the only one. There are many other dimensions in which things exist in a different way. It does not destroy your dimension, it simply shows the richness of existence.

Everybody here is trying to make existence poor. The scientists are trying to make it poor by saying that it is only

matter and nothing else. The religious people are trying to do the same by saying it is only God, nothing else; only the soul, nothing else. These people who are trying to prove that existence is only one-dimensional are wrong. Why make existence so poor? It is multi-dimensional. One thing may be true in one dimension, and may not be at all applicable in another dimension. One thing may be right in one dimension, may become wrong in another dimension. But science is too much ruled by one mind: Aristotle. This one man for two thousand years has been dictating everything in the world of science: the laws, the logic that he wrote two thousand years ago continue to be applied. Anything against Aristotle is simply unacceptable. No man in the whole history of humanity has dominated so much. A single man -- and he created the whole system of logic, and science goes on following his logic.

He himself is not very logical. Looking into his books you can find so many flaws, even according to his logic; it is not a scientific mind who is writing it. And in his personal life he was absolutely illogical.

He writes in one of his treatises, "Women have fewer teeth than men." He had two wives, not only one. It is not a scientific mind who is writing it. He could have said to Mrs. Aristotle One, or Mrs. Aristotle Two, "Please just open your mouth." And it is not such a big thing just to count the teeth. In fact there is no need even to tell women to open their mouth; you always have to say, "Shut up!" You can always count their teeth without saying anything! Just a little alertness is needed.

Or, if he was so afraid and henpecked, in the night he could have managed it; when one of the Mrs.'s was snoring he

could have counted. But my feeling is that he never tried. He simply accepted the view prevalent among the masses for thousands of years, that the woman has to have everything less than the man, naturally. It is a logical corollary that if the man has thirty-two teeth then the woman must have no more than thirty-one. She can't be allowed to have thirty-two.

This is not logic, this is superstition. And this man has been dominating the whole world of science for two thousand years. Only just now, within these fifty years, have a few scientists started feeling a little uneasy with Aristotle because they have come very close to a few things in existence which don't follow Aristotle's law.

For the first time when it was found that nature goes on its own way -- it has its own laws, it has no obligation to follow Aristotle -- it was such a shock that even though people had discovered things which went against Aristotle, they were not courageous enough to publish them. People kept those discoveries for years without telling anybody, because how could anything go against Aristotle? He had put logic so tightly together ....

For example, A can only be A. It cannot be B. Now this is a simple logical formulation: A is A and can never be B. But in the East twenty-five centuries ago we also had discovered many systems of logic, not just one; that is significant. The West knows only one system of logic, that of Aristotle. The East knows many logical systems developed by different people, very contradictory to each other but in themselves very logical. According to their own logic they are absolutely logical. According to somebody else's logic of course they are not.

The fact that in the East there are many systems of logic symbolizes one thing: whatever man creates is going to be a very small fraction of reality. It may represent a fraction of reality, but it cannot represent the whole reality.

Hence Buddha ... if Aristotle and Buddha had met, it would have been really something just fantastic, because Aristotle says A is always A and can never be B. But Buddha has a fourfold logic: he says A is A, A sometimes is B, A and B sometimes are both together -- so much so that it is difficult to decide which is A and which is B; and sometimes A and B both are absent -- still, their absence is their absence. He calls it fourfold logic. And if you look at existence you will find Buddha a better logician than Aristotle.

In those fifty years science has come closer to fourfold logic than Aristotle's onefold logic. Now there is non-Aristotelian logic, which is absolutely contradictory to Aristotle; still, it works. Just as Aristotle's logic works in a certain fragmentary reality, the non-Aristotelian logic also works in the same way in some other part of reality. Euclid's geometry works for one fraction of reality, non-Euclidean geometry works for another fraction of reality. But there are still more parts or reality to be discovered. Buddha had a fourfold logic, Mahavira goes a little further; he has a sevenfold logic. And it is almost impossible to think that there can be more dimensions than seven. He has managed every possibility in that sevenfold logic.

If you ask Mahavira about God his answer will be sevenfold. Of course you will not get any answer. You wanted an Aristotelian answer, yes or no. Mahavira says yes, God is. Then, he says, wait; don't run away with that statement, it is only the beginning. The second statement is:

God is not. But don't be in a hurry. The third statement is: God is both -- is and is not; and the fourth statement is: God neither is nor is not. The fifth statement is: God is indescribable. And the sixth is: God is, and is indescribable. And the seventh is: God is not, and is indescribable.

You cannot get anything out of it, you will think this man is crazy. If you had come confused, you will return worse. At least you were only puzzled abut two things: whether God is or God is not. Now there are seven openings. But modern science is coming very close to such openings. Physicists, digging deeper, have reached into matter they have found very strange .... They had never expected that they would find something in the deepest core of matter which would defy all their logic, all their laws. First they tried somehow to manipulate matter according to their logic -- but you cannot manipulate reality.

Finally, Albert Einstein had to say that whatever reality is, whether it goes against our laws and logic does not matter. We will have to say good-bye to our laws and logic and listen to reality. We cannot force reality to follow our laws and logic. But reality has logic and laws of its own. It is not freedom.

Aristotle's logic helped, at least on the surface; as far as the waves on the surface were concerned, he was perfectly right. But as you start diving deeper into reality, more and more new facts start emerging. Aristotle is already abandoned, and Euclid is no longer part of modern science. But that does not mean that science has come to feel that matter is free; it simply means that matter has its own laws. Up to now what we were doing was, we were trying to put our laws over matter. On the surface it appeared okay,

because our instruments were not fine enough to detect the differences between reality and out laws, so we were able to enforce laws over matter.

For example, the question raises something about the law of gravitation. It used to be a law; it is no longer. It used to be a law according to Newtonian logic. Because things fall downwards, naturally it was assumed that there must be a force, a magnetism in the earth, which pulls those things downwards.

They say it is not the earth that pulls them downward, it is the universe that forces them downwards. These are the two sides: either they are pulled downwards, or they are pushed. It is almost as if you enter an office door; on one side is written "pull" and on the other is written "push." If it is written "push" and you go on pulling, the door is not going to open. It is the same door, but it has two sides.

Gravitation is only one side of the story. The other side of the story has now got a name, the law of levitation. Things can be pulled up, just as they can be pushed down.

Your rockets have gone to the moon. Now we know that the law of gravitation functions up to two hundred miles. After the rocket passes the two-hundred-mile boundary, the law of gravitation simply disappears. Then something else starts working, perhaps the law of levitation -- the rocket is being pulled, not pushed down.

All these years this has been the only problem: how to cross the boundary of the gravitational field? Those two hundred miles are the only problem. You have to go so fast, faster than the law of gravitation can pull you down, so that before it catches you, you are out of the field of gravitation. Once you are out, the earth is absolutely impotent, it cannot

do anything to you. And once you are out of the gravitational field, even in your rocket gravitation no longer functions.

So you cannot sit in a rocket without a belt; the moment you open the belt you start floating up. In a rocket you can fly, inside, from one corner to another corner. You can go out of the rocket -- people have gone out of the rocket; there is no danger because there is nothing to pull them. They just have to keep a certain mechanism with them because the rocket itself has no gravitation to pull them towards the rocket. So they have a certain mechanism that helps them to move back towards the rocket; otherwise they would be lost into the eternal universe.

They become weightless, because weight is nothing but gravitation. If you are on the moon, it is as if your weight is one eighth of what it is here. If you are eight hundred pounds, on the moon it will be like only a hundred pounds. If here you can jump ten feet, on the moon you can jump eighty feet.

If someday people start living on the moon, it is going to be really difficult. People can simply jump into your house; you may be living on the third story of a building, but from the road they can jump directly, inside your house -- there is no need for a lift. Games like football and volleyball become impossible, because the same hit will take the ball eight times higher or longer. You will need eight times bigger stadiums, eight times bigger playing grounds, because the moon is very small compared to the earth, it has very little force.

Because of the moon this has become something important to think about: there may be planets which don't have any

gravitation. You cannot land on those planets unless you have certain mechanical devices to land. The planet itself won't support you in any way. Even walking on the moon is very difficult. You need very heavy boots so that you can keep yourself on the ground; otherwise you will go eight times higher each time you take your step. You will be flying in the air.

As science goes deeper into different specializations, new facts go on emerging, old laws go on changing. Only one thing remains certain: the old law has to be dropped because a new law has to be adopted. But one thing you cannot drop, and that is, you cannot accept any exceptions: that is true in the new law also -- no exceptions.

However subtle physics has become, its laws are still without exceptions. And I don't see any possibility that science can come across anything which will be freedom. There will always be laws without any exception: new laws, different laws: more complex, more difficult to understand, more difficult to figure out. But one thing remains constant -- that there is no exception anywhere.

It is true about the inner world, too, that one thing remains certain -- there, everything is exceptional. Religious people have not been able to understand this.

In India ... religion has gone deeper in that country than anywhere else. Just as for science you have to look towards the West, for religion you have to look towards the East. And the East means simply India and nothing more, because all other Eastern countries have only borrowed from India; the originals are in India.

I was speaking in all kinds of religious communities in India, and I discovered one thing: that they don't have any

idea that the inner world is the world of freedom. They used to ask me, "You speak about Buddha, Krishna, Mohammed, Mahavira, Jesus, in the same way? They are not similar; they all cannot be right." Why can't they all be right?

For the Jaina, Mahavira is right, that is their criterion; anybody who is not like Mahavira has certainly not reached to the same state of consciousness. To the Buddhist, Buddha is the criterion. To the Christian, Jesus is the criterion. They are all living in the same fallacy -- that in the religious world there are criteria, laws, certain patterns; and that when you reach to a certain stage of consciousness you start manifesting the same things. Neither time matters, nor space.

Now the Jaina cannot accept the idea that Jesus can drink alcohol; that is impossible for the Jaina. At the stage of consciousness of a Mahavira, how can one drink alcohol, or eat meat? They cannot accept that in that state one can do anything. In fact, only in that state can one do anything because it is a state of freedom. To you it is alcohol, to you it is a drug and it makes you unconscious. But in that state of consciousness it is just water, it does not make you unconscious. So what you choose in that consciousness is totally free.

Jesus chooses to drink, feels no problem about it ... perhaps thinks it is good because it keeps you closer to people. Mahavira becomes too distant -- so far away, sitting on the top of Everest; and you are there, deep down in the dark valley. The distance is so much, communication is not possible. But that is his decision. He enjoys that sunlit peak -- he does not bother to communicate. If you want to

communicate you have to climb the whole mountain and come to him. The well is not going to the thirsty, the thirsty has to come to the well; that's his freedom.

Jesus decides differently. He is not afraid of drinking alcohol. Why should he be afraid? -- because it makes no difference to him whether he drinks water or he drinks alcohol. It is all the same -- his consciousness remains beyond, just a witness. But it helps him to come close to those people who will be left far behind if he stops drinking, if he stops eating meat.

It makes no difference to Jesus because he knows that the soul is immortal, you cannot kill it -- so where is the question of violence or non-violence? The question of violence or non-violence arises only if the soul of man can be killed. But the soul cannot be killed. There is no question of violence and non-violence for Jesus. He simply wants to live a common human life with human beings, just like them -- not become a faraway saint. That's his decision.

Mahavira decides differently, and I don't think there is anything wrong in it. Mahavira said to his disciples, "When you reach the ultimate state of samadhi remember to keep a distance from the ordinary masses" -- Why? -- "because if you don't keep a distance you will never be able to influence them, impress them. You will never be able to give them a thirst for something that they know nothing of but can see in your eyes. Don't mix with them: remain distant like a star shining far above showing the way."

He must have been aware that people in that state of consciousness can choose to mix.

In Japan there was great saint, Hotei. He is known as the laughing saint. He lived a very strange life, not like a saint at all. He used to carry a big bag on his shoulder full of things -- sweets, toys -- for children. He would pass through the village and children would gather and Hotei would distribute whatever he had in his bag. Then he would beg from the shopkeepers, "Fill my bag again because in the next village children will be waiting for me."

His whole life he was doing only that. When he was dying he was asked, "Hotei, you have achieved .... You could have communicated to people."

He said, "I have been -- but I decided to communicate with the uncorrupted, the children. Why bother about the corrupted? Somebody else who is better than me will take care of them. I am a simple man, I can deal only with children. I cannot argue. I can distribute sweets, I can distribute toys. I cannot give doctrines and dogmas and theologies. That is not my business. And I have done my work, I am perfectly satisfied. I have sown the seeds; they will grow in their own time."

And it is said that each village through which Hotei had passed -- after his death, in all those villages saints started springing up. Those small children were now becoming mature, young people. Hotei had not said anything to them, but he must have infected them in some way. He was contagious, and children are most impressionable. But it all depends, in that state; nobody can tell you to become a Hotei, and if you try to, it won't be the real thing.

It has been asked of me again and again, "Neither Mahavira, nor Buddha, nor Krishna, served the poor, opened hospitals, schools. Christian saints serve the poor,

the sick, the orphans, the old. Who is religious?" The ordinary mind will think certainly the person who is serving the poor, the old, the sick, is religious. It is not so easy to decide: Jesus cures the sick; Mahavira never cured anybody.

There is a story about Gautam Buddha: a woman's only son died -- her husband had died already, she was a widow. And in India, to be a widow is to be really in hell. In the West the widow again becomes Miss. In India it is not possible; once you have missed, you have missed, you cannot become Miss again.

So that child was her only hope, she was living for him; and the child died. She went mad: she was carrying the dead child all over the town asking, "Help me! Somehow bring my child back to life!"

A man on the way suggested, "We are ordinary people, we cannot do such miracles. But Buddha is in the town, why don't you go there?" The suggestion was perfectly right. The woman rushed. She placed the dead child at Buddha's feet, and she said, "I am a widow and this child was my only hope. You are a great saint. Your blessing will be enough to bring him to life."

Buddha said, "I will do it, but only on one condition." Jesus never asked such a thing -- condition ...? "I will do it only on one condition." The woman said, "I am ready to accept any condition. You do it."

He said, "First fulfill the condition. It is not a very big condition. Go around the town and bring from some house a few mustard seeds." The woman said, "That is not a problem at all. I have mustard seeds in my house, I can bring them right now."

Buddha said, "You have not heard the whole thing. You have to bring them from a house where nobody has ever died. Only then am I going to bring your child back to life."
The woman in despair rushed from one home to another asking for a few mustard seeds. They said, "A few mustard seeds? -- we can bring bullock carts full, but they won't be of any use because the condition is impossible to fulfill. So many people have died in our family ... and you are not going to find a house where nobody has ever died. This is just impossible. Wherever life is, death has happened -- they go together."
By the evening the woman came back. She was no longer in despair, the tears had disappeared from her eyes. She was no longer concerned about the child. She fell at Buddha's feet and asked him to initiate her on his path.
Buddha said, "What about the child?"
She said, "Everybody dies sooner or later, it doesn't matter. Now I want to know something of that which never dies."
Now this is a totally different way of working than that of Jesus. Jesus cures; the stories are that he raises the dead back to life. Perhaps that is his way, that's his uniqueness. In that way he wants people to understand that life is not just eat, drink and be merry. "There is something more to it, more mysteries. Don't waste it in just mundane things. I can show you the way of eternal life." That is his way.
But who can decide that Buddha's way is wrong? Perhaps it is more sophisticated, perhaps for more cultured people. Jesus' way may be for the uneducated, illiterate, who will believe in a miracle first; only then can they be interested in the mysterious. Buddha's audience seems to be different.

The woman seems to be of immense intelligence. The whole day, going from one house to another ... in her inner being there was a revolution happening. She was becoming aware that everybody dies, that death is the law of the outside world. "My husband has died, my child has died, tomorrow I am going to die. Every house is full of tears." And she understands why Buddha has made such an impossible condition -- in order to turn her consciousness one hundred and eighty degrees.

She does not look at the child anymore. Just that morning she had come with the child, holding the dead body, with great hope. Buddha said, "But what about the child?"

The woman said, "I am no longer concerned with anything. You have made it clear to me that death is a natural phenomenon. Now I want to know, is there something more, something deeper, greater? Something that never dies, something that is eternal? My whole concern with the child and my husband and myself has disappeared. This day has been a day of great revolution."

Now who can say who is doing right?

I don't think Lazarus, after being raised from the dead, became an enlightened person. Have you heard anything about Lazarus, what he did after he was raised? He must have done the same things that he was doing before -- the same stupidities, the same foolishnesses, the same anger, the same greed, the same lust. Nothing is mentioned about him, about what revolution he went through .... And this was such a great revolution: he had died, he had been raised back to life. What more do you want for a revolution to happen?

But I don't think anything happened. He just came back as one wakes up every day in the morning. Do you think any revolution happens every morning when you wake up? Just the same person wakes up who had gone to sleep. You slept for eight hours, Lazarus slept for four days; nothing much in it. After four days he wakes up, he looks all around and says, "What is the matter? Why are people gathered here?" But to him, nothing happens.

Buddha never did any miracle, but this woman was transformed without his doing anything. But that is the exceptional quality of every religious person, the uniqueness; hence they are incomparable. Nobody is a criterion for anybody else.

But it has been continually argued for centuries: what is the criterion to decide who is enlightened and who is not? It has not been decided yet, and will never be decided ever, for the simple reason that every enlightened person is nothing but freedom, spontaneity. He is beyond any predictions.

You cannot decide according to a formula that, yes, this man is enlightened because he has fulfilled the formula. There is no formula.

The enlightened person is known only by those who happen to fall in love with him, who somehow come close to him, become intimate with him; so intimate that something of his freedom, something of his spontaneity, something of his light starts filtering into them. Only disciples know, outsiders cannot know. That's one of the biggest troubles.

Those who came close to Buddha knew, but there were millions who never came close to him, who went on

condemning him, saying he was corrupting the minds of the people. Those who came close to Mahavira knew.
But to come close to these people needs courage, it needs guts, because to come to these people, to be close to them, is almost a death.
Of course there is a resurrection but who knows ...? When you are facing death you don't know there is going to be a resurrection. You will know only when you are ready to die; not only ready to die, when you really die -- and suddenly you see a fresh new being arising in you.
It is you and still it is not you. The old you is no longer there, and a new you is there. There has been a discontinuity. You are not even continuous with your past.
This is the moment you understand that you are in close contact with someone who is enlightened.
There is no other criterion.
The reason is because the inner world follows no laws. The outer world follows laws.
Matter is slavery.
Consciousness is absolute freedom.

From Darkness to Light

Chapter #19

Chapter title: Where nothing is right and nothing is wrong
19 March 1985 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,

YOU HAVE SAID THAT RIGHT AND WRONG ARE DETERMINED BY EACH SOCIETY. IS THERE NO UNIVERSAL RIGHT AND WRONG?

There is no possibility of any division between right and wrong on the highest level of universal consciousnesses, for the simple reason that there are no divisions at all. It is one.

In the East, those who have attained universal consciousness are not even willing to say that it is one, because "one" implies two, three, four -- the whole infinity of numbers; one is only the beginning. Hence they have used a very strange concept. They say in universal consciousness there is not-two; it is non-dual. To avoid the implications of one they have used a negative: not-two.

The concepts of right and wrong are local, social, cultural. In every society, in different times they had to change their concepts continuously because circumstances change, climates change; then naturally, something that was right becomes wrong, something that was wrong becomes right: Let us take a few examples.

Mohammed married nine women, and he made it a rule for every Mohammedan to marry at least four women. Not to marry four was falling below the Mohammedan concept of right; marrying more was good. A strange thing it appears to us, but it was really right in Mohammed's time -- that was the proportion between men and women in Arabia: four women, one man. The reason for this strange proportion was because men were continually fighting and killing each other, and it was thought unmanly to kill a woman. So women were surviving and men were dying.

When in a society there are four women to one man there is bound to be trouble, great trouble: only one woman is going to get a husband. The other three women are going to sabotage the marriage in every possible way. They will become prostitutes, and there will be so much jealousy and so much conflict .... To avoid this, Mohammed made a moral rule -- but it is applicable only in that circumstance. Now, Mohammedans marrying several wives in other countries are simply stupid, because circumstances have changed. Now even in Arabia the proportion is equal: one man to one woman. It seems that once a certain rule is accepted, people become so much addicted to it they completely forget in what circumstance the rule was made. It was perfectly okay in Mahavira's time in India to allow millions of sannyasins to be celibate. It was something not only moral but, they thought, spiritual too. But if you look into the mechanism of the concept it becomes very clear. In Mahavira's time women were fewer, men were more. The reason was that many tribes in India in those days used to kill girls when they were born, just to avoid the trouble of raising them and then getting them married. It was such a trouble, because girls could be married only if you gave enough money, land with the girl to the man whom she was going to marry -- unless the girl was exceptionally beautiful, which was rarely the case. And people were so poor, they could not afford to have one dozen girls. It was simply impossible for them to manage.

You cannot blame them for killing the girls. It was better than leaving them beggars on the streets, or having them become prostitutes. It was better, but then the problem arose that there were fewer women, more men; hence

celibacy was not objected to -- on the contrary, it was praised. But if you look into it, there was nothing spiritual in it, nothing moral in it; it was simply certain circumstances ....

They wanted many men to remain unmarried. How to manage it? Unless you give celibacy a certain prestige, a higher status than marriage; unless you put it on a holier pedestal, it is impossible for people to remain unmarried. You can't just say to them, "Women are fewer, men are more; simply look at the figures and remain unmarried. Just do a little service to society."

You cannot hope that people will be ready to do such a service to society. No, you have to give them some incentive; celibacy was given an incentive. Only the celibate ones would reach heaven. The married people were worldly, ordinary; the celibate ones were other-worldly, spiritual. They were respected, given great honor, worshipped almost like gods.

That continues even today, although the situation has changed. Now in India the proportion is exactly the same. If you allow nature, if you don't interfere with nature, nature always goes on keeping its balance in every way; it never loses balance. Balance is something very fundamental to existence -- in every dimension.

When one hundred girls are born, there are one hundred and ten boys born at the same time, because boys are not so strong as far as resistance against sickness is concerned. Girls are stronger, not in a muscular way but in a very different way. They are more resistant to sickness, to disease, to death.

All over the world it is the same proportion, one hundred and ten boys to one hundred girls, because one hundred girls are going to survive up to the marriageable age, but ten boys will go down the drain. By the time they are marriageable the balance will be regained.

You will be surprised to know that in wartime when many more men die because they go to the front, to the war, naturally the proportion of women becomes higher. But in these two world wars it has been discovered that the birthrate also changes. Nature, in a strange way, keeps the balance. In wartime and after war for a few years fewer girls are born, more boys are born. Afterwards, the balance is established again, the same proportion -- one hundred girls, one hundred and ten boys.

Celibacy was preached by Buddha, Mahavira, Shankara -- all the great teachers of India; and the reason was that it looked right and nobody objected to it because it was serving the society in a very subtle way. But today it is not true.

I said to the Jaina monks, Buddhist bhikkhus, and Hindu sages: "Now celibacy should not be given the same respect; now it is dangerous to go on praising celibacy, because the more you praise celibacy, the more women will remain unmarried. What are they going to do? What is going to happen to their biological instinct? You are forcing them to find some perverted way, something ugly, in the name of your celibacy."

They said, "We have never thought about celibacy in this way, that it is a social condition."

I said, "Whether you have thought about it in that way or not, all rights and all wrongs are social by-products." For

example, of all the people in the world only India, a very small minority, is vegetarian, for the simple reason that if the whole world becomes vegetarian we cannot support the existing population; it is impossible. Only very small groups can become vegetarian; the majority will remain non-vegetarian, has to remain non-vegetarian.

Even the small group that becomes vegetarian has to be given great incentives. You are not doing something great, you are just eating vegetables. So what! Eat well, enjoy. I don't think that just by eating grass you are attaining some spiritual quality, that you will reach paradise just on that merit. That is not something great -- but something great is needed to make people go on eating grass their whole life. If you simply say that it is just an aesthetic value -- that's what I say. My people are vegetarian, but not for any religious or spiritual reason. I am absolutely existential, factual. My people are vegetarian for an aesthetic reason. I cannot conceive somebody eating meat, somebody destroying life for his taste, killing millions of animals every day.

I once met a man, an African, who himself was not a cannibal -- but in Africa there are a few small tribes of cannibals still in existence. The tribes go on becoming smaller and smaller because they go on eating their own people. They will disappear.

This man was caught by a cannibal tribe and they were going to eat him. But he happened to have so much money -- he told them, "I can give you much money if you spare me." The money was so much, those poor cannibals could not resist the temptation; they said, "Okay, we can spare you, but we cannot trust you; the money has to arrive first.

Our man will go with your letter. The money has to be here and then we will release you."

So he had to stay three days with them, and while he was with them he had to eat what they were eating; he became a cannibal for three days, because that was the only food. He told me, "I have never tasted anything so delicious. Although I was feeling bad, the food was delicious." And he enquired of those people, "You eat man -- what kind of man, what age of man is most delicious?"

They said, "Small children are the best." They served him the meat of a small child. And he told me, "Although I don't want to be known as a cannibal, it is true what they said. I have tasted it." He was a rich man, had toured the world almost a dozen times, knew many languages, had many industries around the world. He said, "I have to confess that it is true. I have eaten everything that man eats around the globe, the best, but nothing is comparable to the food cannibals eat."

Now, how can you teach the cannibals not to eat man? They say, "Then you give us something better to eat." You don't have anything better to give them, so they have remained cannibals. One tribe was three thousand in number just at the beginning of this century; now they are only three hundred. They have eaten all the rest. If anybody commits a mistake it is enough; they are in search of people who are doing something wrong so they can eat them.

I have heard about a Christian missionary who was trying to change the minds of cannibals, trying to convert them to Christianity. But before you can convert them you have to meet them. So he went to meet them, but those people said,

"You just go on saying whatsoever you want to -- we are preparing the place to cook you."
He said, "But I have come to convert you. Have you ever tasted Christianity?"
They said, "No -- for the first time we will be tasting! When you are cooked, for the first time we will be tasting Christianity."
Nobody has been able to convert them and have them drop this cannibalism. Just for the taste, people are eating other people, their own people. People are eating animals; that is not very different -- life is life. But I know that it is impossible to keep the whole population of the world on a vegetarian diet unless science helps and provides new ways, means and methods; then it is possible. But the problem is how to convince people that eating non-vegetarian foods is ugly?
People are not so sensitive to beauty, aesthetics, art; they are greedy. They can be ready if you tell them, "You will reach paradise if you drop eating this food; the food that you are eating is going to prevent you from finding eternal bliss." You have to give them something so big that their desire for taste becomes so small that just out of greed they are ready to change. That's what religions have been doing. In India two religions have tried vegetarianism. One is Jainism, which has tried fanatically; the ultimate result was that Jainism remained a small community. The Jaina monk cannot even go outside India to teach because who is going to provide him with vegetarian food? He cannot eat anything non-vegetarian -- and the whole world is non-vegetarian. Hence Jainism remained confined to India.

Only a few -- I think two or three Jaina monks, very daring people -- risked their lives and reached to Egypt.

This is the only case in the whole of history -- when three Jaina monks tried to contact the outside world. And we know about these three Jaina monks through Pythagoras, because Pythagoras was going to India through Egypt. He met these three Jaina monks in Egypt; he refers to them as Zenosophists. That seems to be a perfectly right translation for a Jaina philosopher -- Zenosophist.

It cannot be anybody else because the description was of a Jaina monk. They were nude, and they ate only vegetables and fruits. It was very difficult for them to get food every day because they had to beg -- the Jaina monk lives on begging. Sometimes some kind people would provide for them because they would say, "We cannot eat anything else." So there is only one reference in Pythagoras, that he met three Jaina monks in Egypt; otherwise Jainas have never crossed the boundaries of India, for the simple reason, who is going to provide them with food? How are they going to live?

Buddhists also taught vegetarianism, but when they crossed India's borders they all became non-vegetarian; they had to, there was no other way to survive.

A small section of Hindus, the highest class of Hindus, brahmins, are vegetarians -- but not all brahmins. Kashmiri brahmins are non-vegetarians because they live in a community of Mohammedans: ninety-two percent Mohammedans, eight percent Hindus. It is very difficult for them to survive. They have to be in a certain harmony with the community where they are living. It is such a vast

majority, and they have to depend on them for everything. If the Mohammedans simply boycott them they will die. In Bengal the brahmins don't eat any meat, but they eat fish, because in Bengal it is difficult to survive without eating fish; fish is the main food -- fish and rice. In South India the brahmins eat fish because of the same problem: without fish the food is not enough.

So I cannot say that vegetarianism is something universally right. I am absolutely a non-fanatic person. About nothing am I fanatic. I try to see all the aspects of a thing, and I am utterly liberal, human. I don't try to make any principle more valuable than humanity itself.

Nothing is above man.

Nothing should be above man.

So all these concepts of right and wrong are social, climatic. For example, in Tibet .... The holy book of the Tibetans says that one bath per year is absolutely necessary. In Tibet even that is a difficult job, and many must be trying to avoid it -- even that one bath per year.

In India a person takes two baths every day, and there are people who take three baths every day; I myself used to take three baths every day. When a Tibetan monk was a guest with me, he could not believe it. He said, "You are wasting your whole life in taking baths! Morning, evening, and at night before you go to bed -- three times! In Tibet once a year is enough."

I said, "I know," because one of my friends, a professor, Doctor Rajbali Pandey, was studying translations from Sanskrit into Tibetan. He was a scholar of Tibetan and Sanskrit, so he was working on this. He went to Tibet. I told him -- he was a brahmin -- "You are going to be in

trouble." And he was a very orthodox brahmin too: early in the morning, five o'clock, a cold bath; then the prayer, the religious ritual -- only then can you take a cup of tea.
He went and came back. He remained only one day in Tibet, although it took him three months coming and going because he had to travel just on horseback. Three months he traveled just to stay one day in Tibet!
I said, "What happened?"
He said, "Even one bath early in the morning, five o'clock, was such an experience that I said, it is better that I leave sooner, because I cannot go against my rules. My dying father took my promise that I would follow all the orthodox rules of my family -- that five o'clock bath is the beginning of the day, and that will kill me!"
In Tibet, people don't change their clothes for years, because there is no dust, no perspiration. The air is as clean as you can imagine. It is the highest country as far as altitude is concerned. It lives in the purest air; no contamination. It is not L.A.! So there is no need either for a bath every day. But the difficulty is that my friend insisted on continuing his idea, which was a by-product of an Indian milieu where there is so much dust and so much perspiration that it is perfectly right to have two baths -- one in the morning, one in the evening. And if you can afford it, then three.
This Tibetan guest who was staying with me would not change his clothes.
I said, "You will drive me mad! You stink. This is India, it is not Tibet."
And their clothes ... it is not just one dress, it is layers of dresses -- four, five, six, seven layers of dresses. And he

wouldn't take a bath because only one bath is required by his religion. To take a bath every day was going against his religion.

I said, "Nonsense! Your religion simply says you should take one bath at least every year; it does not prohibit you from taking two baths or three baths in a year; it says nothing about it."

He said, "Because it says nothing about it, that simply means that we are not supposed to do such a thing; otherwise those sages would have said so."

I said, "Those sages never came to India! And if you want to stay with me you will have to take two baths every day; otherwise get lost!" He preferred to get lost rather than change. People take their local, geographical, social ideas spiritually, which is nonsense.

There is nothing universally right, there is nothing universally wrong. And you should be very clear about it: everything is very relative, relative to many things.

A conscious man tries to change according to the changing situations, conditions, geographies. He should live consciously, not according to fixed rules. He should live in freedom.

You are asking, is there something universally right and wrong?

The man who comes to know the universal, the man who becomes so awakened that he is no longer part of any geography, any body, any mind, he is just pure awareness .... In that state there is nothing right, nothing wrong.

The man of that state will also have to function on lower levels. Hungry, he will have to eat; thirsty, he will have to drink. He will have to live in some kind of society, with

some kind of people. The awakened man is very adjustable, infinitely adjustable, because for him there is nothing that prevents him from adjusting. He is free from all conditions, all barriers. The only thing is for him to see what is applicable in this particular case. He does not live according to principles. Only idiots live according to principles, only unconscious people need principles.

It is just like the staff of a blind man. The blind man needs the staff just to grope his way because he does not have eyes. But when you have eyes you can drop the staff.

I have heard -- I don't know whether it is true or not, but it certainly is significant -- Jesus cured a blind man who had come with his staff. He was cured, he could see; he thanked Jesus and started going away, still carrying his staff.

Jesus said, "At least leave the staff now with me -- you have got your eyes."

The blind man said, "But without the staff it will be very difficult to find the way." He had no idea yet -- his eyes were so new, he had no idea that now the staff was not needed.

Sariputta, one of Gautam Buddha's disciples, became enlightened while Buddha was alive, and still continued to follow the old principles that were given to him before his enlightenment. Buddha had to call him and say, "Sariputta, are you mad or something? Now that you are enlightened you don't need to follow those principles which were given to you when you were unconscious; you can drop them."

But Sariputta was really a genius, of the same quality as Gautam Buddha. He said, "Master, you are right, I can drop them; but I am not dropping them, for the simple reason that there are millions of unconscious people around me.

Seeing me drop them, they will all start dropping them. What about them? To me it is not a problem at all -- I am accustomed to all those principles, they are no trouble to me. I know now dropping them makes no difference; carrying them also makes no difference. It is kind of you to bring it to my notice but I was aware of it."

Buddha conceded the next morning in his discourse to his ten thousand sannyasins: "Sariputta is right. Not that I was wrong -- I was worried that after enlightenment, why was he carrying those principles that were given as a substitute for enlightenment? Now he need not carry them, he can simply drop them. He can live now in total freedom on his own. He can live spontaneously.

"So I was concerned and called him, but he has brought something significant to my notice, and I would like you all to remember that what he has said is right. He can drop them, but he is not dropping them out of compassion for all those who are unconscious. Seeing Sariputta dropping them they will think, `There is no problem: if Sariputta can drop them, we can drop them.'

"They don't know that Sariputta is now one of the awakened ones and they are not. So I support Sariputta and I want you to remember this: when you become enlightened, remember all those souls around you who are groping in the dark. Drop anything that is not going to harm the people around you, and with other things there is no problem for you: out of your freedom you can choose to follow them if it is going to help anybody anywhere."

Sariputta used to go to spread the word of Buddha but wherever he was, five times a day he would bow down in the direction where Buddha was dwelling and he would do

his gachchhamis: Buddham sharanam gachchhami `I go to the feet of the awakened one.'
Many times he was asked, "Now you are yourself awakened, there is no need for you to go to the feet of another awakened one."
Sariputta said, "I know there is no need for me, but for you there is need. I am doing this gachchhami not for myself but for you. If I stop it, that will be enough excuse for you to stop. And secondly, I am awakened because of that man; without him I don't think that in this life it would have happened.
"If you ask him he will say, `I have nothing to do with it, because nobody can make anybody else awakened -- it is all Sariputta's own doing.' And he is right; he has not forced me to be awakened. But just his presence was enough to bring me out of my dreams, nightmares, my sleep. He was not doing anything."
The Master is only a catalytic agent, just like the sunrise in the morning -- the birds all around start singing. Not that the sun comes to each bird's nest and knocks on the door or presses the buzzer and says, "It is time now -- get up and sing!"
The flowers start opening, releasing their fragrance -- not that they are being told, "It is morning and you have to do it"; the very presence of the sun is a catalytic agent. The sun is not doing anything, but millions of things are happening just by its presence.
The Master is exactly that -- a catalytic agent. He does nothing, but millions of things happen around him.
They happen because of him but are not caused by him -- and the difference is great.

Those things ... the people to whom they happen may feel gratitude, are going to feel gratitude, but the Master cannot expect gratitude from anybody. It is impossible even to think of it, because he has not done anything. He has not done it, but it has happened to you; and it has happened to you because of him.

From your side gratitude is perfectly right, but from his side to request it, to expect it, is absolutely wrong. Then he is not a Master in fact. Then what has happened to you must have happened for some other reason, you were mistaken. Yes, many times it has happened that the master was not a real Master but still the disciple became awakened.

A beautiful story is told about Marpa ... a Tibetan story. He was with his master -- who was not a Master at all, just a con man, cheating people, gullible people. Marpa was so innocent that he surrendered himself to this hocus-pocus man. His surrender was total, there was no doubt in his mind; he was just like a small child.

Within just a few days all the other disciples became very angry with Marpa. They told the master, "This man is dangerous; he seems to be a magician of some kind, because he is doing things which are not supposed to be done. He walks on water, he flies from the top of one mountain to the top of another mountain!"

The master said, "This cannot be done, this is against nature. Call Marpa."

Marpa was called and asked, "How are you doing these things? Are you a magician?"

He said, "No, I do it just by using your name. I take your name and I say, `My beloved master, let me pass over this

river by walking,' and I walk! It is just the glory or your name."

The master was in great difficulty: now what to do? But a natural idea came to his mind: "If he can walk on water taking my name, I can walk, of course, without any doubt." He tried -- and drowned immediately. That man was not authentic, but what had happened to Marpa was authentic. His trust was so total -- the transformation came through trust. But naturally he misunderstood and thought that it was coming through the master.

So it has happened many times that there have been wrong masters and right disciples. Vice versa always happens: right Masters, wrong disciples! That is universal, that is not something special. But this is possible because the real thing is going to happen inside the disciple; anything can trigger it. The Master's presence triggers it.

And once you have a taste of the universal consciousness, you immediately know there is nothing right, nothing wrong. Hence it has been one of the greatest problems down the centuries -- no great Masters are similar in their life patterns.

You cannot find people more different from each other than religious Masters, because they live out of freedom, knowing nothing is wrong and nothing is right.

I am reminded of a story about Kabir. Kabir was a poor man, a great Master. His wife and his son were both in constant trouble because of this strange father, because every day in the morning devotees would come in hundreds. Kabir would sing his songs, would dance. He was not literate, he never gave any sermon, but he danced; he sang -- simple songs but of tremendous beauty, of

immense depth -- and he danced. And the whole gathering sang and danced with him.

And it continued for hours. Then it would be lunchtime and then he would ask everybody, "Please don't go -- first share your poor Master's lunch." And the wife and the son were in trouble: from where to get food for so many people every day? It was difficult to manage even for the three of them.

The son was also a unique person who became in his own right one day a Master. But he was totally different from Kabir, they never agreed on any point. Kabir was so fed up with Kamal that he wrote, "Just because Kamal is born to me, my whole heritage is finished. This son cannot carry the treasures that I am going to give to him." -- because Kamal had his own ways, not agreeing on any point. Kamal called all this singing and dancing nonsense. He said, "Just sitting silently it can happen -- why unnecessarily make so much noise and disturb the neighbors? And I don't see that for hours you have to dance. In old age ... and because of you, other people, old people, are also dancing and getting tired." He never participated in any dance, he never participated in singing. He said, "There is no need: silence is enough of a song. And sitting silently I know a far more beautiful dance than what you do here."

A point came that when, again and again they asked Kabir, "You stop requesting people to stay for lunch. We have borrowed from everybody in the town. Now nobody is ready to give us anything because they say, `How are you going to return it?' Now we don't have anything in the house; you have to stop."

Kabir said, "That is impossible, because after the dance and the song and such a beautiful rejoicing, not to offer food to people who come to my house for lunch .... No, I cannot do that. Find some way. What kind of son are you? Can't you just find some way?"

Kamal said, "Now the only way is that I become a thief."

Kabir said, "Great! Why did you never think of it before?"

This is universal consciousness. Even stealing is not wrong. Even the people who follow Kabir in India -- he has a small religion, very small -- don't mention this story. When I was speaking to his followers and I mentioned the story, the high priest whispered in my ear, "Please don't tell that story because it puts us in great trouble -- Kabir saying that stealing is a great idea."

But Kamal was really an extraordinary man. That's the meaning of the word kamal. Kamal means extra-ordinary, exceptional. He was not going to be stopped just by Kabir's outrageous saying: "Great!" He said, "Okay, tonight I go, but you will have to come with me. I will try my best -- you try to help me. At least I can bring things out of the house; you can carry them from outside the house to our place. This much you can do."

Kabir said, "Perfectly good!" So they went into a rich man's house. From the back Kamal made a hole in the wall, and Kabir was sitting outside, slowly singing his song.

Kamal said, "This is strange. You just stop that song. We are now thieves, we are not saints here."

Kabir said, "We are the same wherever we are -- it doesn't matter what you are doing. You just do your work and let me do mine. When you bring things, I will carry them. I am old; otherwise I would have come in with you." So Kamal

went in. Still he carried the logic to its very end. He brought things, from the hole -- he dropped them outside and told his father, "These are the things ...."
He was half leaning out of the hole telling him, "These are the things -- you take them." At that moment the people in the house, the servants, woke up. All this was going on -- the breaking of the wall and somebody singing -- and when Kamal went inside, Kabir completely forgot where he was. He started dancing and singing so loudly that the people were awakened.
They came and they caught hold of the legs of Kamal -- because he was half inside. The story is very strange, cannot be factual. Kamal said, "Father, you take those things. I am caught -- those people are holding my legs. You have put me in enough trouble, this is the last -- goodbye! Now I am going to be finished in jail."
Kabir said, "Jail? There is no need to be finished in a jail. I have brought a knife with me."
Kamal said, "What do you mean?"
He said, "I will cut off your head and take it with me. Nobody will ever know who was the thief!"
Kamal could not believe it. He was thinking that he was carrying the logic to its very end -- but this old guy was carrying the logic to the very end! But Kamal was really a man of guts: he said, "Okay, cut off my head." He was still hoping that this was not going to happen, but Kabir cut off Kamal's head, and took home the head and the things that Kamal had dropped.
The poor people pulled Kamal in. They found the head missing, and they said, "Now this is a problem. Who is this man?"

One servant said, "As far as I know, I think this is Kabir's son, Kamal, and the voice that I heard which wakened me was Kabir's. He must have been outside. But this is strange that he should participate in such an act -- he is such a great sage. And his own son ... and it seems he has cut off his head and taken it away!"

This servant used to go once in a while into Kabir's congregation, the devotional meeting that used to happen every morning. He said to the rich man, "Do one thing: tomorrow morning, when Kabir and his followers go to the Ganges to take their morning bath before they start singing and dancing, just on the crossroads hang this body."

The rich man who owned the house said, "But what is this going to do?" The servant said, "You simply do this -- there is no harm," and the body was hung at the crossroad. As Kabir came dancing, singing, after the bath, Kamal immediately raised his hand and said, "Stop all this nonsense!"

That's how he was recognized as Kamal -- certainly kamal! And they asked Kabir, "Do you recognize him?"

He said, "Of course, because his head is in my house; I cut it off myself."

The rich man could not believe it. He said, "But you are supposed to be a saint."

Kabir said, "Not supposed to be -- I am! If I was only `supposed to be' a saint then I would not have participated in this act of stealing. And I would not have murdered my own son if I were only `supposed to be' a saint. I am really a saint, and at my peak of consciousness, nothing matters. "Your money is not your money, so what is wrong in taking it away? Nothing belongs to anybody, so what is

wrong in stealing? And this son was going to die sooner or later, so what is wrong in cutting off his head? Death is bound to happen. In my consciousness there is nothing right, nothing wrong."

The followers of Kabir deny the story. Perhaps after five hundred years I was the first man to start telling it around India, and the followers of Kabir were very angry. They said, "We knew that something like that was there but it has not been written in our records, and nobody ever repeats it because it seems to be so strange -- stealing, killing, Kabir participating in it .... What will happen to right and wrong?"

I said to them, "You have to understand that right and wrong belong to the dark valleys of life. They don't belong to the sunlit peaks of consciousness. Yes, this story is dangerous and difficult and harmful in the dark valleys, but who is insisting that you remain in the dark valleys? Come to the sunlit peaks.

"This is the message of the story: why live in a world which is divided between wrong and right? Why not move to a world of oneness, where nothing is right and nothing is wrong?"

The man of universal consciousness does not follow any principle, but whatsoever he does is right, and whatsoever he avoids is wrong. That is for those who are in the valley. They can try to figure out that what the man of pure consciousness does, that is right; and what he avoids, that is wrong.

He avoids that only for you; for him there is nothing to be avoided. It is just out of compassion that he avoids

anything; otherwise for him everything is very simple, undivided, one.

I can understand your question. In your life you will be facing every moment the choice of what to do, what not to do. In the dark world where humanity lives, each moment is a moment of decision: what to do, what not to do. And the trouble is, whatever you do proves to be wrong. Whatever you do you have to repent, for the simple reason that existence is one and undivided. In your unconsciousness you divide it in two, right and wrong. Your division is arbitrary. So what you think is right you do and what you think is wrong you don't do.

But the wrong is an indivisible part of the right, so sooner or later it will take revenge. You will start feeling guilty about why you did this and not that, why you chose this and not that -- perhaps that was right ....

In your wavering state you are bound to think, "Perhaps that was right which I have not done." You can't be certain about your doing because you are not yet certain of your being.

Being comes first, and once being is realized, all doing is right: it does not matter what you do. But in the dark valleys of unconsciousness, doing is first -- and that is your problem.

One thing is right this moment; the next moment the same thing is not right. Then you are split continuously. Yesterday you did something thinking it was right; today you found it was not. Now it cannot be undone, it will hang over you your whole life. And don't think that if you have done the other thing, things would have been different -- no, not at all.

I have seen people who are married and are suffering and continually thinking that if they had chosen to remain unmarried, that would have been right. And I know people who have remained unmarried and are continually worried: perhaps they are missing the real joys of life -- it would have been better if they had married. People who have children are constantly harassed by the children. Those who don't have children are constantly harassed because they don't have children; they are missing something.
It seems in this world you cannot be in the right place, whatever you do. Whichever way you go you always reach the wrong spot. It looks very strange and weird but it is not, it is very mathematical. Because you are wrong, wherever you go, whatever you do, turns out to be wrong. You cannot do right remaining the way you are.
So my emphasis is not on action. All the religions in the world emphasize action: do the right action.
First be, and then the right action follows of its own accord.

From Darkness to Light

Chapter #20

Chapter title: Don't drop -- transform!
20 March 1985 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
WHY DO I CLING TO MY MISERY? WHY CAN I NOT DROP IT?

The I, the ego, is not something separate from the misery, that's why it is absolutely impossible for anyone to drop it.

Who is going to drop it? They are not two, the dropper and the dropped.
The ego is nothing but a complex of all your miseries, sufferings, anxieties, anguishes, wounds; your anger, your jealousy, your hate -- they are, all together, one complex. The problem arises because when you start feeling miserable, it is not the whole complex which is feeling miserable -- just a part, a fragment, and the remaining whole becomes your "I"; a false division is created. you want to drop the misery; you think yourself separate from the misery.
The same goes on happening with everything else: you feel anger -- then anger is taken as a separate thing from you. Or jealousy .... It never happens that all these things, this whole hell, you want to drop completely.
Why do you want to drop misery in the first place? -- because it is unpleasant; you would like to be joyous, blissful. But in the very liking, the very desiring of joy and bliss and happiness, you have created the misery. The desire is the cause of the misery, and the same desire is befooling you -- now you want to drop misery. You have created it. You, and only you, are responsible, and still you will go on creating more and more, even while you are thinking of dropping it.
This becomes now a new misery: "I cannot drop my misery." Do you see the game? You were miserable enough, now you want to drop it. More misery is added. You were angry, now you want to drop anger. You become even more angry because you cannot drop it. You feel trapped.

Your ego, the whole of you, consists of a thousand and one things; hence it becomes possible that you can separate yourself from one thing. Anger, jealousy, misery, hatred, you can separate, but those one thousand things that are now playing the role of being your "I" are not your "I" at all. They are part and parcel of the same complex system; they are all interrelated.

If one can be dropped, then the whole can be dropped. But because the whole is trying to drop one, you are in a mess. You cannot figure out what is happening. "I don't want to be miserable" -- still the misery continues. It continues because everything else that supports it, nourishes it, helps it, has become your "I". Every time you separate a fragment from yourself, this is going to be the case.

I cannot suggest to you how to drop it. There are not methods to drop, there is no possibility to drop. I am not saying that you are going to remain miserable forever. I am simply trying to make it emphatically clear that it is not a question of dropping; it is a question of understanding. And in the very understanding of misery, it disappears. Not that you have to drop it -- who are you?

Just try to look around, and you will find yourself nothing but a combination of a thousand and one things; the whole junk of the world is within you. And the major part of junk tries to drop a small part of junk. And they are related, they are relatives. They are one family, they cannot really be separated.

Just see: Can you separate anger from hate? Can you separate hate from love? To separate anger from hate obviously seems to be impossible, because without hate, anger is not possible. Without anger, hate is not possible.

Then try to separate hate from love. Just try to think: don't you hate the man you love also? Haven't you been destructive in a thousand ways to the same man you love? Have you not tried to possess the man or the woman? Is possessiveness love? Can a man who loves even think of possessing? Is it not very clear that to possess someone is to reduce him from a being to a thing? There is nothing worse that you can do.

Let me repeat, there is nothing worse than this that you can do, that you are capable of: reducing a being to a thing. And that's what possession is. Only things can be possessed; beings cannot be possessed.

You can have a communion with a being.

You can share your love, your poetry, your beauty, your body, your mind.

You can share but you cannot do business.

You cannot bargain.

You cannot possess a man or a woman.

But everybody is trying to do that all over the earth.

The result is this madhouse we call the planet earth. You try to possess -- it is naturally impossible, it cannot happen in the very nature of things. Then there is misery. The more you try to possess a person, the more that person tries to become independent of you, because every person has a birthright to be free, to be himself or herself.

You are trespassing on the privacy of the person, which is the only sacred place in the whole world. Neither Israel is sacred, nor is Kashi sacred, nor is Mecca sacred. The only sacred space in the true sense is the privacy of a person -- his or her independence, the beinghood.

If you love a person you will never trespass.

You will never try to be a detective, to be a Peeping Tom, peeping into the privacy of the other person. You will respect the privacy of the other person. But just look at the so-called lovers -- husbands and wives, boyfriends and girlfriends. All they are doing, around the clock, is finding ways to trespass, to enter into the private world of the other person. They don't want the other person to have any privacy. Why?

If the person has independence, privacy, individuality, they are afraid. The person tomorrow may not love them -- because love is not something stagnant. It is a moment, it is nothing to do with permanency. It may continue for eternity, but basically love is a phenomenon of the moment. If it happens again in the next moment you are blessed. If it does not happen you should be thankful that at least it did happen before.

Remain open: perhaps it may happen again -- if not with this person, then with another person. The question is not persons, the question is of love. Love should remain flowing, it should not be stopped.

But in their stupidity people start thinking, "If this person goes out of my hands then I am going to starve my whole life without love." And he does not know that by trying to hold this person permanently in his captivity, he will starve. He will not get love. You cannot get love from a slave. You cannot get love from your possessions; from your chair, table, house, your furniture, you cannot get love.

You can get love only from a free agent whose uniqueness is respected by you, whose freedom is respected by you. It is out of the freedom of the other that this moment of love has happened. Don't destroy it by trying to possess, by

trying to hold, by creating a legal bondage, a marriage. Let the other be free, and remain free yourself. Don't let anybody else possess you either.
To possess or to be possessed, both are ugly.
If you are possessed you lose your very soul.
Just look at husbands when they are going with their wives; do they look like individuals? I was traveling in a train; in my compartment -- it was a coupe -- there was only one woman passenger. There were only two seats and one was reserved for me. The man who was with the woman had to travel in another compartment, but at each station, if even for two minutes the train was to stop, he would come rushing just to ask her whether she needed anything, water or tea or anything to eat -- at each station.
When it went on happening for at least ten stations I could not resist the temptation. I asked the woman, "It is not good of me to ask you, but I cannot resist the temptation: How long have you been married to each other?"
She said, "For seven years."
I said, "Don't lie to me."
She was shocked when I said that. She said, "How can you say that?"
I said, "It is so apparent. I cannot conceive of a husband who has been married for seven years coming at each station to ask you ... to hold your hand for two minutes, to give you a kiss. If it is true then this must be the rarest husband in the whole of history. I cannot believe it, it is an absolute lie."
For a moment she was silent and then she said, "You are right. He is not my husband, we are not married. And we have not known each other for seven years either. Just three

or four days ago we met. We don't have any relationship yet."

I said, "Go on being this way. Don't have any relationship ever, because the moment you have a relationship this man will not come at every station. In fact if he was your husband, once he had dropped you in this compartment he would have escaped for the whole journey, because there are so many women traveling in this train -- he would not bother about you. In fact he would pray to God that somebody takes you away, or you elope with somebody, or something happens, some accident."

Husbands are praying, wives are praying, that accidents happen; "Everybody dies, but my husband never does. No accident happens to him. Every evening he is back home, the same old guy, and the same old story is repeated every day."

Lovers love only while they are not yet in a fixed relationship. As the relationship settles, love disappears. Once the relationship is fixed, instead of love, something else takes place: possessiveness.

They still go on calling it love, but you cannot deceive existence. Just by calling it love you cannot change anything.

It is now hate, not love.

It is fear, not love.

It is adjustment, not love.

It is compromise, not love.

It can be anything -- but not love.

The deeper you try to understand, the more it will become clear to you that love and hate are not two things. It is just a linguistic mistake to call them love and hate. In the future,

at least in psychological treatises and books, they will not be using "and" between the two. In fact it is better to make one word, "lovehate." They are two sides of the same coin. You want to drop hate and you want to preserve love? Now, you are asking something impossible. All these things are interconnected. Wherever there is love you will find jealousy. It is impossible to find love without jealousy surrounding it. Everybody wants to drop jealousy, but jealousy is an intrinsic part of love.

The moment you love someone, immediately you become jealous of so many things .... The woman you fall in love with is talking with someone and looking so happy; she never looks so happy with you. Now, you are twenty-four hours a day with the woman -- nobody can be twenty-four hours happy except a crazy man like me who has nothing else to do other than just to be happy. It is possible.

But a poor woman, living with a dodo twenty-four hours a day, and you both expect that she will be continuously laughing and enjoying and being a fairy .... You are expecting too much, you are being too esoteric. Be a little more real, more pragmatic; come down to earth.

And it is just because of you that she is enjoying those few moments with somebody else; you have bored her enough. And it is not going to do any harm to anybody. Let her have a little laughter -- it will be healthy for her. You should be happy because she will be back a little healthier. Perhaps for a few moments she may laugh with you too. But your jealousy ... and your jealous mind starts thinking, What is going to happen? Is she in love with that man? -- because she never looks so happy with me.

And then the struggle, the constant conflict, the nagging. And naturally it is not one-sided; the woman is even more jealous than the man. But the responsibility goes on man because he has not allowed the woman as much freedom as he had allowed himself.

Can't you see it? There are women prostitutes. For centuries they have existed -- it is said that they are the oldest profession ... perhaps. I say perhaps, because in my opinion the priests are the oldest profession. Without the priests there cannot be prostitutes. Who will call them prostitutes? Who will condemn them?

But whether the first or the second, it is really one of the oldest professions. But male prostitutes are a very recent development. Strange -- why for centuries did only women remain prostitutes? Why were there not, parallel to women, male prostitutes?

The reason is simple. Man has his world of freedom; those prostitutes are his freedom. He does not allow the woman the same freedom. Just in this decade, and that too only in very sophisticated cites like London and Tokyo, have male prostitutes appeared. This is a good symptom, because if man has the freedom to purchase love, if he has a market, a love market, then the woman should also have the right.

In the same way, in every field, man has cut the woman's freedom. In most countries, in most cultures, for most of the time, the woman was economically dependent. She is still, in ninety-nine percent of the world, dependent on man. And you can see the simple arithmetic.

When you are economically dependent you cannot be independent spiritually either. Then spiritual freedom is just talk; economically you are dependent on the man. You are

continually afraid he may leave you, he may disappear -- just like Werner Erhard, the founder of "est."

One day he disappeared from his home, leaving his wife, his children, his old parents. He not only disappeared, he changed his name. He is a Jew -- and Werner Erhard is a German name. You can see the logic; moving from being a Jew to being a German is going to the opposite pole. Nobody now will recognize him as a Jew. Have you ever heard of a Jew adopting a German name?

Now, if a husband escapes, starts a new relationship somewhere .... The woman is dependent on him economically, children are there -- how is she going to live now? In almost every culture, woman has not been allowed education because education will make her independent, at least potentially independent: if a time of difficulty comes she can stand on her own feet.

Uneducated, without any knowledge of the world, of business, how is she going to survive? The only way left for her is to be a prostitute. All that she knows is that she can sell her body. She has nothing else to sell. Naturally she was more jealous, afraid, clinging -- clinging as a creeper clings to a tree.

Without the tree the creeper will fall down on the earth. It is only with the support of the tree that the creeper can move upwards towards the sun, can open its flowers and can have the joys of the sky; otherwise it will be on the earth, trodden on by people, eaten by animals, finished. The woman has been continually compared to the creeper. She has not been allowed by any religion to be a tree. Naturally she is jealous and continually keeps an eye on the husband -- where he is going, what he is doing ....

Mulla Nasruddin was so fed up with his wife every day finding some woman's hair on his clothes, and there was no excuse: "How can you explain this hair on your coat? You must have been hugging, you must have been sleeping with some woman. The proof is here."

So one day before going into the house, Mulla Nasruddin went into a friend's house and told him to look all over his clothes. "Give me a brush so I can clean all my clothes. And today I am not going to give her any proof. These hairs ... the women are strange on both sides. On one side they leave hairs on you, on the other side they catch the hairs. That seems to be a conspiracy against man. Today I am not going ...."

So he really cleaned himself up and went home. His wife looked for the evidence, but there was no evidence. She started crying. Nasruddin said, "Now what? Why are you crying?"

She said, "My God, now you have started going with bald women. No hair! Where did you manage to find a bald woman? This is very rare."

I have seen millions of people but I have yet to see a bald woman; I have not seen one. In fact the woman's brain has not been allowed to work, how can she become bald? It is the proof, the same kind of proof. The woman's brain never uses all the nourishment, hence her hair goes on getting the nourishment. Man's mind uses the nourishment -- his hairs starve and die.

I remember a scientist's prediction that in four thousand years all boys will be born bald. They will not need to wait for forty, fifty, sixty years to become bald; they will be born bald just four thousand years from now because man

will have used so much of the nourishment that the very genetic program of the boys will change. There seems to be a possibility .... Baldness in men has been growing each decade -- more and more people are getting bald earlier and earlier.

The woman is not allowed education, not allowed social mobility. The only place she can go is the temple, the church; every other area of life is closed to her. And the church, the temple, and the synagogue are all male chauvinist. They are poisoning the minds of women. They have convinced the women, "You are a somewhat lower category of human being."

In Jainism a woman cannot become enlightened directly from a woman's body. First she has to be born as a man and then she can become enlightened. I have been talking to Jaina priests and monks -- they have no argument to support this.

I was asking them, "Does enlightenment happen in the body? Has it something to do with hormones, female or male? Obviously it has nothing to do with hormones, nothing to do with the body itself. No chemistry is involved, no physics is involved, no physiology is involved. It is a question of consciousness, and consciousness is neither male nor female. Then on what grounds do you go on saying that a woman cannot become enlightened?"

But for twenty-five centuries not a single woman in the East has protested against it. Is it not strange, unbelievable? But no; the reason is, they were completely conditioned by the male chauvinist priests, and that was their only education. Whatever the priest was saying was all that they

knew. They had no other way of becoming acquainted with other kinds of views.

So all their freedom is cut, the woman is enclosed in the house. Naturally she is visualizing her husband flirting here and there. She knows him perfectly well, and mostly she is right; it is not that she is just imagining it. Her imagination is very close to reality -- that's what the husband is doing with his secretary in the office, with his students in the college.

The reason why her imagination comes close to truth is because she knows -- deep down everybody knows -- that you cannot remain interested in each other forever. Once the man knows the woman's whole geography, her whole topography; the woman knows the man and what kind of lousy lover he is ....

When they are well acquainted, one thing is certain, that both become suspicious, both become jealous. Suspicion follows jealousy. And when you are suspicious, jealous, how can you be loving? How can you even be friendly? Husbands and wives I have never seen to be friendly. Once they may have been lovers, now they are enemies. To be friendly means to respect the other person, his privacy. But no, the moment the husband comes in the house, the first question is, "Where have you been?" But if you are respectful to a person it is none of your business where he has been; that is his business, wherever he has been. With whom have you been?

And the husband coming home goes on figuring out in his mind excuses, explanations of where he has been, what he has been doing. He knows those questions are going to be there. And he also knows that his wife is not going to

believe his explanations. The wife knows what explanations he is going to give. It is a strange game.
But nobody is ready to stop this nonsense and just be straightforward; "We don't feel interested in each other anymore, and that is natural. Why should we feel interested in each other? We felt interested because we were unacquainted." It is always the unknown that is interesting, it is always the hidden that gives you the challenge. Once you know it, the challenge disappears.
If you are understanding, then a friendship can grow; otherwise all these things will be there -- jealousy, suspicion, doubt, a continuous fight. And then you say, "I cannot get rid of my misery."
Do you really want to get rid of your misery? Then you will have to get rid of many other things too which you don't want to get rid of, that's the trouble. If you want to get rid of misery, you will have to get rid of your idea of permanent love. You will have to get rid of the idea that you are going to be always beautiful to the person you love. The beauty disappears once you are acquainted. It is always a mirage; the farther away you are, the better.
The grass is really greener ... but don't come too close. But when you see the grass is greener, you want to graze. And then you ask how to get rid of misery because when you come close the grass is not so green. It has never been. It is not anybody's fault, it is just the way things are.
Try to understand what your misery is. And the first principle to understand is: Drop the idea of dropping, because if you are already determined to drop it, how can you understand it? You are already prejudiced, you are already against it.

First drop the idea of dropping misery, and you have taken really a great step.

Now the second thing is, try to understand what misery is. From where is it arising? Move into all its connections, find out its whole complex unity within you, and you will be surprised that it is not something separate, or separable. It is joined with a thousand and one things. And you will be shocked that all that you always wanted to drop is part of that which you have been told is the ideal, that this is what you should be.

Jesus says to love your enemy. Have you ever thought, if you don't have any hate in you, can you have love? That is not possible. All these religious teachers have been telling you things which are unnatural: "Love everybody." It is not possible. You can neither love everybody nor can you hate everybody.

If you love somebody, that means you have a choice, a liking; anybody who doesn't fit with that liking, that choice, you cannot love. You will have to decide; if you love, you will have to hate somebody; if you have friends, you will have enemies.

A man like me has no friends and no enemies. Only then can you be free of misery. But you have been told that there are good ideals which have to be saved, and there are evil things which have to be dropped; that there are divine values, and that there are evil temptations. The trouble is that they are not separate.

You will be surprised to know that the word "divine" and the word "devil" come from the same Sanskrit root, deva. They are not separate; devil and divine mean the same. But you have been told that they are just polar opposites and

that there is a universal fight going on between God and Satan, God and evil. If that is true then it seems God is losing continually.

The devil is winning because everywhere you can see crime increasing, people becoming more and more inhuman. It does not seem that God is winning. Seventy-five percent of every country's income goes to the devil, twenty-five percent goes -- I am not saying to God: it goes to small devils. But seventy-five percent goes to the chief, the great devil. Every country is wasting seventy-five percent of its income for war. God is not winning. God cannot win because He is the other side of the devil. They are together, they are partners in the business.

If you try to understand the complexity of your misery you will see that all that is good is connected with all that has been condemned as bad. And you have been told to drop the bad and save the good. This is the dilemma you have been put into by your priests, by all your religions, by all do-gooders. They have put you in such a schizophrenic state ....

Once you see that good and bad are together you will be immensely relieved, you will feel such a relief, because the whole conflict was baseless. You were fighting against shadows, you were fighting against yourself. It is as if my left hand is fighting with my right hand. Do you think there is any possibility of coming to a conclusion? There is no possibility. Both are my hands; there is no need for them to fight, they can be together and friendly. They can be helpful to each other, they can be a tremendous support to each other.

And that's the whole difference between me and all the religions of the world. They have been trying to create a conflict in you between good and bad, and I am trying to bring your good and bad closer and closer so that you can start using them in a harmonious unity. When I started calling the new man that is going to come into the world, "Zorba the Buddha," this was the idea behind it.

The Ceylonese ambassador to America wrote a letter to me -- apparently very humble but one could see he is boiling within, even in his letter, between the lines. He said, "You have to stop calling your restaurants and your discos, `Zorba the Buddha,' because Buddha is our spiritual founder; to put him with a materialist like Zorba is insulting, and it will create great antagonism towards you amongst all the Buddhists of the world."

I told my secretary to write him: In the first place Buddha is nobody's copyright. And you have to understand that we are not calling it Zorba Gautam the Buddha. The founder of your religion was Gautam the Buddha. His name was Gautam; "the buddha" was not his name. The buddha means the enlightened one. There have been many, there will be many; this is nobody's monopoly.

And even Zorba has the potential to become the Buddha. Just look into your own scriptures. Your Buddha says that the lowest has the potential to be the highest. The sinner has the potential to be the saint. So what is wrong with Zorba? And as far as I am concerned, I don't want Zorba to become the Buddha by dropping being Zorba. I want Zorba to become the Buddha remaining Zorba -- and this is a totally new concept. If it creates inconvenience to some

fools around the world, I am not concerned; I have never been concerned about fools.
My effort is not to create a division between Zorba and Buddha, but to create a bridge.
Zorba AS Zorba can become the Buddha, that's my approach.
You need not drop anything. You have simply to understand your complex being, where good and bad are one. But you have been told they are not one and you have accepted that nonsense; hence, you have been trying to drop the bad. And you cannot.
I don't want you to drop it, because that is your energy. It is good that you cannot drop it. I want you to transform it, not drop it. A man who cannot feel suffering cannot feel compassion either. What is compassion? If you cannot feel suffering you cannot feel compassion for somebody else's suffering because for you suffering does not exist. Your experience of suffering can be used for your growth.
All the stones on your path can become stepping stones. They need not hinder you, you just have to know that they are steps.
Look into your suffering, find out that good and bad are all together there. You cannot separate them, so the question of dropping does not arise. You have to use them together -- not as opposites, but as complementaries. And that is possible.
Even poison can be used as medicine -- it is used. In fact, on most of the medicines you will find written: POISON -- in red letters. Poison is to kill, but by understanding it you can use it to save somebody who is dying. But if you are foolish, even nectar will kill you; you may drink too much

of it. In fact you will drink too much nectar if you can find it.

I am reminded of one of the experiments of Delgado. He had put an electrode in a white rat's brain. And he put a small remote control in front of the rat and taught him to push the button. That button gave the rat the same experience as sexual orgasm.

Remember, sexual orgasm does not happen in our genitals, it happens in your brain. Genitals are only the outermost posts of your brain, they simply inform the brain, they simply say, "Okay." The brain goes berserk -- the actual orgasm happens in the brain. So it is possible to have a man's brain just kept in alcohol, and he can have a sexual orgasm without anybody, without any genitals. Nothing is needed because the real experience happens in the brain. And that white rat ... these white rats are poor fellows. Scientists are after them, they are being imported from all over the world. Once the rat learned the trick, how to push the button, you cannot believe what happened to him: in one hour he pushed the button six hundred times!

He wouldn't stop, he went on pushing it. He died! -- because that much orgasm nobody has ever had: six hundred times in one hour. Good food was provided there; everything that he liked ... beautiful white rat girls -- no interest at all in anybody. His only interest was in the button.

He forgot food, he forgot the women, he forgot even to drink, or just to take a little rest. What was happening was so far out, he could not miss a single second. He died on that red button.

You just have to be a little alert about your inner composition and you will be surprised to know many things. You will come to know that all your joys are within you, all your miseries are within you. Nobody else creates them, you simply find an excuse in somebody. Everything is within you, and except you nobody else is responsible. Then what is the question of dropping misery? If you want to continue, continue. If you don't want to continue, who is telling you to continue? The very understanding that "it is my own work" becomes the dropping.

And the second realization that comes is: "What I used to call `I' was nothing but this combination." When this whole combination subsides, falls into a deep harmony, the discordant notes become a symphony. You suddenly become aware of a new I, which was standing far back because the noise of your mind was so much, and you were so much engaged in all that. Your real self was simply waiting for you to look inwards. But you were focused outwards, and you were so much struggling with things .... You cannot be victorious -- and you cannot be defeated either; you will always remain in a limbo, in a confusion. Once all that confusion is gone, suddenly from the background a new concept of your being emerges.

It is more like am-ness than I; it is more existential. It is not egoistic, it is simply a feeling of am-ness. And then you know that it was simply foolish to ask, "How can I drop misery?" because I is the misery, I is the jealousy, I is the hell.

And you don't know your real I.

The real I you can know only when the false is gone.

The moment the false disappears the real appears.

The death of the false is the birth of the real.
And that quality which I am calling am-ness is the very center of life, the very center of bliss. You will remain the same person in a way, but in another way you will be absolutely discontinuous with the old; you will be absolutely new.
You will love, but now your love will not be the same as it was before. It will not have hate as its opposite side.
Your love will be now so great that it can absorb hate, it can transform its poison into nectar.
You will love but you will not possess.
You will love to give, not to get.
You will love because you are so full of love you have to share it; otherwise it becomes a burden.
You will be like a raincloud so full of rain that it wants to shower. Then it does not even care where it is showering -- whether on the hills where nothing grows, or in a fertile land where flowers will grow. No, the cloud is just as mad as any enlightened man. It knows nothing of who is to be avoided and who is to be taken into one's confidence. No, it simply goes on showering on all. It has no friend, no foe. It is grateful because the earth is ready to receive it with joy.
The enlightened man is grateful to his own disciples, to his own devotees, because they are so open, receptive, vulnerable, ready. Your love is to get something; his love is to give all. He receives much, much more than you can ever receive by trying to get. You remain a beggar.
The enlightened man receives much without ever asking.
These are the mysteries of existence.
If you can give without asking, the whole existence will start pouring on you. You are no longer a beggar, now you

are an emperor; and existence exalts only emperors, not beggars.
I cannot say, "Blessed are the poor for they shall inherit the kingdom of God." Sheer nonsense!
I say, "Blessed are the emperors because they have already inherited the kingdom of God; there is nothing else to be inherited."
My sannyasins have to be emperors -- for the first time in the whole history of the world. All the sannyasins of all the religions have been beggars. Enough of that beggary!
I want you to be rich in every possible way -- material, psychological, spiritual. I want you to live the richest life that has ever been lived on the earth.
This whole earth is like a desert.
I want you to become small oases.
Perhaps in those small oases lies the very hope of humanity's future.
Yes, Zorba the Buddha is humanity's future.
And you all have to become Zorba the Buddhas.
Nothing has to be denied, nothing has to be dropped.
Everything has to be enjoyed, everything has to be understood. Everything has to be transformed in such a way that it becomes a new source of richness, nourishment, rejuvenation to you.
Please don't try to drop your suffering.
Try to understand it.
And in that very understanding suffering will disappear.
But the energy involved in suffering will be left with you.
The same energy becomes blissfulness.

From Darkness to Light

Chapter #21

Chapter title: I am a man who hopes against hope
22 March 1985 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
I HAVE HEARD YOU SAY THAT RELIGION AND POLITICS ARE OPPOSITE DIMENSIONS: A RELIGIOUS MAN CANNOT BE INTERESTED IN POLITICS, AND A POLITICIAN CAN NEVER BECOME RELIGIOUS WHILE REMAINING A POLITICIAN. IF THIS IS TRUE, IS THERE NO CHANCE FOR A BETTER WORLD?

I have said that, and I repeat it: the really religious person cannot be interested in politics. And the politician, remaining a politician, cannot have any religious experience, any taste of that flight to the unknown.
But I have never said that there is no hope for a better world.
This is true, that the politician cannot become religious -- for the simple reason that politics, all politics, politics as such, is power politics. It is will-to-power. One wants to dominate, one wants to possess, one wants to be the decisive factor in people's lives. These are the qualities of the ego.
Obviously this type of person cannot be religious because religion is basically the experience of egolessness.
In religion there is no place for will-to-power. In fact, in religion there is no place even for will. Will-to-power is far

away; even will-to-be is not there. One is in the hands of existence, in a deep let-go. This let-go is what I call religiousness. That's why I said that religion and politics are opposite dimensions.

But don't be worried; it does not mean that there is no hope for humanity, no hope for the future.

I am a man who hopes even against hope. It is impossible for me to be hopeless. And when there is hope you can always find a way. The proverb is: "Wherever there is a will there is a way." I don't think it is right. Everywhere there is will, and there is no way. Some idiot must have made this proverb. But wherever there is hope there is always a way.

I would like to change the proverb. I don't have any right to change anything, but I am simply crazy, you can't help it. I go on changing the meanings of words because my feeling is that no word has any ultimate meaning. All meanings are given meanings. If somebody else can give a meaning to it, why can't I give a meaning to it too? Words in themselves are just sounds. A word means what you want it to mean -- it depends on you. So I would like to change this old proverb.

For my people, will is poison because will ultimately leads to politics. Will means, "I want to be something, somewhere, somebody." I teach you will-lessness; that's my meaning of let-go. The will clings, the will tries to force its own way; it wants existence to follow it.

When I say will-lessness, I am saying to you, don't force your way. Just let nature take its own course. You just be a cloud. Wherever the wind blows the cloud moves, with no resistance, with no grumpiness: "I wanted to go south and

what is happening? -- I am going north, I hate it! I was destined towards the south, dreaming of the south, and everything is shattered by this wind."

No, the cloud simply moves with the wind.

There is no conflict, there is no resistance.

The wind and the cloud are not two.

If the wind suddenly changes its movement -- from going north it starts moving towards east or west -- the cloud does not even raise a question: "This is inconsistent. We were going north; I had agreed, irrespective of the fact that I was destined to go to the south. I had sacrificed my goal just to be with you. Now this is too much! Somehow I managed to make myself agreeable to the idea of going to the north. And you seem to be just mad! You have started moving towards east or west, this is inconsistent. This is not friendly, this is not the way of lovers.

"This is a divorce. I cannot always be a follower, so that wherever you go I have to go. I am not just a hen-pecked husband. If you want to go to hell, go! I am not going."

No, there is no question even that the wind is inconsistent. The cloud has no will; hence no conflict, no question, no doubt. The way of the wind is accepted as the way of existence, that's what existence wants. The cloud is in a tremendous let-go, it has no will of its own. The cloud is not and cannot be a politician.

The religious man cannot be interested in politics for the simple reason that he has nowhere to reach -- he has reached there already. He is there where the politician is trying to reach and never reaches -- cannot reach because of the very nature of things. The religious person is already there.

He has not reached there, he has discovered that he has always been there, always and always, from the very beginning; he has never been anywhere else. Even if he wants to move, it is impossible. He can only be where he is, nowhere else can he move.

How can you move from yourself, from your being? And nothing is higher than that, nothing is more blissful.

There is no need either.

Hence the religious man cannot be interested in politics, because the politician's way is against the flow, against the current. The politician is trying to move above everybody's head; whatsoever the cost, whatever evil means he has to use does not matter. All that matters is that he is determined to become somebody significant; he has to leave his name in the pages of history, although nobody reads those names. And as history grows bigger -- and it goes on becoming bigger every day -- bigger names go on becoming smaller. Naturally, those who were very prominent go on slipping into the footnotes, or are just referred to. Once they ruled over the whole world.

Genghis Khan was one of the greatest emperors ever. He ruled from one corner of Asia to the opposite corner of Europe; both the continents were under his thumb. He was called "The Great Khan." But now, if you look in the history of the world, you will find his name referred to in some footnote. History will become bigger sooner or later. First you slip into the footnotes, then you start disappearing from the footnotes. Leaving your name in the history books is like writing your name on the sand.

One of my teachers, a history teacher, used to say again and again, and this has been said to almost everybody: "Leave

your name in the pages of history. Write your name in golden letters. You should leave your mark that you have been here."

The first day I entered his class ... of course the first day the teacher is at his best. He tries hard to impress, because the first impression is a lasting impression. So he was at his peak -- not speaking but thundering. I could not tolerate it when he said, "You have to leave your name in history, it has to be written in golden letters. You have to make a mark that you have been here."

I stood up and I said, "You are shouting too loudly -- and only forty students are here. Are you leaving your mark on the walls of this classroom, or on the tables and chairs? You are thundering as if you are addressing a meeting of at least ten thousand people. And can I ask a few things?

"One thing, I have never seen any history book written in golden letters. So of all those who have lived up to now, nobody has been able to write his name in golden letters. Are you proposing that, for me especially, a book will be written in golden letters? And even if it is written in golden letters, I will not be here to see it; so what is the point, whether my name is written in it or not?

"In fact, when I came into this world I had no name. The name is given to me; the name is just arbitrary, it is not mine. So whether it is written in the history book or not does not matter.

"Secondly, you are saying, `Leave your mark here, to prove that you have been here.' You are talking just like a dog."

He said, "What!"

I said, "Yes -- because dogs leave their mark wherever they are. They raise one of their legs up and leave their mark

there. And when I am saying that, I am simply stating a biological fact. You can ask the scientists why the dog does that. He leaves his mark: `I have been here and this is my territory.' Pissing is golden. He is making history."

But all the politicians are doing that, pissing and thinking that they are leaving golden marks. Yes, pissing is a little yellow but I cannot say it is golden, that would be exaggerating. And all that the dog is leaving as his mark, and making as a declaration to existence, is that "This is my territory" -- it stinks!

I said to him, "The whole of history stinks, and all your politicians simply stink. You please just stop thundering and stop telling us nonsense. You just start the story of all the idiots of the past. And please forgive us for not being added to that list."

The politician suffers from a tremendous inferiority complex. Deep down he knows he is nothing, and he wants to prove to the world that he is huge, powerful. He wants to stand first in the line of the whole humanity. But the trouble is, humanity follows a general universal law; it is one of the fundamental laws of the universe that things move in circles. The earth goes around the sun, the moon goes around the earth, the sun itself is going around some bigger sun which we have not yet been able to discover.

But everything moves in circles, and that is true about humanity too. We are standing in a circle and moving in a circle, so there is always somebody ahead of you. This is the trouble, you cannot get out of it; somebody is always ahead of you. Yes, somebody is behind you -- that gives a little satisfaction, but the person who is ahead of you kills it immediately. You are trying to pull the person back by his

leg and be ahead of him. He will try his hardest not to be pulled that way, he will kick you as hard as he can.
But even if you succeed .... If you fail, you fail; but if you succeed, then too you fail, this is the trouble, because again you find that there is somebody else ahead. And you will always find that, because it is a circle.
As you go on succeeding, go on succeeding, go on succeeding, one day you will find that a man who was once behind you is ahead of you. That is the ultimate failure. When somebody becomes a president, a prime minister, then he comes to know: "My God! The man ahead of me now is the same man who was behind me when I started the journey." And you can see it every four years in America, and in India every five years: the president is begging for the vote of the man who was behind him. Now he has to ask and beg a vote from him, now his presidentship, his premiership depends on the vote of that man; he is ahead.
I have been saying again and again that the leaders are the followers of their own followers. It is a very strange game. You have to pretend to be first, and yet you know the last man has the power to keep you there or not to keep you there.
The politician's life is a life of constant struggle and constant anguish. He tries hard to get beyond them, but if he remains a politician this is not possible. All these sufferings, miseries, are part and parcel of his political game.
One education minister used to come to see me. He was a very rich man, very well educated. Before he became the education minister he was the vice-chancellor of a university. When he was vice-chancellor of the university

there, he heard me in a conference and became my friend. Once in a while he used to come, just to relax for one or two days, away from the world of the capital and the politicians.

He would ask me again and again: "You teach people methods of meditation, of becoming peaceful, silent. And I can understand that what you are saying is right, that unless you become silent and peaceful you cannot hope to be blissful. You have to create the ground for bliss to happen. But you never tell me anything."

I said, "I will tell you only when you drop your politics, because your politics and my teachings together will make you even more miserable. You are miserable enough. If you start trying to be peaceful also, to be silent even for a few moments, to meditate every day even for half an hour, you will become more miserable than you have ever been, because you cannot succeed in doing it. It is better for you to accept that this is all that life has in it: suffering, misery, sleeplessness, and continuous turmoil.

"It is better, in a way, that this is all life is. If you become aware that life is more and you start trying for it, you will be unnecessarily multiplying your suffering. You cannot be peaceful, you cannot meditate, you cannot sit silently. And that will be a very painful defeat; a great successful politician who has become a cabinet minister of a country like India -- big, vast, the biggest democracy in the world; and you have one of the most important portfolios, education -- such a great successful man cannot be silent even for one moment? That will be very disturbing."

But he didn't listen to me. He started meditating and reading my books. And what I had said would happen,

happened -- a complete nervous breakdown. He was brought to me. I said, "I told you before, these two things cannot go together. You are trying to run east and west at the same time; then one leg goes to the east and one leg goes to the west, and you will be torn apart. It is a very simple thing: if you are in politics then just be in politics. There is no such thing as religion for you."

The politician cannot be religious while remaining a politician. Remember the condition.

The religious person is on such a fantastic journey, what does he care about being a president of a country, or a prime minister, a king or a queen? What value do these kings and queens have? In fact, there are only five kings in the world: four in the playing cards and one in England. And they have a similar value: nothing much. Do you want to be the sixth king?

Politicians for centuries have been living in hell, for the simple reason that they think that through this hell they will attain one day to the highest power and position. But what are you going to do with the highest power and position?

This education minister was one day sitting with me in his car; we were just going for a ride, and a dog started chasing the car. I said to the driver, "Slow down a little -- the poor dog is huffing and puffing so much, just slow down. Let him catch the car and see what happens."

The politician said, "What will happen?"

I said, "You will see -- exactly that which happens to a politician."

The driver slowed down the car. The dog came close to us -- and looked silly, because now what?

I told the education minister, "This is your position -- now what? Chasing the car, he was far happier. At least there was something to do, a great challenge. But once he reaches the car he feels embarrassed, because now the challenge has disappeared. And he looks all around: he must be foolish, why are you staring? He never thought about why he is chasing the car, what he is going to do if he gets to the car. Even if he sits in the seat of the driver, what is he going to do?"

These great politicians sitting in great power in the White House and the Kremlin -- just dogs sitting in a car looking all around, feeling silly, thinking, "Is this the end?" There is nowhere else to go. Once you have reached the White House you have nowhere to go. You are really caught -- and by your own efforts -- in a prison.

The politician cannot be religious because religion means understanding, awareness, silence, harmony, and a deep let-go with existence, a feeling of being at peace with everything as it is: no desire to be anybody else, no desire to be anywhere else, no desire for tomorrow. All is fulfilled in this moment. The politician cannot afford this. And the religious man who is in this situation, in this ultimate state of being, for him politicians are just foolish people, although he may not say so just out of etiquette.

I am not a man of etiquette, I don't know manners. I simply call a spade a fucking spade, because that's what it is. I have made the spade actually what it is. The old proverb is, a spade is a spade. That doesn't sound of any import. Of course a spade is a spade -- so what! It does not say anything about the spade. So I simply say that these are all idiots.

But there is still hope for humanity. The hope is not that religious people will become politicians, or that religious people will start taking an interest in politics, no. But religious people can become, should become, rebellious against all political stupidity. There is the hope. The religious person should not remain just contented with his blissfulness and allow all these idiots to go on doing harm to innocent humanity.

To me this is the only compassion:

To rebel against the whole history of humanity.

The religious person should rebel.

In the past he has not done that. That's why I say, in the past religion has been just immature. Even the greatest religious personalities in the past will look like pygmies compared to the authentic religious person who is going to be born, because the authentic religion is basically rebellion -- rebellion against all superstition, rebellion against all stupidity, rebellion against all the nonsense that goes on being imposed on the human mind continuously.

A rebellious religious man is a fire; his words will be words on fire.

His silence is not going to be the silence of a cemetery.

His silence will be the silence of a song, of a dance.

His silence will be the silence of two lovers meeting, and not capable to find words to convey their love. Their love makes them wordless. The moment lovers start talking too much you can understand; love has disappeared.

Conversation has started; conflict is not very far away.

Conversation is the beginning, soon there will be argument.

Where else can conversation lead except to controversy?

But two lovers when they are really in love, throbbing with

a new energy, feel themselves stuck, suddenly wordless. Even to say "I love you" seems to be difficult, seems to be far below the fact of love. It seems somehow to be sacrilegious to bring words into something which is so silent, and so glowing in silence, and so alive in silence. The religious person is silent, but it is not the silence of a cemetery, not the silence of a dead man.

It is the silence of one who is really alive, fully alive, intensely alive.

This intense aliveness is going to become his rebellion. What have I been doing for thirty years continuously? -- fighting every kind of nonsense. Was there any reward, was I seeking any reward out of all this fight? No, it was not for any reward. It was just the way my aliveness was asserting itself. It was not goal-oriented, there was no motivation; I was simply being myself.

I enjoyed all that fight. In fact the people who came in conflict with me were very much surprised because it was an agony for them. To me it was an ecstasy. They could not understand how I was enjoying it. And I was surrounded on all sides with enemies. Alone, single-handedly I was moving among millions of people and against them, saying things which were very hurtful to their beliefs.

One shankaracharya even asked me, "What are you going to get out of it? You are simply making so many enemies. Politicians are your enemies, all kinds of religious people are your enemies. The rich are your enemies, the poor are your enemies, the capitalists are your enemies, the communists are your enemies." He said, "This is strange; Mohammedans, Hindus, Jainas, Buddhists, Parsees, Sikhs, Christians -- they are all your enemies."

I said to him, "I am going to write a book, How to Impress People and Create Enemies. This is just an experience for it.

He said, "You are never serious. I was just being concerned." He was a young man, newly appointed to be a shankaracharya; he had known me before he was a shankaracharya. He was genuinely concerned, he said, "I don't see anything that you can get out of this except making everybody an enemy; and yet you enjoy it."

It happened in Faridabad, a place near New Delhi, that there was a great Hindu world conference. This shankaracharya told me, "There is danger."

He was still being friendly towards me, and he said, "In public I cannot be on your side but deep down I feel your authenticity, your sincerity. I cannot say this before the public because I don't have that much courage. But I want you to be warned because there is much conspiracy going on: `Today something has to be done to this man because he has been hammering all our beliefs, all our heritage, all our institutions. Nobody seems to have any answer for him, nobody seems to have any argument.' So they are thinking, just the way idiots will think, `Why not kill this man, why not destroy this man?' So today's meeting can become fatal to you."

I said, "Don't be worried. Every moment is fatal because any moment death can come. And this is great: with fifty thousand people I will enjoy my death too!"

He said, "You are incurable. I am just being friendly to you, and I am certain there is something going on."

I said, "If you are certain, I trust you. I will do my best to let it happen." And really, in the evening conference there

must have been at least one hundred thousand people. In the morning conference there were only fifty thousand; the number had doubled because the gossip that something was going to happen, something was boiling up, brought many more people to the evening meeting.

As I started speaking I could see that three persons, strong men, came and sat just behind me. They looked like professional criminals. Perhaps they were borrowed for the occasion. Before speaking I said, "I want to say a few things about these three strong men who are sitting behind me." There was deep silence on the stage. They were all great Hindu monks, three shankaracharyas, prominent politicians -- at least fifty people were there. Delhi was so close, so great politicians were available -- and they don't miss such a gathering. One hundred thousand people ... just seeing them on the stage is enough!

Those three people had not expected that I was going to speak about them first. And how did I know about them? I said, "These three persons are here to kill me, so you all have to be aware -- at least they should be patient. There is no problem in killing, they can kill me, but first let me finish what I want to say to you. If they kill me in the middle you will be at a loss; you will have missed what I was going to say to you.

"So I want to ask you one thing: Do you want me to say all that I have to say? If you want me me to, then please raise your hands. If you don't want me to, then what is the point of saying half the things; half the truth is far worse than a lie. Then I would rather remain silent and tell these three people to kill me."

One hundred thousand hands shot up, with shouts of "We want to hear you, and we will see who can attack you" -- and many people, hundreds of people, came behind me, to prevent those three people. You will be surprised; I spoke the way I always speak, I said things as strongly as possible. And the miracle was that I was speaking against those people's beliefs!

But somewhere, deep down, man remains innocent. You just have to know the knack of reaching that point, to touch his heart.

All those shankaracharyas and politicians by and by started getting off the stage. I had been given only twenty minutes to speak ... but the president had left, the other organizers had left, seeing the situation, that the whole thing had backfired. But the people would not let those three persons go, they were holding them.

The whole meeting became my meeting. I spoke for almost two and a half hours because there was nobody else to speak, and nobody to tell me to stop or anything. The chairman was missing -- they had all escaped because they were all part of the conspiracy. And those three men fell at my feet and said, "Somehow save us. If you leave, these people will kill us."

I told the crowd, "Just leave them, because they have not done anything; moreover, they are professionals, they have nothing personal against me. They may have got some money, and I am not against that. Have you got the money?" I asked them, "or have you not got it yet?"

And these are the moments when you see realities which are not ordinarily available. They said ... they could not tell a lie. They were professional criminals, murderers, they

had been charged with murder before, they had been in jail many times -- but they could not tell a lie. Just seeing my truth, a synchronicity ... something in them also was touched. They said, "Half they have given us and half they have promised after we kill you."

"So," I said, "you will lose half. You kill me and get the other half."

They said, "We don't want to kill you. We had no idea who you are. Listening to you we wanted to kill all those people who were trying to kill you."

I said to the people, "Leave these simple, innocent people, don't harass them, I would like them to move away before I leave the place because I don't know ... this is such a big crowd and you look so angry."

The conference was going to be for three days; this was the first day, so I said, "The conference will continue. Now it is my conference. Every arrangement is here, so for three days we will continue." And we continued for three days. You will be surprised, those three men were continuously coming to listen and sitting in front of me with tears in their eyes.

When I was leaving Faridabad, among the people who had come to give me a send-off were those three people, with garlands and with tears. And they said, "You have changed our whole life. We have always played like puppets in the hands of politicians and priests. We are not criminals; these people have made us criminals, they pay us to commit a crime. If we are caught then they try to save us; they give us all legal support, any bribery that is needed for the judges. They do everything to save us because they need

criminals for their political careers, for their religious careers."

I said, "Yes, a priest is not a religious man, he has a religious career. He is a professional."

For thirty years I have been hammering as hard as possible. And a few things I have realized: howsoever thick the conditioning may be that has happened to humanity in the past, it can all be broken. We just need a few authentic religious persons -- not priests, not professionals but people who have experienced. They will become burning torches in the darkness of the night.

They will not become politicians, but they can destroy the whole political structure of the world -- and that's what is needed.

They will not be interested in politics -- but they will certainly be interested in the humanity that the politicians have been exploiting for centuries.

They will not take power in their hands, they will simply destroy these parasites and let the power be with everybody.

In fact, power should be distributed to everybody. It should be decentralized; there is not need for power to be centralized.

Centralized, power is bound to corrupt.

With power decentralized, everybody is powerful in his own way.

What is the need of having politicians?

The animal called politician has to disappear from the earth; this is the hope. And I know that now -- and only now -- is it possible. Before it was not possible, for two reasons: the authentic religious people were not there; and

secondly, the politician had not yet done his worst. Now both things are available. The sincere, authentic religion is being born among you. And the politician has come to his tether's end. He has done the worst, now he cannot do anything more. What more can he do than to bring about a nuclear war, destroying the whole world?

Before the politician and his nuclear weapons destroy the whole humanity, the few authentic religious people have to bring fire to every heart, a fire in which the whole political game is finished. And with the political game finished, the politician will disappear. This is the only hope.

The third world war is a great hope because it will reveal the politician in his true colors.

Up to now there have been wars, big wars -- the first world war, the second world war, and thousands of other wars -- but they were not total. Somebody was going to win, somebody was going to be defeated. The third world war is going to be a total world war: nobody is going to win, nobody is going to be defeated. All are going to be finished.

Now this is the ultimate in war, the ultimate in idiocy. What is the point of fighting if both are going to be finished? The whole point was that you can win, there is a possibility of your winning. At the worst you can lose, but the other will win; somebody is going to be victorious.

In the third world war nobody is going to be victorious because nobody is going to survive it. Neither democracy nor communism, neither American nor Russia -- nobody is going to survive it, so what is the point? But the politician has come to such a state, he cannot go back. He has to go on, knowing perfectly well that this is going to end finally

in the ultimate destruction of this whole planet, this beautiful planet.

There are millions of planets in the universe but perhaps the earth is the most beautiful. All those planets are without greenery, without flowers, without birds, without animals, without human beings; without poetry, without music, without dance, without celebration. They are just dead -- the earth is so alive.

It is not only the question of humanity's future. It is also the questions of existence missing its most precious planet.

It is an existential question, not just a planetary one, not confined to this small earth.

It is a question for the whole infinite universe, because in this whole universe this small planet has become an oasis of consciousness. And there are more possibilities; they should not be stopped.

Hence I say there is hope -- but the hope lies in the religious person's rebelliousness.

I have been asked thousands of times, "You go on teaching religion, there is no problem; but why do you mix religion with rebellion? That creates a problem."

One of the prime ministers of India, Lalbahadur Shastri, was a very good man, as good as a politician can be. I have known so many politicians that I can say perhaps he was the best out of all those criminals. He said, "If you are a little less sincere and a little more diplomatic, you can become the greatest mahatma in the country. But you go on saying the naked truth without bothering that this is going to create more enemies for you. Can't you be a little diplomatic?"

I said, "You are asking me to be diplomatic? That means being a hypocrite; knowing something but saying something else, doing something else. I am going to remain the same. I can drop being religious if it is needed, but I cannot drop being rebellious because to me that is the very soul of religion. I can drop every other thing which is thought to be religious, but I cannot drop rebellion; that is the very soul."
The day I became convinced that now I have enough people who can move towards that Everest I have been pointing to all my life, I dropped my contact with the masses completely, so that I can give my whole time -- whatsoever there remains -- so that I can give my whole energy, whatsoever existence allows me, to a small concentrated group. The need is not of millions of religious people, no. The need is only of a few chosen ones.
If I can ignite fire in my sannyasins then I have done my work.
Then each of my sannyasins will be capable of doing the same as I have done to him.
And we can put this whole earth afire, aglow with a new humanity and with a new sunrise.

From Darkness to Light

Chapter #22

Chapter title: Truth is here but you are not
23 March 1985 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,

WHAT IS TRUTH? AND WHATEVER IT IS, WHY ARE MOST PEOPLE NOT INTERESTED IN IT?

The way the question is formed says more than is apparent. The first thing it says is that you are not interested in truth at all. It is strange that sometimes the formulation of the question has much more significance than the question itself.

You are asking: "What is truth? and whatever it is ...." Does this show any inquiry? Does it mean that you are committed to seek and search for truth? If it were so, you could not have said "whatever it is." It shows such an indifference, just like government office letters -- "whomsoever it may concern."

"Whatever it is ...?" It makes no difference to you. And you are asking why people are not interested in it. Why blame people? Why can't you be sincere and say, "why am I not interested in it?" Who are these people you are talking about? What concern do you have about these people? They don't have any names; it is just a word, empty: "people."

With me be honest, be sincere, be direct. Don't bring anonymous people into the question. The question has to be yours. You are asking for an answer, and the question is not even yours. And how is it possible to answer you when the question belongs to "people"? Who are these people? I don't know, and I don't think you know either.

A question has to be individual, then it is alive; and I can answer only an alive question. A dead question deserves only a dead answer. I am incapable of doing that.

So first, remember always the question must be your quest.

The question must arise from the depths of your heart; it must be rooted in your being.
It must be nourished by your life; then it deserves an alive answer.
You ask me, what is truth? This is the greatest question ever asked. And you ask it in such a stupid way, you put the ultimate question in such a silly form. This is simply unawareness, unconsciousness. You don't know what you are doing, what you are saying; You don't know what you are asking, and why you are asking.
What business is it of yours to be bothered about unknown people? Are you in a state where no question of your own exists? Have you dropped all your questions? If that had been the case there would have been no need to ask this question either, because you would have known the answer. When all questions disappear, that consciousness, that questionless consciousness, is the answer, is the truth.
The question is yours but you are a coward: you cannot even accept your ignorance. Of course, to accept that "this is my question" certainly means that you are an ignorant person; hence the question is thrown on the shoulders of some unknown people. I cannot find those people anywhere. Neither can you. Consciousness never exists in collectivities: people, nation, society, culture, civilization. You will not find these things anywhere; they don't exist. Whenever and wherever you come across "people", you will come across the individual. That is solid reality. And "people" can't have any questions. The "people" don't have any soul, the "people" is only a collective name.
It is just like a forest. From far away you can see the forest but as you come closer and closer the forest starts

disappearing. When you are exactly in the forest there is no forest, there are only trees. You will come across trees and trees and trees; unique trees, individual, having their own world; their own foliage, their own fragrance.

You cannot find even two trees exactly the same in the whole so-called forest. What to say about the forest? -- even two trees are not exactly the same. The forest is only a word. Yes, it denotes a collectivity, but no collectivity has any consciousness of its own.

The society -- have you come across society anywhere? Or do you hope some day to say, "Hi, society! How are you?" These words are just hollow, empty. They are only containers without any content in them. But man is so idiotic that he is more interested in containers than in the content.

I have heard that in a book shop a certain dictionary was not being sold at all. And the bookshop had kept the dictionary for ten years. They had purchased the wholesale rights to the dictionary, but not a single copy had they been able to sell in ten years, and they had been selling other books in thousands. The dictionary was really very significant, a milestone in the world of dictionaries; that's why they had purchased the wholesale rights to it. But the book was not selling.

It just happened that the shopkeeper mentioned it to a painter who was looking for a book. The painter looked at the dictionary and he laughed. He said, "The whole problem is, its cover is wrong. Who bothers what is inside the dictionary? The cover is repulsive, that's why you have not been able to sell it. I will make a cover for it. You change the cover."

But the man said, "Just by changing the cover ...? The dictionary will be the same."
The painter said, "Don't be worried -- you just do what I am saying." He made a new cover, beautiful, glossy, attractive .... Now, what has a dictionary to do with a nude woman? -- but a nude woman was on the cover looking into the dictionary, the same dictionary. Again on that dictionary's cover was the nude woman looking into the dictionary, the same dictionary. It was a beautiful cover.
But the owner was simply shocked -- there was a queue! People were dying to purchase the dictionary. What he had not been able to do in ten years was done within a week. He had to order a reprint. He told the painter, "This is strange."
The painter said, "It is not strange -- it is just human."
When you fall in love with a woman do you think of the content? When you fall in love with a man do you think of the content? Just the container ... a little longer nose and you may fall in love. If the nose were a little shorter you might not have looked twice at the woman.
That's the meaning of the word "respect". You may not have thought about it; people don't think
about words. Respect means looking again:
re-spect. When you see somebody and you feel like looking again at the person, that's the meaning of the word "respect". The person is so attractive, spectacular, that you would like to look again and again. But what you are looking at is the container, still.
I know of a professor ... he was my colleague in the university, one of the most intelligent people I have ever met -- but he was ugly. The content was just great, but the container ... that too was just great! He was head of the

department of psychology. Just because of him, students were not taking the subject of psychology.

He told me, "This is a strange university, where nobody seems to be interested in psychology. We have a full-fledged department, perhaps one of the best departments in the university. All the staff are very qualified people, but somehow students take psychology up to their B.A., and after getting a B.A. nobody turns up for postgraduate study" -- because the head of the department gives classes only for postgraduate students or research scholars.

I said to him, "It may shock you but you are the reason."

He said, "Me? I have done no harm to anybody."

I said, "You simply look into the mirror and don't ask me. Your container is all wrong."

And the postgraduate philosophy and psychology courses are mostly filled by girls, because psychology or philosophy are not going to be of much help in life. They may create trouble perhaps, but they are not going to help you. So, in India particularly, only girls turn to psychology because they are not interested in business, in service, in a career; they are interested, in India, in catching hold of a rich husband. And a postgraduate girl obviously has more chances of catching hold of a good-salaried husband.

In any other department there is much competition; in psychology and philosophy there is not much competition. Moreover, professors are very generous in passing people, giving them better marks, higher distinctions, more first classes, so that more people will become attracted. Those departments are dying all over the world.

There are hundreds of universities where no student takes postgraduate classes in philosophy for the simple reason

that wherever you go, although you may have a first class M.A. in philosophy, that is not a qualification. In fact, it is a kind of disqualification -- nobody is going to take you just because of that. It is enough proof that you are not going to be of any use; your degree shows you are useless. Philosophy has no market value.

When I went to study philosophy in the university, my family were absolutely against it, unanimously. Everybody was bothering me continuously: "Don't go in for philosophy. You know perfectly well," they told me, "in our town there are postgraduates in philosophy who have been unemployed for years. Nobody takes any interest in them. The moment they hear you are a postgraduate in philosophy, they say, `You are not of any use in the world.'"

But I told them, "Don't be worried, I am not interested at all in your world. And I will be the last person to ask anybody to employ me. I am going to create my own world."

My father said, "You are simply crazy. How are you going to create your own world?"

I said, "You will see. I am not going to use your world. I will create my own world."

Reluctantly, sadly, they sent me to the university. You will be surprised -- even my professors, becoming acquainted with me, told me, "An intelligent student like you should be in the department of politics, economics. What the hell are you doing in the department of philosophy?

"This is only for girls, and they are not interested in philosophy at all. But we go on passing them because without them the department will be closed and we will be unemployed. So whether they are interested in philosophy

or not, whether they do their work or not, we go on passing them. They need certificates, and their certificates are not for the marketplace, they are for marriage -- that is a totally different thing. But what are you doing here?"

Even the professors were worried about me. After my graduation they all suggested, "You move."

I said, "You don't understand -- it is my subject. You people don't belong to this subject. You have somehow wrongly entered philosophy. Perhaps you could not get entry into any other department; that's why you entered to study philosophy. And once you studied philosophy there was no other profession left for you except to be a professor of philosophy; that was the only profession left. But you don't belong to philosophy at all; otherwise you should be happy that I am joining it. It is my world.

I was also a student of that professor who was really ugly; later on I became his colleague. When I told him, "You just look at your face in the mirror," he said, "But, then, why have you joined our department?"

I said, "Because I am not interested in containers -- my interest is in content. I don't care in what kind of boxes you are presented; I just look inside. My interest is in your inside. Whether your nose is flat, your eyes are crooked -- I have no interest in what kind of case you have been imprisoned. I am interested in YOU." But this is a human weakness: just to see the cover of a book, the advertisement of a certain thing, and be impressed by things which have nothing to do with the reality, things not concerned with reality.

If you want to sell a car, you have to advertise the car with a beautiful woman standing just by the side of the bonnet,

looking at the car, enchanted. She is enchanted by the car, you become enchanted by her. Strange game! And then you purchase the car -- as if that woman is going to come as part and parcel of the car. Later on you understand and feel silly, but then it is too late. That woman has nothing to do with the car.

In fact, such kinds of advertisements will show people of the future, what kind of people have existed on the earth before. After two thousand years people will think, "It seems it was just a madhouse! These advertisements show something about the people who were advertising, who were looking at the advertisements; these advertisements must have worked." They are working.

You purchase a thing not because you need it but because it is advertised so much, hammered so much in your mind, from all sides. Wherever you go the billboards are there; in the movie it is there: Coca-Cola, Coca-Cola, Coca-Cola ... wherever you go. It is difficult to get rid of Coca-Cola -- and then naturally you decide it is better to taste it, because if the whole world is talking about Coca-Cola there must be something in it.

The question you have asked is your question -- you are not interested in truth. But you don't have the courage even to say that. Why be afraid? If you are not interested, it is perfectly okay. Then the truth is not interested in you either. The truth is not going to follow you, it is not going to nag you, "Be interested in me! Why are you not interested in me?" It is not your wife.

Asking what truth is would have been enough. If you had stopped there .... The same question was asked by Pontius Pilate -- his last question to Jesus Christ. He had asked

many other things and Jesus had answered them. His last question was, "What is truth?" -- and this is the only question that Jesus did not answer.

Now, Jesus not answering the question can have many interpretations. Perhaps he knew nothing about truth. Perhaps he knew, but he also knew that the questioner was not going to understand it; it was futile, because the questioner was asking from a space which was absolutely wrong. Pontius Pilate was the governor-general; he was going to decide the fate of this young outrageous person who was just a hobo, a nobody. Perhaps he was the first hippie in the world.

To ask about truth you have to be in a certain space. You cannot be in power and ask the person who is standing before you as a criminal, whose life is in your hands -- you are going to decide whether he is going to be crucified tomorrow or not. This is not the way to ask such a vital, ultimately meaningful question. You have to come down. You have to sit as a disciple by the side of the man you want to question about truth. Only a disciple has the qualification to ask such a question. Perhaps Jesus did not answer because there was no disciple; there was a governor-general.

Or, it is possible Jesus wanted to answer but language was a barrier. Truth cannot be expressed through language; the moment you put it into words something goes wrong.

It is just as when you take a completely straight staff and put it in the water halfway: you will be surprised that the straight staff is no longer straight. Where it meets the water -- half of it is out, half is in the water -- something has gone wrong, it is no longer straight. It has taken an angle, it is

crooked. You take the staff back out of the water ... and it is a miracle! -- it is again absolutely straight. Nothing happens to the staff in water, but the nature of water and the nature of air cause them to function differently. The straight line becomes no longer the same; it is under different laws.
The same happens to truth the moment it enters the world of language.
Language is all human creation:
Truth is not.
We are a creation of truth.
Language is our creation; hence it cannot express our origin, it is superficial.
Language is just a toy in our hands.
I was talking to a great scholar, Doctor Hiralal Jain; he was a world-famous scholar on Jainism, and a man of words. He knows seven languages and was so efficient in every one that it was difficult to decide which was his mother tongue. His whole life he had devoted to words, their roots .... Words have traveled for thousands of years in so many lands, in so many climates; they have changed with every move of the society. It is really a very, very interesting enquiry -- how words have come to be what they are, from where they have come.
We were traveling in the train, in the same compartment. We knew each other -- he was an old man but he belonged to the same city where I was brought up. We were neighbors, his whole family lived next door to my family. He used to come once in a while when I was a child, only in the summer vacations, because he was engaged all over the world in different universities. But finally I also became a professor in the same university where he had become

head of the department of the Sanskrit, Pali, and Prakrit languages. These three languages are the ancientmost in the East, and he was perhaps the best scholar of all the three. So traveling in the train ... we were both going to the same conference. I said, "You have wasted your whole life with words. You have never bothered about meanings."

He said, "Meanings? But words have meanings!"

I said, "Words don't have any meaning." I said to him, "For example I can say, `What is this whole hullabaloo?' Now what does this word "hullaballoo" mean? I can change it. I can say, `What is all this Honolulu?' If you are a little bit intelligent you will understand that it is the same -- Honolulu or hullabaloo. Words mean what we want them to mean, they don't have any intrinsic meaning.

Meaning is something different, totally different -- and truth is pure meaning, pure content without any container. The moment you put a container around it you are doing something ....

It is as if you see a bird on the wing in the sky. It is so beautiful -- the flight, the freedom, the space, the sunrays, and the joy of the bird on the wing ... life throbbing, pulsating. You can catch the bird, you can put it into a golden cage -- do you think it is the same bird?, the same bird that was on the wing when the sun was rising, the same bird fluttering in the strong wind in the vast sky with no barriers? Yes, your cage is beautiful, golden; but the bird has no longer the same freedom, it has no longer the same beauty, it has no longer the same truth. You have killed everything.

In a very superficial way it is the same bird because the body is the same, but what about the soul? What about the

innermost core of the bird? Can it be the same in the cage and in the open sky on the wing? This is a little bit delicate, but not beyond intelligence: it is no longer the same bird. The same happens to truth.
The moment you put it into language, the whole freedom, the whole beauty, the whole authenticity is gone.
Truth said is truth dead.
You are asking what is truth.
I can show you the way so that you can see what is the truth.
You cannot see through my eyes; you cannot get a glimpse of it through my words.
If you are really interested in knowing, then I can show you the path which leads to truth.
I have been calling that path meditation.
You be silent -- because truth is your innermost property, your own treasure: not the kingdom of God somewhere else in the heavens, but the kingdom of God within you just now, throbbing, pulsating -- your heartbeat.
It is here, but you are not here.
You have to be brought back home. You have gone too far away from yourself. Perhaps you have got lost and you don't know how to come back home. Perhaps you are standing in front of your home, but you cannot remember that this is your home.
I have heard about a drunkard who comes to his home in the middle of the night, but he is so drunk, it is a miracle that he reaches his house. Not really a miracle, just an old habit of the body: the poor body, simply like a robot, mechanically brings him home. But he cannot recognize that this is his home.

A woman opens the door; she is his mother. He falls at the feet of the old woman and says, "Help me, -- my old mother must be waiting for me. Where is my house? Just lead me."
The mother tries to tell him, "I am your mother. This is your house."
He says, "Don't be ridiculous. My old mother waits for me without eating, and half the night is gone. It happens every day, and every day somebody or other helps me and leads me to my home. You be kind enough ... just think of my old mother and help to show me where my house is. I cannot figure it out."
At that very moment another drunkard, a friend, comes staggering along, and he says, "Don't be deceived by anybody. I am here, your friend; I will take you to your home. Just hold my hand, hold it tight, and I will take you to your home."
The mother says, "Don't go with that idiot! He is drunk just like you, and wherever he takes you, it is not going to be your home. This is your home. The farther he takes you, the farther away you will be from your mother and your home."
All your so-called religious leaders have been taking you away from yourself, towards God.
God is the longest distance from you.
If you want a definition of God, that will do: The longest distance from you, the absolute distance from you.
And all the religions are taking you towards God. They are really taking you away from yourself. Their whole conditioning is to help you forget yourself. They teach you

to remember God, they don't teach you to remember yourself.
They poison people who teach that sort of thing. They poisoned Socrates because he was teaching: Know thyself. They wanted him to say: Know the way to God, the way to heaven. It was heretical in their eyes to say to people, know thyself. Know God, know anything else, but not thyself.
Now, what crime was Socrates committing? If he was saying to people, "Know thyself," why did the religious people of his days become so angry? There is a reason: he was cutting their very roots by telling them, "Be yourself, know yourself; then there is no need of any religion, no need of any pope, no need of any priest, no need of any mediator between you and God."
Mediators are needed because God is so far away.
You cannot see, you cannot conceive .... Somebody else is needed who is capable of seeing God -- a prophet, a messiah. He will become your mediator; it is enough for you to know him. Not even that, it is enough for you to believe in him, and to believe that he knows God; you just blindly follow him.
And remember, all following is blind.
There is no other kind.
I cannot show you anything other than yourself because that is the truth:
You are the truth.
And you are asking why people are not interested in it?
They are not interested in it because they have been conditioned. For centuries they have been continuously conditioned: You are just a sinner, you are born in sin. This life is a punishment. You are not of any value, of any

worth. There is nothing to be searched for within you, you have to look outward. You have to approach some god, some truth, which is far away, a long, long journey."
And the problem is that truth is just within you.
Truth needs no journey.
It needs only a remembrance.
People are not interested in truth because they have been taught not to be interested in themselves.
All the religions are telling you: be unselfish, be interested in others, serve others, love your enemy -- even love your neighbor, which is certainly more difficult. But nobody says, "Love yourself."
"Love God" -- I don't know how you are going to love God. You don't know what God looks like. You don't know from where to approach Him, which side is His face. The Indian god has three faces; from all the three sides you can approach him. The Hindu god has thousands of hands; you can hold any. But where are you going to meet these gods with thousands of hands, three heads ...? Just all junk. Nobody knows ....
A small child was making a drawing. His father asked him, "What are you doing, so absorbed?"
He said, "I am drawing a picture of God."
The father said, "A picture of God? But nobody has seen Him, nobody knows how He looks. How can you make a picture of God?"
The child said, "Just wait. Let me finish the picture and everybody will know how He looks." All these gods that you know in the temples, in the churches, are the drawings of children, nothing more.

You have been told to seek and search for something which always takes you away from yourself. That's why people are not interested in truth -- because truth is within you, it is you.

You have been programmed so criminally, such a deep harm has been done to you, that your priests, your prophets, your messiahs cannot be forgiven. They have spoiled millions of people's lives; just for the sheer joy of being a messiah or a prophet, they have crushed you all.

I am teaching you to be selfish.

Let me repeat it, because the word "selfishness" has been condemned so much that there is every possibility you will misunderstand me. But the word is really beautiful.

To be selfish simply means to be yourself.

I say to you: don't consider anybody else in the world, just consider yourself; and in that very consideration you will have considered the whole world. In being selfish you will find all the altruism that you have been seeking and seeking and not finding, because the whole thing was upside down.

You are told to love your neighbor -- but you have never loved yourself. And a person who has not loved himself, how can he love the neighbor? From where can he get love? First you have to have it. You are loving the neighbor -- you who knows nothing of love because you have never loved yourself. The neighbor is loving you -- he has never loved himself. Such insanity is happening in the world: people who know nothing of love are loving each other.

It is like beggars begging from each other, each thinking the other is the emperor. Both are thinking in the same way: the other is the emperor. Both are beggars. Sooner or later the reality manifests itself; then there is misery, suffering.

Then you think you have been cheated, this beggar has been trying to prove himself an emperor. Now this is absolutely absurd -- it is you who were thinking him an emperor. And the same is the situation from the other side: the other person thinks you have been cheating him, pretending to be an emperor and you are just a beggar. When both beggars find that they are beggars, what else can they do other than be angry, enraged, violent to each other, hating each other as deeply as possible? And the love ...? It was nothing; they don't know what love is.

To know anything, you have to begin with yourself.

Once it happened ... I was sitting by the side of a river, and just a few feet away another man was sitting. A small boat in a strong wind turned over, and the man who was in the boat cried loudly, "Save me!" -- he was drowning. The man who was sitting just a few feet away from me was closer to the man, so he jumped in to save him ... and then both started crying, "Save me!"

I said, "This is something!" I had to jump in. It was difficult to save two people -- because they both were trying to drown me! -- but it was not a long distance from the shore; somehow I carried them both. And I told the man who had jumped in to help, "If you don't know swimming you should not be so compassionate."

He said, "But I forgot. Seeing the man drowning I completely forgot that I don't know swimming. I realized only when I had jumped into the water, what I had done. But it was too late."

And I said, "I had to think twice before I jumped, because to save two drowning men is very difficult" -- they both try to be on top of you, they are so much afraid of drowning.

"It was just fortunate that the bank was not far away, so even underwater ...." I remained underwater while carrying them to the bank. "Otherwise you would have killed me! You were two, and I was alone." I knew swimming but that was of no help because these two persons, both strong, were holding onto my neck as tight as possible.

But during the whole of your life this is happening. You go on forgetting that you don't know what love is. You have never loved yourself, you have never respected yourself, you have never considered yourself.

I teach you to be selfish. Learn swimming first; then perhaps you can save somebody. There is no need to go in search of somebody to save.

That's what the Christian missionary does -- he is in search of people to save. They even approach us here -- where everybody is saved! They try to convince sannyasins -- and our sannyasins enjoy it tremendously. It is really hilarious: trying to save somebody who is saved! On dry land, in a desert, in Oregon, trying to save somebody ...!

Do you think in this dry creek ... even if you try to kill yourself by drowning, it is impossible.

Our sannyasins say to them, "We are saved" -- but they don't listen, they go on saying that, "Christ is the savior." But this is strange. If a man is not sick why should he enter your hospital, or drink your medicine? Isn't anybody allowed to be just healthy?

No! According to these religions everybody is born sick, and from your very birth they are trying to save you. And they have created this world where nobody knows what love is, nobody knows what respect is, nobody knows what truth is; nobody knows anything which can make life bliss.

Yes, everybody knows how to create troubles for himself and for others. Everybody is so skilled in creating misery -- and the whole cause is that you have been told to be unselfish. You have been told to sacrifice yourself for some idiotic ideal.

I want you just to be simply selfish.

And you will be surprised that if you are selfish you discover so many treasures within yourself that soon you start sharing them -- because finding a treasure is a lesser joy than sharing it.

And the treasures that are within you don't follow the ordinary economics and its laws. They are just the very opposite, diametrically opposite to the ordinary economic structure.

In the ordinary economics if you give something, you will have less. If you go on giving, soon you will be a beggar. In the ordinary economic world you have to snatch as much from everybody as possible then you have more and more and more. The treasures I am talking about to you, follow a different law: if you cling to them they shrink, if you cling too much you can even kill them. If you want to destroy them, then close all the windows and doors, become a grave so nothing can escape outside you -- but you will be a dead man, with all your treasures also dead with you; your truth, your freedom, your love, your joy. Everything will be dead with you -- securely dead, well-insured.

But if you want to grow your treasures, share them, share to all and sundry -- don't bother whether this is a friend or a foe. When you are sharing, the question is of sharing, it is not with whom. Whomever it may concern, you simply give. Don't be concerned about the address, you simply go

on sending love letters. Somebody will receive them somewhere. And the more you go on sharing, the more goes on entering you from unknown sources. A man is just like a well ....

It happens in hot countries -- in India, in many places -- that there are only two wells in the village: one that belongs to the richest man, in his compound, and the other for everybody, the people. Certainly the well of the rich man is deeper, bigger; the people's well is as poor as the people are. In summer the people's well will dry out, but they cannot be allowed to use the rich man's well because -- this is ordinary economics -- if they go on taking the water from his well, his well will dry out too.

It happened in one village, the rich man was so afraid of his well going dry, that not only did he disallow anybody from the town to take water, he disallowed his own family. He simply closed the well, locked it.

His servants brought water from many miles away, from a river. It seemed sane because for three years there had been no rain and there was a danger that his well might dry out; even the river was becoming thinner and thinner every day. So he was saving his well for the last moment when there would be no water anywhere available; at least he would have water in the last moments of the summer.

The river dried out, and he had to open his well. It was full of water, but the water was not drinkable anymore, it had become poisoned.

A well remains drinkable if you go on taking water from it. The more water is taken out, the more water from the hidden sources all around the earth goes on coming into the

well; fresh water goes on coming into it. Because the well was closed there was no need for the fresh water to come in, there was no way. So all the sources closed, and the water died; it became poisonous.
The same happens to the person who is afraid of sharing himself. He cannot save his treasures -- this is not the way to save them, this is the way to destroy them.
So when I say be selfish, I am really trying to help you to become as unselfish as possible; that's the only way.
Be selfish.
Find out your truth, your love, your compassion -- all that you have brought into the world with your birth.
And start giving it to those who need, to those who do not need; to those whom you love, to those whom you don't love. You should not make any distinctions; only then can you expand. When there are no distinctions, no categories, you start expanding.
And that expansion is the truth;
That expanding consciousness is the truth.
And it is right this very moment within you, you have not to go anywhere else.
But at least let the question be yours so that I can help you to find the answer which will be yours.
My answer is of no help:
My answer will be only words to you.
You can make holy scriptures of those words, you can worship those words. That's what humanity has been doing for thousands of years. It is time to stop this garbage.
I want you to find your answer, but that is possible only when you start with your question.

So ask, "What is truth?" and don't be so insulting to truth that you ask, "Whatsoever it is, why are people not interested in it?" Don't shift it to somebody else's shoulders. Say sincerely, "Why am I not interested in it?"
This is not a Sunday sermon. I am not a speaker, a lecturer, an orator. I don't know anything about oratory. I am simply talking to you, man to man, human being to human being. It has to be immediate, direct.
I am not somebody sent by God.
I am just born amongst you, just like you.
If there is any difference, this is the difference: I began with my own questions. And that's almost half the journey finished. The first half is the most difficult, the second half is not so difficult.
Accept your ignorance.
In that very acceptance you have taken a wise step; perhaps you have had the first glimpse of wisdom.
Recognize that "I am not interested in truth." In that very recognition there will be a shocking realization; perhaps a door that was closed may open in that shock.
But remember, it is your quest:
It has to be your question.
And I do not want to give you any answer.
I can only show you the way to find your own answer.
Truth liberates, but it has to be your own.
Otherwise, if it is somebody else's, truth binds. Jesus Christ's truth, Mohammed's truth, Buddha's truth, have all become prisons. I don't want my truth to become a prison for anybody.
I want my truth to be an inspiration.
I want my truth to trigger something in you which is yours.

My truth simply gives you an assurance that a human being, just like you, can attain to truth.
That will give you immense respect towards yourself. You will not feel unworthy sinners, that somebody has to come to save you -- some Christ, some Buddha has to come, and then you will be saved. You don't have to wait for anybody to save you. You are born saved, just a little insight .... If my presence can do that, then my work is finished.
I don't want to become a prison around you.
I want to become a freedom around you, an open sky around you, not a golden cage -- so that you can open your wings and feel the joy of flying higher and higher towards the stars.

From Darkness to Light

Chapter #23

Chapter title: Our way is of humour our way is of bliss
24 March 1985 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
IF PEOPLE DON'T LIKE WHAT WE ARE DOING, WHY DON'T THEY JUST LEAVE US ALONE TO DO IT?

There are many reasons for it, and of great importance. First; why do people not like what we are doing here? It is none of their concern in fact. We are not doing anything to them. If we are doing anything at all, we are doing it to

ourselves. Particularly my whole philosophy is selfish, self-centered. Why do they not like it?

There is tremendous fear behind it, because we are doing something they have stood against for the whole past history of humanity.

If we succeed, their whole history, all their religions, culture, civilizations, are proved to be wrong.

Our success is risky.

Our success is dangerous, it is a challenge -- and not to a single individual, not to a single society, not a single religion, but to all that they have been doing; their philosophy, their religion .... If you just see the great implication: you are standing against the whole history of man -- your success cannot be allowed. Somehow or other they want you to fail; in your failure is their success. That's why they are against it. It is a great question -- who is right?

We are a small commune. On their side is the whole history of man -- millions and millions of men, thousands of cultures, civilizations; but they have all lived according to some basic principles and we are against those basic principles.

The trouble arises because they have not succeeded; otherwise they would not have bothered about you. If they had succeeded they would have pitied you, they would not have been against you. But they have not succeeded, that's where the real trouble lies. They have failed, utterly failed. On every single point they have failed, and they cannot allow anybody else to succeed because that success will make them a thousandfold miserable.

Right now at least they have the consolation that "this is the way things happen." There has never been real opposition to them. Hindus against Mohammedans -- that is not real opposition; Jews against Christianity -- that is not real opposition, because on fundamental points they are all in agreement.

We are in total disagreement on every step, on every single point. This has never happened before; naturally, they are freaking out. We can't help that. They are facing a great danger: our success will make their whole history a history of stupidity. And we are succeeding. Every day we are succeeding, and we are proving to them that they have been wrong.

And now it is not just an argument. For thirty years I have been arguing; finally I decided that just argumentation is not going to help. They have no answer, but argument just disappears into the air. It may remain in the books, but it won't transform the whole life of man. It will not make a complete break with the past and a totally new beginning, fresh, as if man has arrived on the earth for the first time. That realization slowly slowly made me decide to create a commune -- a reality, not just an argument; a reality which they cannot ignore, not just a philosophy.

Philosophies -- ninety-nine percent of people remain unaware of them. The one percent who become aware are the professional philosophers. Philosophy is any easy-chair affair; you enjoy it but gives you no challenge. It became clear to me that I have to translate my argument into a real phenomenon or people are not going to be affected by what I am saying. In the first place they cannot understand it because their whole past is against it. Their mind is

conditioned by the past. When they listen to me they cannot listen with an open mind.

I have seen people listening to me nodding their heads when something is in agreement with them, or shaking their heads sideways if something is not in agreement. They are not aware that their heads are showing that which is going on within.

Only with Japanese was I in trouble. They are the rarest people in the whole world. They just do the opposite: when they want to say no they say yes! So when I came in contact with a Japanese then I was really confused -- what to make of it? In the beginning I thought they were saying yes, but what I was asking them ... they were supposed to say no, and they were saying yes. When they were supposed to say yes, they were saying no .... Only Japanese do it in a different way.

Except Japan -- but why did it happen in Japan? -- the whole world nods in the same way. You can read their minds just by their facial expressions, their heads nodding, their eyes, their hands, even their posture of sitting. When somebody is interested, he leans towards you. When somebody simply wants to show his arrogance, he leans away from you.

Arguments cannot penetrate their thick minds, and they go on becoming thicker and thicker, because as time passes more and more dust goes on gathering on the mirror. Now the mirror is nowhere to be seen; it is only a thick layer of dust. Still, I tried my best, for the simple reason that I am a lazy man. I never wanted to do such a thing as I had to do: create a commune.

It is easy for me to talk about everything in the world. Whether I know about something or not, it does not matter, I don't care at all. I simply enjoy talking. So it is not a question of whether I know about it or not, I enjoy in both cases. Talking is easy; that I have done from my very childhood.

I used to sleep in the room with my grandfather. I asked him, "You always cover your head with the blanket, even when it is not so cold ...."

He said, "It is not a question of the cold, it is you. You tell stories even in your sleep, and you talk so relevantly that I become interested."

It is that old man who gave me also the habit of covering my head, because I said, "This is not good, to disturb the old man in the night." Since then, I also sleep with my head covered, so even if I start talking nobody is disturbed.

Talking has been to me just like breathing. That's the only thing I have done in my whole life. So I recognized the problem, but it took years for me to collect myself and get involved -- not just to go on standing on the bank of the river, talking, talking, while the river goes on flowing without listening .... I had to decide that I would jump in and do something, although it was against my nature; this flow of the river had to be disturbed.

So even though I have created communes, I am almost outside the commune. But I have found the rarest people in the contemporary world, the very cream, intelligent .... There is no need for me to do anything, I just have to give a hint. And sometimes even a hint is not necessary. Everything goes on happening exactly the way I would have liked it to happen.

I can love you but I cannot dictate to you.
I cannot say to you, "Do this," and I cannot nag you if you don't do it.
But I have found my people.
Now it is no longer a question of my two hands; millions of hands are with me around the world. They are all my hands. I can now afford to be absolutely lazy.
And you know that I am lazy. I don't do anything, or I do things which only lazy people like me can afford: two hours in the morning taking a bath -- I don't think even Alexander the Great was able to afford that -- two hours again in the evening taking a bath. You should one day come and see my bath. Vivek does not allow anybody to enter -- it is enough that she allows me! She is otherwise a very strict manager, but she allows me.
Vivek and Hasya together have made my bath really pleasant, because they must be thinking: that two hours this man takes in the morning, and two hours in the evening ... just with the water! So now you must see my bathroom; they have arranged so many things there, that two hours are falling short. Now I am thinking to start a third bath at night, because two more hours are needed.
And the remaining time I just sit with closed eyes listening to music -- and mostly I fall asleep, to be frank with you, because I have been listening to the same music for thirty years. There is a limit to patience too.
It is strange: as the music starts I start dozing and I wake up immediately as the music stops. I am myself surprised; this is something strange, I should be awake when the music is on. I am awake before it is put on, and I am immediately awake when it is going to stop; I just hear the last line and

the first line. But I know the middle so there is no problem in it; nothing, nothing is missed.
And this is just in the morning. The whole night I have been asleep. And I must be sleeping ... just as I finish talking with you, I go to sleep within half an hour. And I sleep up to seven, just because there is nothing else to do; sleeping is a great activity. And I cannot believe it, that at seven I have got out of bed and by nine, after my bath, listening to the music I am again asleep.
Up to eleven this goes on with music; then I take my lunch and go to sleep again. And I had to tell Vivek, "Remember, I have to go for the two o'clock ride to see my people. So wake me up, because I may continue to sleep." I can sleep twenty-four hours -- and not one day, every day. When I came from India to here I was completely asleep the whole time. I enjoyed it very much -- such a long sleep!
After the ride I come back ... and again that music. it seems to have something to do with my past karmas that I have to listen to the same music again and again ... and I fall asleep again. It is good that there is nobody, I am alone. I wake up at four-thirty and again my bathtime ....
Now do you think this kind of a man can create a revolution? But somehow it is happening.
People think walking on water is a miracle -- idiots! I just saw last week's STERN magazine. They have a cartoon about me. The cartoon has the outlines of Krishnamurti Lake and sannyasins are standing on one side, and my Rolls Royce is moving on the lake! One of the sannyasins says, "It must be Osho!" That is not much of a miracle. What is really happening here is a miracle.

I do nothing but, I don't know why, you have fallen in love with me.
I don't deserve it either because I have never done anything; how can I deserve so many people's love?
But your love is doing the miracle.
You are here for no other reason.
Sometimes you also must be wondering why you are here. I also wonder why; but love is such a thing, that you go on wondering why, and it goes on happening.
I don't know where your office is, I don't know how your finances are managed. I don't know who is doing what.
What to say about the commune? -- I don't know even in this house what is going on, where my kitchen is; I have not seen it.
People are afraid because they have never seen love at work. They have tried by force to create culture, civilization, by violence, and they have failed.
Here love is at work. And when love is at work, it attracts intelligence. There is an inner attunement between love and intelligence.
It is not accidental that so many intelligent people from all over the world have become interested in me -- who is against everything that they have been brought up to believe in: who is against their culture, who is against their country, who is against their religion, who is against their parents; who is against even their children who are not born yet, who won't allow them to be born. If it were in my power I would not have allowed your parents to be born. It is too late; but your children I am not going to allow.
This is the only place in the whole world where love is doing things; and love never says, it never dictates.

Love is the most mysterious energy in the whole world.
It makes things happen.
Perhaps love is the very center of all that moves, of all the stars that are moving.
Scientists are searching for the center; there must be a center to the universe. I am not a scientist but I know the center. Let them search, they will never find it, because their very methodology will not allow them to find love.
Love is the center of the whole universe; the suns, the moons, the planets, the stars -- all are moving around it.
And we have created this small commune on the same existential principle.
Everybody feels responsible. I don't say to you that you are responsible towards the commune, towards me, towards my philosophy; I have never said anything like that.
But you feel to be responsible because somebody trusts you. Somebody loves you in spite of yourself. Somebody accepts you in your totality, as you are.
I never judge anybody -- love knows no judgment. I don't see that somebody is good and somebody is bad. To me you are all one energy, different manifestations, and all are needed to make an organic unity.
Sheela comes again and again to me and says, "These are the topmost workers, ace workers. These are second class, these are third class, and these are just to be thrown out."
I say to her, "You don't understand. If the fourth class disappears you will start thinking of throwing out the third class -- naturally, it is a simple logic. If the third class disappears you will start throwing out the second class. And if you throw out the second class, how are you going

to know the ace workers, the first class? They are all one organic whole -- they are all needed."

The first class needs the second class, they support each other. If the second class disappears the first class will be in a limbo, hanging in the air, there will be no support for it. Somebody is needed to support it. It is just like a staircase; every step is needed. The lowest step is the support of the highest step.

Don't judge that the lowest is in any way lower as a value. It can be the lowest as a physical status but there should be no evaluation involved, it is not "lower". The highest ... that is simply a way of measuring things, but it is not higher. Nobody is lower and nobody is higher. There many be lower steps and there may be higher steps but they are all connected in one symphony.

Love knows no judgment, that's why love can do miracles. What humanity has not been able to do is happening here without anybody doing it. About nobody can it be said, "He is doing it." Everybody is involved except me.

So I am always grateful to you all that you allow me to remain just a guest, and I am grateful to the American government that they allow me just to be a tourist. And I hope I will die just as a tourist. People have only said that life is a journey; I am going to prove it! It is not only a journey, it is a tour, without a visa, without a passport; it is a tour.

People are afraid because they can see things they have tried so hard to do and they have not worked ... and nobody is trying here; still somehow they are working. Three thousand people are here ... no management, but some inner feeling keeps you all connected. No fanaticism --

because when there is love to connect you, you need not have ugly substitutes for it.

A fanatic Mohammedan is connected by his fanaticism to other Mohammedans. A fanatic Christian is connected by his fanaticism to other fanatic Christians, it is the fanatic element that connects them. Here, nobody is a fanatic. How can you be a fanatic with a man like me, who takes nothing seriously?

I have never in my whole life taken anything seriously because I don't see the point, why one should take things seriously. Life is really such a joke, so hilarious.

I have heard of a man who was sitting in a railway station waiting room; sometimes he was sitting alone, sometimes there were other passengers also. Sometimes he would gesture as if to throw something with his hands. Everybody was interested in what he was doing because there seemed to be nothing that he was throwing away. Sometimes he would giggle and sometimes he would even laugh. Finally he was driving everybody crazy -- although it was nobody's business. It was his hand; if he wants to make some gesture, who are you to be bothered by it? And if he wants to giggle, that is his business. And if he wants to laugh .... But the whole place became very tense, hot. Only that man was enjoying, with his eyes closed. Finally it was too much: one man stood up and he said, "I have to ask, because he is driving us crazy, what he is doing." So he shook him and told him, "You are driving the whole waiting room crazy; nobody can take his eyes off you. What are you doing? Why are you giggling? There is nothing happening here, on this ugly platform, in this dirty waiting room -- and you laugh?"

The man said, "It is something ... just an old habit. You need not be worried. I am in the habit of telling jokes to myself. When some very old joke that I have told many times comes by, I just shake it off: `Get lost again!' And when some juicy one comes, I have to giggle -- although I know the joke, it is an old joke, but so juicy that even to hear it a thousand times ... still, I have to go the whole way. "I know everything that is going to happen in the joke but that doesn't matter, it is so juicy. And sometimes the joke is so great that I cannot just giggle, I have to laugh out loud. I know that perhaps it may disturb others, but what can I do?"

I think this man is no one but me; because this is how I have lived my whole life. I have never taken anything seriously. This was not a decision on my part; otherwise that decision would have become serious. Just looking at life I found it was so humorous, so ridiculous, that if you cannot make yourself giggle and laugh you are just an idiot, and missing such a great opportunity.

People come here, and when they see you working twelve hours a day, fourteen hours a day and still laughing and giggling and dancing, they cannot believe it. They have to believe, but they cannot. And of course they have to find some explanation -- perhaps you are all hypnotized; perhaps it is all just show business, you are just trying to show those idiot spectators your laughter, your dance, your song. They think it is just managed for them; once they are gone, you will be crying and hurting all over from so much jumping.

Back home that's what they think, that it was all made up. They write articles, they have written books about me, that

all my people are trained in such a way that the moment they see any spectators immediately they start laughing, singing, dancing, hugging .... They are poor fellows just trying to console themselves that this is not for real; otherwise how will they explain to themselves their misery, their suffering?

If it is for real -- if your laughter, your joy, your dance, your song, is for real -- then they have missed the train. Then their whole life is nothing but foolishness. And this is too much to accept. Only very intelligent people will be able to accept it. And in that very acceptance there will be a change, the beginning of a revolution.

But people are mediocre. Intelligent people are few and far between, they are not all over the place. Ninety-nine percent, the crowd, is just mediocre. And with the mediocre mind the problem is, how to console oneself?

You are enjoying so much you don't know how much it hurts those who have never enjoyed.

You say we are doing our thing, why are they angry, why are they against us? Can't you see a simple fact? They are not against you; just be miserable like them, be in suffering, in anguish, and they will be very sympathetic to you. They will donate to your commune. All opposition to you will disappear. The opposition is for a certain consolation: they want to believe that you are pretending, they want to convince themselves and others that this cannot be true. Yes, it may be true in paradise, but it cannot be true in Oregon. It is against their whole way of misery.

Our way is of humor, our way is of bliss.

We don't care about gods and heaven and theories of karma and hell. We have dropped all that crap -- and they are

carrying that crap as holy scripture. When they see you so light, and they look at themselves carrying mountains of crap .... And you say they should not be angry at you, they should not be against you.

They are crying, and you are laughing. Their hearts are full of wounds, and you are hugging each other. This is too much! That's why they are against you. And they will become more and more angry, more and more against you because as you become more successful -- which you are going to become .... Love knows no failure. Intelligence knows no failure, failure is only for fools.

Humor knows no failure.

If a man who has some sense of humor slips on a banana skin and falls down, even he will laugh -- he is capable of laughing at himself too. That is a true sense of humor. To laugh at somebody else slipping on the banana skin is not much -- anybody can do it, any Tom, Dick, Harry .... I think for the first time I am right, and the reason that I am right is because of our poor Harry.

Last time, when I was told the correct sequence I tried hard -- how to remember it? Then I remembered poor Harry. He is the last. And he is a man so simple that he will stand at the last. He will not try to push himself ahead, he will not try to be the first. Whosoever invented the sequence must have been a man of tremendous insight, putting our Harry at the last.

Then it became easy for me: Dick comes in the middle. What can I do? -- it simply comes in the middle. And then only Tom is there. And this Tom who is standing first must be the most idiotic person.

Now I think I will not forget the sequence -- but you cannot rely on me, I can forget. The whole credit goes to Harry, because he was last; that made things very clear.

These Toms, Dicks, Harrys ... the world is full of mediocre people who are in great suffering and who have no way to get out of it, who cannot conceive that there is any way out. And when they see you, that you are out -- when they see the goose is out -- they are naturally offended. They have been worshipping in the churches, in the temples, in the mosques, in the synagogues, and God has not heard them yet -- and these godless people are living in the lotus paradise!

They have been doing all the virtuous acts: serving the poor, opening hospitals, schools, doing everything that is thought to be good, but it doesn't heal their wounds. It does not change anything in their miserable lives. In fact they go on becoming more and more miserable, because slowly slowly even the hope that by being virtuous, religious, they will get over this dark night of the soul .... But they have done everything that their scriptures prescribe. They have followed all the recipes that their priests and so-called wise people have given them. Nothing works. Their hope starts dwindling.

And then they see you; no prayer, no god, no temple, no synagogue, no church; strange people! -- and yet without wounds, yet without tears, yet without any misery.

I saw an interview: one Oregonian woman was being asked, on the television, "What do you think about Osho?" She said, "I hate him! He is not a gentleman. He is not even a Christian!"

That made me so happy. It was really something great that she said. First she said, "I hate him." That's perfectly good because at least she relates with me, she has some relationship with me. And if today it is hate, tomorrow it can be love. At least one woman hates me. Do you think that is something small? I was thinking that women had forgotten me but at least one women hates me; she must be thinking of me.

I enjoyed it -- because how can you hate me without thinking of me? In fact, how can you hate me without loving me? Hate is secondary; you cannot hate directly, first you have to love. It is a simple thing: if you want somebody to be your enemy you cannot directly make him your enemy, there is no way. First you have to make him your friend; friendship is a necessary bridge if you want him to be your enemy. The woman, knowingly or unknowingly, loves me; otherwise from where can the hate arise? And the way she said, emphatically, "I hate him ...."

And the second thing was even more important: "He is not a gentleman." This is true, absolutely true. I agree with her. I am not a gentleman because all the gentlemen of your whole history have simply dragged you into hell. I am not part of that company.

And the third thing is even more significant: she said, "He is not even a Christian." I started thinking, can somebody be a Christian without being a gentleman? -- because first she says, "He is not a gentleman" And then she says, "He is not even a Christian." That simply shows a Christian need not be a gentleman. And she is not interested in my being a gentleman. If I were a Christian, then gentleman or not, she would not have hated me; I just had to be a Christian.

But what was she going to gain by my being a Christian? There are millions of Christians, what has she gained out of them?

What is going to be added to her happiness if I am a Christian?

I am such a non-serious person that if somebody can convince me that my being Christian is going to help the poor woman, I will become a Christian. What does it matter? I can be a Christian, I can be a Jew, I can be a Hindu ... if it can help some woman. But I don't see that it can help, because there are so many Christians already and they are not helpful. And a man who is not even a gentleman ....

But the point is: my not being a Christian and yet being happy, hurts. It is not necessary to be a Christian to be happy, it is not necessary to be a Christian to be blissful. It is not necessary to be a Christian to be loved by so many people. Christ was not loved by so many people. If he is anywhere he must be feeling jealous, just like this woman. He must be saying, "I hate this man. He is not a gentleman, he is not even a Christian!"

But even if the whole world hates me that makes no difference to me. I will remain just as blissful as I am. This is what troubles them.

Jesus was not a happy man. Have you seen any of Jesus' pictures, statues, where he looks smiling, happy, blissful? No, he always looks tortured, he always looks to be on the cross. He was not always on the cross because for thirty-three years he lived without being on the cross. What was this man doing for thirty-three years?

In the Christian gospels there is not a single reference that he laughed, that he smiled, that he joked. No, he is always serious, he is always with a long face. And it seems if Jews had not crucified him it would not have made any difference; he himself was always on the cross -- the Jews simply fulfilled his desire. They said, "Okay, if you are going to remain this way let us fulfill your desire. Once and for all be finished" -- because even before his crucifixion he was telling his disciples, "Each one has to carry his cross."

Why a cross? Why not a flute? or a guitar? "Everyone has to carry his own guitar ...." That is natural -- you cannot play on somebody else's guitar, two persons cannot play on one flute. You may even be lovers, that does not matter; you cannot play on the same flute together, simultaneously. You have to carry your flute yourself.

But Jesus chooses the cross. In this whole world he could not find anything else to carry! This man must have been utterly miserable. My feeling is the Jews finally got fed up with his misery. They said, "This man is not going to change. This man is never going to be satisfied unless he is crucified."

He had not gathered intelligent people around him. Those who had come were very mediocre, below average. They were also miserable. They had come in the hope that with him ... he is the son of God, so "one day, when we reach the kingdom of God, the world of bliss, he is going to be helpful." They had gathered around him, in deep misery, with a hope ....

All miserable people go on living, tolerating misery because they have a hallucination of hope somewhere:

"Today is bad, yesterday was bad, but tomorrow? -- things are going to change. And we are with the messiah, we are with the only begotten son of God. Tomorrow things are going to be different."

Jesus' disciples were again and again asking him, "How long will it take?" You can understand it -- the same way a patient asks the doctor in the hospital, "How long will it take? How much longer do I have to remain in the hospital?" And the doctor goes on saying, "Soon you will be released." But his face says something else. He has not even courage enough to look eye to eye with the patient. The doctor goes on saying to the patient, "Soon you will be all right," and goes on looking at the chart of the patient's disease; and his face goes on becoming sadder and sadder because the patient's health is falling every day.

The doctor cannot say that to the patient. He has to say, "You will be okay, soon you will be okay." But the patient can see the face of the doctor. He can see the eyes, that the doctor is avoiding him. He can see the silence on the face of the nurse. He cannot believe what he is being told, because there is much more, tangibly present, which says his time is limited, his days are finished. But yet he goes on asking; and knowing perfectly well that the doctor's face is saying something else, he goes on believing what he says -- knowing it is not true. But he wants it to be true.

Those disciples of Jesus knew perfectly well, deep down, that this whole paradise is just a mirage. Yes, it is helpful for the time being, it helps them to tolerate misery. They want to believe in it, that it is true. That's why religious people become fanatics.

What is fanaticism? Have you looked into it? The fanatic person is saying he knows perfectly well that what he believes is not true. That's why he shouts loudly that it is true, and the only truth. He is not shouting at you, he is shouting against his own still, small voice. He wants to drown that voice in his shouting. But he knows perfectly well it is not true.

When such people see you, you can understand how much it hurts that, for a few people it is really true, and true now. Nobody here is asking about paradise, nobody is asking about life after death, nobody is asking about God and how to find Him. Nobody is bothered by all this.

This shows something so glaringly -- that you are happy where you are, as you are.

You are not bothered about the future.

You are not hoping, because you are not miserable. You are not fanatic, because you don't have any belief. You are simply living sincerely, honestly, totally; and for whatever small joys this life provides, you are grateful to it. You don't ask for more.

Once you ask for more you become miserable. Hence all the religions have been telling you, "Ask for less." But that is not going to help. It is the same logic, the same line, the same continuity: seeing that asking for more creates misery, ask for less. But you are simply reacting. Nothing will be changed in your consciousness because you will ask again for less, for more less; the more will come back. All your monks are doing that; they start by asking for less, but then it becomes for more less. The "more" never leaves you -- and more is misery.

In fact, more or less, the moment you ask, you ask for misery.
The people who are blissful simply don't ask. They live, and they thank existence; they don't ask either for more or for less. They don't make any demands on existence, that is ugly. They simply drop demanding.
And the miracle of life is that the moment you don't demand, the whole existence is yours; all its joys and beauties are yours -- and the people surrounding you can see it.
So don't be disturbed because they are angry. Why shouldn't they be? But if they are intelligent they should be angry with themselves their society, their culture and their religion, their history and their past. But if they are idiots they will be angry against you. Now, if they are idiots what can I do? What can you do? Let them enjoy their anger, hate. But they are simply punishing themselves.
This is one of the fundamentals of life:
If you hate, you punish yourself. If you are angry you punish yourself.
If you are loving, you reward yourself. If you are happy, you create possibilities for more happiness.
They have a saying that money attracts money. It is true. It is true on other levels of life too.
Happiness attracts happiness.
Lovingness attracts more love.
Blissfulness attracts more bliss.
Giggle, and soon you will be laughing. Just try to move your hands and legs and soon you will be dancing -- what else to do? I see it happen every day during the drive-by. First people just try, because it is so much against their

upbringing. But then they see that others are also doing it; they look to both sides, people are doing it. Against themselves, reluctantly, they start moving a little bit -- and soon they are dancing.

One old man is there: at first he used to just stand. I went on watching him, what happens. He is old, has a thick past, but by and by he started moving. One day I saw -- he had brought a flute, but he was keeping the flute under his arm. Then he started playing the flute. Then he started dancing and playing on the flute, together.

And today he was just dancing with the flute above his head, in his hand; he had dropped everything. He had forgotten he is old; he forgot that he is not supposed to do such a thing -- and he was so happy! Just to see his face ... it was a beautiful moment. He again became a child, again the same innocence was in his eyes.

So those outside the commune who are intelligent are sooner or later going to be part of you. And it is good that idiots remain against us because that is a great safety: they will never enter.

To me it is of great significance that idiots don't get interested in me. They get angry at me, that's very good. And I try my best to keep them angry, hating me, against me, because I don't want them to be here. I don't want this place to turn into a commune of idiots.

Sometimes an idiot comes by accident. But soon he escapes, it is too much for him, to look so high. He has always crawled on the earth; he is a creature who, by some accident, started walking on two legs. He should be walking on all fours -- that's where he belongs. I am not

interested in that kind of people. And of course they are the majority -- so I am not interested in the majority.
I am perfectly happy that they are angry. Please keep them angry. And I will go on doing things so that they will remain angry and will not come in. We are not afraid of people going out. Those who go out we are very happy, relieved of a burden. We are worried about people coming in, people who cannot really belong to an intelligent, loving, responsible commune.
I want you to be just the chosen few, because if the chosen few are really transformed, that will be the only proof for the millions -- no other argument can convince them. That will be the only possibility for their mutation.
So my interest is not in the mob, in the crowd. My interest is in a few individuals -- and I have found them. That's why I stopped traveling. I had a certain number in my mind, and when that number was complete I stopped traveling. I have taken account how many of them will fall out; those who remain, that is my number, and they are going to become a magnetic force. They will attract new generations immensely.
You are going to become the world's most significant people because there is no other alternative. All other ways are finished. This is the only living way arriving right now. This is the birth of a new man that you are witnessing. You should rejoice that you are witnessing something which is going to be the most significant factor in human history, which is going to divide the past and the future.

From Darkness to Light
Chapter #24

Chapter title: The third alternative: the whole man
25 March 1985 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
I HAVE HEARD YOU SAY THAT TRIBES WHICH ARE NOT SEX-REPRESSIVE REMAIN POOR, AND SOCIETIES WHICH ARE SEX-REPRESSIVE BECOME RICH AND CREATIVE. OSHO, YOUR COMMUNES ARE NOT SEX-REPRESSIVE AND YET THEY ARE RICH AND CREATIVE. CAN YOU COMMENT?

It is one of the most sensitive areas of life because it is concerned with the very life force -- sex. The word has become too condemned. The reason sex became condemned was because all the religions had to be against everything that man can enjoy. It was their vested interest to keep man miserable, to destroy every possibility of his finding some kind of peace, solace, a moment of oasis in the desert. This was absolutely necessary for religions, that man be made completely devoid of any possibility, of any potentiality for rejoicing.
Why was it so important for them? It was important because they wanted to shift you, your mind, somewhere else -- towards the other world. If you are really happy here, why should you be bothered about the other world? Your misery is absolutely needed for the other world to exist. It does not exist in itself; it exists in your misery, in your suffering, in your anguish.

All the religions have been doing that harm to you. They are creating more misery, more suffering, more wounds, more hatred, anger -- and all in the name of God, all in the name of beautiful words.
They talk about love and they destroy every possibility of your ever being in love.
They talk about peace and create every situation for war.
The strategy is very simple -- go on talking about beautiful things, keep people engaged in words, ideologies; and while they are engaged in words and ideologies, philosophies, go on cutting their roots from the soil, from the life energy.
And your life energy is rooted in your sex.
All the societies became aware of the fact that it is only sex that can stand against God. If your sex is fulfilled your don't need God, because your life is fulfilled. Then God is just Godot. But if your sex is destroyed, repressed, condemned, if you are made to feel guilty about it, then God can go on living forever. He derives His energy through your suicide.
Yes, I have said somewhere that sex-repressive societies have become civilized, cultured, richer, philosophical, scientific. They developed in all possible ways. Sex-expressive societies -- which are very few now; the aboriginals are poor, they are uncultured, uncivilized. They have not evolved the way sex-repressive societies have evolved.
This gave a great impetus to religious stupidity -- because religion could prove on a basis in reality, that the societies that have been sex-expressive have remained poor,

starving, hungry. And the sex-repressive societies have evolved in every possible way.

The more sex repression, the higher becomes your cultural development. This became a proof for religions that sex repression is something absolutely needed; otherwise you will be simply barbarians. And in a way it is true, factually true. Hence, naturally, the question arises.

I am not against sex. To me sex is as sacred as everything in life.

There is nothing profane, nothing sacred.

Life is one -- all divisions are false.

And sex is the very center of life. So you have to understand what has been happening down the centuries. The moment you repress sex, your energy starts finding new ways to express itself. Energy cannot remain static. This is something of a fundamental law: energy cannot remain static, it is always dynamic, it is dynamism. If you force it, and close one door upon it, it will open other doors; but you cannot keep it in bondage. If the natural flow of the energy is prevented, then it will flow in some unnatural way. That is why sex-repressive societies became richer.

When you repress sex you have to substitute something for your love, some object. Now the woman is dangerous, she is the way to hell. Because all the scriptures have been written by men, it is only the woman who is the way to hell. What about men?

I have been telling Christians, Hindus, Mohammedans, that if woman is the way to hell, then only men can go to hell; women can never go. The way always remains wherever it is, it never goes anywhere. People go on the way. We say

that this way goes to that place, but that is a linguistic fallacy: the way never goes anywhere, it simply lies down there. People go. So if women are the way to hell, then hell must be full of only men. It will be just a male-chauvinist club.

Woman is not the way to hell, but once your mind is conditioned in that way, you are going to project the woman into something else; you need an object for your love. Money can become your object of love.

Why is there so much greed? Why are people clinging to money like crazy? It is their love object. Somehow they have managed to move their whole life energy towards money. Now you want them even to drop money; again they will be in trouble.

Politics becomes their love object. Rising higher and higher in the political bureaucracy becomes their love object. The politician looks towards the presidentship, the prime ministership, with the same lust as a lover looks to his or her beloved. This is perversion. Somebody may become directed into other ways, such as education; then books become his love object.

Somebody may become religious; then God becomes his love object. And if you look into the lives of your so-called saints you will be really puzzled. I am always surprised why a man like Sigmund Freud missed this point. He should have looked into the lives of Saint Teresa, Saint Meera and other women saints first, because women are more straightforward.

Meera's songs are full of lust, because she denied herself the company of men; God became her only companion. Of course it is just a fantasy, but in her fantasy she is

absolutely romantic. She talks to Krishna, her God; she sleeps with Krishna -- of course she cannot find the real Krishna so she keeps a statue of Krishna close to her heart when she sleeps.

The way she sings about Krishna can, without any interpretation, be easily understood as sexual perversion. She says, "I am married to you, my lord. I can only be yours, I cannot be anyone else's. You are my heart, and I am waiting for you, waiting for you. And I will wait till eternity."

The word she uses -- because in India when a couple gets married, the first night .... In India there is no honeymoon as such. Instead of a honeymoon is the first night. It is called suhagrat `the night of bliss'. The wife prepares the bed with beautiful flowers, roses, bela -- and there are thousands of beautiful flowers in the East. She hangs garlands all around, she almost covers herself with flowers. That night, gold is worth nothing; the fragrance of the flowers is the most valuable. She prepares the bed and waits for her husband to come in.

Meera goes on singing the same thing: "I have been preparing the bed every day with beautiful flowers, and I go on waiting and you have not come yet." Now, is there any doubt that in her mind Krishna has become just an object of love? She cries, she weeps, she sings, she dances, but it is always in the name of Krishna. Sigmund Freud would have found tremendous support, from Meera and her songs and her life, for his idea that if you repress sex it takes some other path.

But energy has to move. It can take a religious way; then the priests are happy. It can become academic; then the

academicians are happy. It can become scientific; then the scientists are happy. It has to become something -- that's why sex-repressive societies have developed in so many directions. Yes, they have become very cultured, polished, civilized, educated, scientific, technological. But at what cost?

They have lost all joy. They have lost all peace. They have lost all silence. They have lost all love.

You can project your love towards an imaginary object but it is not going to give you fulfillment. You can go on writing poetry about Krishna or Christ, but that poetry is not going to give you the experience of love. You will remain starved. So the society has become really rich in every possible way -- but the individual has died. And what is the point of the society becoming cultured, civilized, educated, technological? For whom?

The individual is dead.

This society is nothing but corpses walking all around -- of course very culturally: corpses, but very polished. They all speak English with an Oxford accent. But corpses, even if they speak with an Oxford accent, are still corpses. They become great politicians, they become great religious leaders, but just look inside those people: they are hollow. There is no substance inside, there is no soul. If they get defeated in one direction, then they start moving in another direction.

Just now I was reading one statement of an ex-president of America, Ford. In a meeting which was called by Governor Atiyeh of Oregon, Ford said that religion and state should not be separate, cannot be separate: this separation is unnatural. Without religion you cannot help man. This is

the defeated politician who is now trying to be religious. He never said such a thing when he was president.

He should remember that he was never really a president of America, it was just accidental; he was chosen by Nixon as his vice-president. Now a man chosen by Nixon ... can you think of him becoming holy, religious? But because Nixon had to leave, Ford became the president. And then he got it into his head that he was somebody important.

He was nothing; he was just a puppet in the hands of Nixon. And to be a puppet in the hands of somebody like Nixon is to be nothing but a criminal. But because he became president for two years he started thinking that now he could be elected -- and he could not be elected, he had no guts. I have seen a few of his pictures when some attempts on his life were made. You can see by his face ... I have never seen anybody so afraid. He is so much afraid of death, such a coward.

And when he got defeated .... Now he is taking a different direction. Now he knows politics is not for him; that door is closed. He is talking of bringing religion and state together. I am surprised; Governor Atiyeh silently listened to it, the party was given by Governor Atiyeh. And we are being dragged into the court for the simple reason that we believe, and we experience, that in life nothing can be separated.

Life is an organic unity.

If religiousness has any reality you cannot leave it at home when you go to the office. Then it is not a real thing, if you can leave it at home. Then it is something separate, a thing; it has no life. You cannot leave your heart at home. Wherever you go your heart will be with you, beating.

Religion is your heart -- how can you leave it?
Love is your very being -- how can you leave it? Wherever you are, you will breathe, your heart will beat. Everything is absolutely organic, united, one.
But from Ford these words don't mean anything. The same energy that was moving into politics now wants to become holier, to play another game -- the game of religion. And Atiyeh must have listened silently because soon he is going to be retired too. It is better to keep silent because after a few months he will have to be religious too.
Religion is for all kinds of retired people.
We are the only people in the whole world who are young and in religion, who are alive and in religion.
Our religion is not something posthumous.
The society that did not repress sex naturally remained undeveloped for the simple reason that they were contented. There was no energy available to go after money, to go after politics, to go after God. No, they danced, they sang; they had a small but beautiful architecture -- huts, but made beautifully. They lived a very clean life; there was no crime because there was no energy for crime.
And now you have to understand how the things are related. When there is no crime what is the need of a judge, what is the need of a court, what is the need of the cops? When everybody is happy and enjoying and is not feeling guilty for being happy, why should he go to a Catholic priest to confess that "I am feeling guilty."
I have heard .... A woman went to confess and she said, "I have been raped."

The priest said, "But if you have been raped, you have not committed any crime. The person who has raped, he should come to confess."
The woman said, "I know. but I did not resist -- that's why I am feeling guilty. I did not resist."
The priest asked, "When did it happen?"
She said, "Last night -- three times."
The priest said, "What kind of rape is this!"
The woman said, "That's why I have come to confess. The first time I was a little afraid; the next time I really enjoyed it, and the third time it was fantastic."
The next week she came again.
The priest said, "What! Have you been raped again?"
She said, "Not again. I have come to confess about the same old night."
The priest said, "You are strange -- you have confessed it already."
She said, "But I even enjoyed confessing it -- now that makes me feel guilty. I want to say it again. Please forgive me but ...."
When people are happy and don't feel guilty because nobody has told them that happiness is sin, naturally there will be no priests, no cathedrals, no temples, no synagogues. That is why there is no culture -- in your eyes. What you understand as culture is not there: of course they are uncultured. They don't have a religion, they don't have holy books, they don't have universities, they don't have libraries -- how can they be called cultured, how can they be called civilized?
But they are immensely contented.

I have lived with these people and I have never heard them complain about anything. They have no problems as such. They accept life as it comes, and they enjoy it as much as they can. They live joyously, they die joyously -- without any fear in life nor any fear about what will happen after death. They don't care, there is no energy for all these things. Yes, they don't produce a George Bernard Shaw. Their life itself is such a beautiful drama, there is no need for a George Bernard Shaw.

George Bernard Shaw himself was not a happy man. He may have written great dramas; his life itself was very poor. The woman he wanted to love refused him. She was one of the most beautiful women of the past century -- Annie Besant. Not only was she beautiful, she was very intelligent and had a charisma of her own. She became the world president of the Theosophical movement.

She didn't care about George Bernard Shaw, and the wound went deep. Refusal from a woman ... George Bernard Shaw became a great writer. Why? -- because Annie Besant was a great writer, Annie Besant was a great orator. You can see the logic: refused by the woman, George Bernard Shaw tried to prove himself, became a celebrity, a Nobel prize-winner. He wanted Annie Besant to feel that she had missed a beautiful man. But she never bothered about him, and the hurt went very deep.

He went on producing dramas, he wrote more dramas than anybody else in the whole world -- one hundred dramas. His life was spent in writing dramas, but his life was not a drama, there was no drama in it.

Now, the question is: who is civilized? -- the people who write dramas, paint paintings, compose music, or the

people who live a very simple, poor life, but with tremendous joy?

Yes, they also paint, but their painting is not that of a Picasso; they don't have energy for that. They just paint small things on their small houses. They also create music, but their music is simple -- simple drums. Once in a while they gather together; they dance, they have flutes, bamboo flutes. Their musical instruments are not sophisticated, they cannot produce Yehudi Menuhin or Ravi Shankar; there is no need. Ravi Shankar can play so beautifully on the sitar, but what about his life? Nobody bothers about his life.

I know his wife. He married a very beautiful woman, the daughter of his own master who taught him music. He fell in love .... Because he used to live with his master, he fell in love with the master's daughter, who is as great a musician as he is. But he could not manage to live together in love.

He had ambitions -- and that woman is as great a musician as Ravi Shankar, perhaps better, but she has no ambitions. She is utterly fulfilled in playing on the sitar for herself. Once in a while a friend comes and sits, that is another matter. But she has never given a public performance: to her that is prostitution.

Now their ways have separated. Ravi Shankar wanted to become a world figure, world famous. The woman was not interested in fame. He had become world famous, but his life is utterly empty. he still loves that woman but he cannot manage to be with her. He does not know -- no ambitious man knows -- how to love. Ambition takes all his energy away. Love remains starving; energy is not available for

love, it has been all invested in ambition. Ambition has become the parasite.

So one thing to be understood: these sex-repressive societies became very cultured, very civilized, very rich, very scientific, but at what cost? They died, they are no longer alive.

My problem is, I want you to be alive and yet as rich in every dimension as possible.

I am not ready to choose between these two, either/or. I would not like you to be aboriginals. I would not like you to become very civilized, cultured, running after money and power and prestige. I would not like you to become politicians, priests. But I would like you to have a fuller life. And anything that develops out of a fuller life, to me that is true culture.

Aboriginals live a life that is full, but not overflowing. The civilized societies of the world have all kinds of developments -- but the man for whom they have been developing these things has disappeared long ago. They go on making skyscrapers; they have completely forgotten for whom they are making these skyscrapers. That man is dead -- you should make, rather, small graves, not skyscrapers. Nobody needs graves that tall; just six feet long and two feet deep will do.

So on one hand are the aboriginals -- alive but not overflowingly alive. They don't know that life energy can shrink, can expand. You can use it as it is available from nature -- and you can be contented -- but you will remain poor in many ways. You will not know flights of music. You will not know flights of painting and sculpture; you

will not know flights of meditation. You will live almost like animals -- contented.
All animals are contented. Have you seen any animals discontented, bothering you, saying, "My life is just a misery -- can you help me? What am I supposed to do with my wife? And the children are growing up ...." No, there are no problems for them. They are living, and living far better than your civilized man, because your civilized man has ceased living. He sacrificed himself for civilization, culture, technology.
I cannot choose between these two.
I would like you to rise higher than the animals; and the only way to rise higher than the animals is to find ways to expand your energy.
And that's what I call religion:
The science of expanding energy, so that you have so much energy that you can be a Zorba and yet so much is left that you can be a Buddha too, together, simultaneously.
Zorba is alive but knows nothing of higher flights. he is happy crawling on the earth, while he is capable of opening his wings -- but he is not aware of that.
His boss is a cultured man, very educated, fish -- but miserable, continuously in anxiety. Zorba says to his boss, "Boss, only one thing is wrong with you: you think too much. Why not live? I don't see the point -- why go on thinking? What are you going to get out of it? Live! Come with me!"
He takes his musical instrument, drags his boss to the bank of the river where they live, and starts playing on his instrument, starts dancing. And the boss is standing there, embarrassed: If somebody sees this crazy man, and I am

here standing with him, what will he think? He is not dancing but he is afraid that if somebody sees him there .... Zorba pulls him up and he says, "Start dancing!"
The boss says, "I don't know dancing."
Zorba says, "Nobody needs to know dancing.
Dancing is not something that you have to learn. Just start jumping, it will come. And I will give you the music -- you simply start."
Seeing that the man is not going to leave him, he starts moving, and Zorba goes on pushing him. And finally on that full-moon night he forgets completely about his culture, education, civilization -- and for the first time he realizes he can also live, he can also dance; his legs are not meant just to walk. He has wings, Zorba teaches him something of the earth.
I feel sorry for Zorba, sorry because he died before I could meet him; otherwise I would have taught him that there is a higher dance too. And I am certain -- I don't know why but I am absolutely certain he would have understood. Because he has known the lower steps, he could have understood the possibility of higher steps.
I would have made him a Buddha. That is what I am doing here for you.
You come here either an aboriginal, or -- which is far worse -- a civilized man. Once in a while, yes, a Zorba also comes. This Patipada sitting here -- she is a Zorba. Once in a while .... There are many Zorbas here who are learning to rise above, who are moving higher, touching the fringes of buddhahood.
My methods of meditation are the ways that will make you expand your energy. Energy is like seeds ....

I am reminded of a story. An old man, very rich, was puzzled because he had three sons; the problem was that all three sons were born simultaneously, their age was the same. Otherwise, in the East, the eldest son, inherits. The problem for the old man was who was going to inherit, because all these three were of the same age.

He asked a wise man, "What should I do? How should I decide who should inherit?" The old wise man gave him a certain method. The old man went home, he gave one thousand silver pieces to each son and told them, "Go to the market, purchase seeds of flowers."

They went, they purchased seeds. Carts and carts came, full of seeds, because one thousand silver pieces in ancient days was big money, and just flower seeds .... When all the flower seeds had come, all that the three had bought, they said, "Now?"

Their father said, "I am going on a pilgrimage. It may take one year, two years, three years. You have to keep these seeds with you, and when I come back I will ask for the seeds to be given to me. And this is going to be a test also, because whosoever proves wise will inherit my whole property, so be careful." He went on the pilgrimage.

The first son thought, "This is a strange test. If he comes after three years ... these seeds will simply die, and he will ask for the living seeds. So the best way is to sell them in the market, keep the money, and when he comes back purchase new seeds again -- fresh, young." Very economical, mathematical -- he did that.

The second son thought, "What this brother is doing is not right, does not seem to be right, because our father emphatically said, `These same seeds I would like to be

returned.' So I will keep these seeds." He made arrangements in the basement of the house, put all the seeds there, locked it, and said, "Now whenever he comes I will give him the key and say, `These are the seeds.'"

But the third one had a different idea. He said, "Seeds kept in a basement will not remain alive; they need soil. By the time our father returns they will not be the same seeds because they will be dead. They cannot sprout -- how can you call them the same seeds? The seeds that our father has given us can sprout, can become trees. One seed can produce millions of seeds; that is what he has given. And when he comes after three years those seeds will not be able to produce a single seed, a single sprout. This is not the way."

He went behind their house -- they had much land -- and he sowed the seeds all over the land. Each year they became a thousandfold more. After three years when the father came, he could not believe his eyes -- as far as he could see his whole land was full of flowers! He asked the other sons .... They had certainly failed the test. He said, "The third son inherits my property because he knows how to expand, how to increase."

One seed can make a whole earth green.

One small sparkle or energy in you can fill the whole earth with dance, song, music.

Just a little sparkle is enough.

If you know how to expand it, it can become a wildfire.

It may be just a little flame within you.

Meditation is nothing but an effort to expand your inner flame so that you can become afire, aflame, aglow, overflowing.

The there will be a science, but totally different than the science that has been produced by repressed sexuality. There will be a qualitative change. This science is destructive because it has come out of perversion; it is perverted sexual energy which has become nuclear energy. When it comes out of meditation, overflowing love, it will be creative science -- a totally different science which we are not even aware of.

This whole scientific project has to be dropped because it is bringing you closer and closer to death. Anything that goes against sex will bring death closer to you, because sex is life.

You see paintings by Picasso. Looking at his paintings you will feel -- not peace, silence, joy, no. Looking at his paintings you will feel anguish, worry, a trembling, a fear, because those paintings are out of repressed sex. Those paintings cannot be life-affirmative. Looking at Picasso's paintings you will see the world of a madman. He is insane. He is a genius -- that does not matter. You can be a genius and yet you can be mad.

In fact it is easier to be mad when you are a genius. Mediocre people cannot afford to be mad, they are so mediocre, so middle-class. Insanity happens only when you are at the extreme. Only from the extreme can you see the abyss which drives you insane, which drives Picasso, Vincent Van Gogh and all the other great painters of this century mad. And this is true not only about painting. The same is true about your dancers, jazz music -- do you think it is music? Music has some spiritual quality to it; jazz is simply insanity. But repressed sexuality is bound to produce these developments.

Jean-Paul Sartre or Marcel or Jaspers -- great writers, but what are they writing? They are writing about the meaninglessness of life; that life is accidental, that it does not matter whether you live or you die, it does not matter whether you commit suicide or murder. It doesn't matter because life is accidental, it has no meaning. Great writers, but what they are writing is just spreading their insanity into other people's minds.

My people have to keep the innocence of the Zorbas, of the children, of the aboriginals. They have to be as innocent as Adam was when he was turned out of the garden of Eden. And yet they have to learn methods of expanding the seed of consciousness in them to such a luxurious growth, that as far as you can see, you can see only yourself flowering. You can feel your fragrance twenty-four hours a day; and not only can you feel it, you cannot help it: you will have to share it. Whether you want to or not, that does not matter. When a roseflower opens, the fragrance starts spreading. It does not ask the permission of the roseflower, there is no need. The very opening of the roseflower is the permission for the fragrance to spread to all the directions, to all the winds.

The moment your consciousness flowers in meditation there is a tremendous explosion.

Yes, you will have music, but it will have a spiritual quality to it.

You will have dance, but your dance will not be sexual. The repressed society has many kinds of dances but they are all sexual, perverted sex.

You will have poetry, but your poetry will not be just unsatisfied sexual lust. It will be a fulfilled love. Your

poetry will become like the mantras of the UPANISHADS.
Each word coming out of your fulfillment will catch something of what I call godliness.
You will have a science which will be creative, helpful to life.
You will have everything -- but with a different quality.
Up to now those two societies have existed. We are not going to be either of them.
We are the third alternative -- for the first time proposed in the world.
Nobody has ever dared to think of man as Zorba the Buddha. Neither Zorba had any idea of Buddha nor Buddha had any idea of Zorba. Both are half.
I want you to be the whole man.
To me the whole man is the only holy man there is.

From Darkness to Light

Chapter #25

Chapter title: The bell always tolls for somebody else
26 March 1985 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
I KNOW IT IS CERTAIN THAT ONE DAY I AM GOING TO DIE, BUT I DON'T FEEL ANY FEAR -- WHY?

It is not something exceptional, it is almost the rule. Nobody is afraid of death; otherwise living will become impossible. There is a natural safety measure, and that is something of a very basic nature to be understood.

You know that it is always the other who dies, never you. It is always somebody else, but never you. That gives an unconscious foundation for the hope that perhaps you are the exception, everybody dies except you.
That's why you don't feel fear. Nature does not want you to feel fear of death for the simple reason that if fear of death becomes overwhelming, you will not be able to live. Life can be lived only if somehow you can go on believing that you are going to be here forever. Things will change, people will die, but you will remain outside all this change. And it is based on your experience.
The poet says: "Never ask for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee." But when it tolls for thee, you are not there to hear it, that's the trouble. I say to you, it always tolls for somebody else, that's why you can hear it. The poet does not know the deeper realms of human consciousness. In a way he is saying a truth. Yes, it tolls for thee. But you are hearing it ....
You can understand the implication, but that implication will not create fear in you. I can say for certain that even the poet who wrote that was not afraid of death. Even he, hearing the bell tolling, would not have thought that it is tolling for him. It is always for somebody else. It is always for the other. So this is one fundamental thing: you are not an exception, you are just the rule.
But I have to go deep into your question. It has many layers you may not be aware of. You say, "It is certain that I am going to die one day." On what grounds do you say it is certain? Have you seen anything in life as a certainty? Life is a flux, nothing is certain. Everything goes on moving in

new directions, unpredictable; you don't know what is going to happen tomorrow.
Talking of certainty is absurd.
A conscious man will never talk about certainty. A life is just a perhaps, it is never a certainty.
I can understand when you say, "I am certain that one day I am going to die." I know what you mean. But you don't know what you mean. It is only an inference, not a certainty. You have seen people dying; your grandfather died, your father died, neighbors died, teachers, your professors -- people go on dying. You are also one of the members of this dying queue, and the queue is moving. Each time somebody dies you have to move a little closer. You don't know where you are moving, but one thing is certain: whoever moves, it is when somebody dies. Every step in this queue brings you closer to death. But it is an inference. Have you really seen a man die? You will say yes. Almost everybody has seen somebody die. But I say to you emphatically, you have not seen a single man die. You have seen only a man stopping breathing, his heart stopping beating, his pulse disappearing. Yes, you have seen this. And the medical profession will say that the man is dead. But now even the medical profession is not so certain as it used to be.
There are at least ten bodies in America being preserved because science has become aware that when somebody stops breathing, if his brain cells can be preserved, if his brain can be preserved from dying -- and it simply means that the brain has to be provided nourishment, oxygen, or whatsoever is needed -- then the body will remain dead but the brain will remain alive. And they hope that within

twenty years' time there will be methods available to bring the body back -- to pulsate, to breathe. The heart will start beating again; if the brain has been kept alive, the man will come back to life again.

Of course it will be very difficult for the man who has been dead for twenty years to come back to life. Everything will have changed by that time. His generation will have disappeared from the earth; new kinds of people will be there -- new ideas, everything new. I don't think he will be able to adjust. The very shock is going to kill him again, because what he will see will be absolutely against his beliefs, against his conventional mind which he has been carrying for a century. A century-old mind -- it cannot bear the shock.

But that apart, whether it can bear the shock or not ... even medical science is no longer certain that what we have always called death, is death. Yes, there are symptoms; the man is no longer capable of doing things he used to do. This is a very negative definition of death. Medical science has not been able to provide a positive definition of death: no breathing, no pulse, no heartbeat -- can't you see it is all negative?

One yogi in India -- his name was Brahmayogi -- devoted his whole life to prove that all the symptoms that make the medical profession certain about death are wrong. His work was of tremendous value. He practiced methods very ancient in the East, simple methods, but requiring one thing which has disappeared from the world: patience. The methods are very simple, but ... twenty years', thirty years' practice -- in this world of hurry and blurry, who is going to practice a certain breathing technique for thirty years?

People are speedy. People are not walking, people are running, faster and faster every day; their vehicles are becoming faster and faster every day.

Now in Japan they have trains which can move at four hundred miles per hour. And this cannot be the end -- the Japanese scientists say that soon it will be possible to move the train at any speed you want, because four hundred was the barrier, which we have crossed. When a train moves at four hundred miles per hour, it rises one foot above its rails -- because of the speed. It is almost in the air, it is an airplane -- one foot above the ground.

Now there is no reason why it cannot move one thousand miles per hour. The Japanese say -- because Japan is such a small country -- "We don't need that much speed. Four hundred is too much, because in four hundred miles you can move from one end to the other end of Japan, and the train is so speedy it cannot stop in between." You can't have so many stops and stations. And if a train moves at one thousand miles an hour then it will have only two stops, the beginning and the terminus.

Speed is one of the great diseases of the modern man, because it has made impossible many things which can happen only in patience.

Love grows in patience, but you are so speedy, only divorce can grow out of it. With your speed, love is non-existential. It needs patience.

There are seasonal flowers; within six weeks they blossom -- but within six weeks they are gone too. Their whole life span from seed to death is only twelve weeks at the most. But if you want a tree like the cedars of Lebanon, or the redwoods of California, thousands of years old, reaching

hundreds of feet into the sky .... They have a certain pride and a certain personality.
The cedars of Lebanon have a grandeur, just like emperors; everything is just pygmy compared to them -- but they take time. Four hundred years, five hundred years is nothing. They can go on growing for two thousand years; at two thousand years they will still be young. They will become old somewhere near four or five thousand years.
Now, you cannot grow these cedars like seasonal flowers. And if you are stubborn and insist that everything has to grow within six weeks' time, then of course you will have to deny the existence of the cedars of Lebanon.
That's what has happened to the Eastern methods which have proved totally different conclusions about what indicates death. Brahmayogi practiced for thirty years a certain method of breathing which makes you capable of stopping the breath, the pulse and the heartbeat for ten minutes. He exhibited what he attained to almost all the great medical centers in the world, the great universities of the world.
In Oxford ten doctors, the topmost, looked in every possible way, and they all certified that the man was dead. But after ten minutes the man was back, and he said, "Now what do you say? You were deciding by symptoms -- symptoms may not be there. Life energy is something else. It is not breathing. Yes, it needs breathing, it uses breathing, breathing is its means; but life energy itself is not breathing. It can exist without breathing."
If it can exist for ten minutes it can exist for ten years. The question is whether life energy can remain separate from breathing, from the heartbeat, the pulse. Brahmayogi's

effort was to prove that your symptoms of death are simply symptoms of a body which has become incapable of keeping the life energy in itself. It is not a proof of death. But it is a strange world. The man proved his point in front of all the scientists of the world. But the problem for the scientist is, who is going to be trained for thirty years in a certain breathing technique? Who is going to be ready for that? People want instant coffee, and you are talking about thirty years of a breathing technique!

Brahmayogi had also trained himself for another miraculous feat. Science says that there are certain poisons that if your tongue even touches them, you will die. There is no way to help you, your death is certain. He practiced for that too -- not only touching those certain poisons , he would drink cups of those poisons. He baffled the scientists.

But in Rangoon an accident happened. His practice had made Brahmayogi capable of containing anything in his stomach for thirty minutes without it mixing with his body in any way; but within thirty minutes it had to be thrown out. In Rangoon University he gave the demonstration of drinking poison, and then he moved to the hotel where he was staying -- but you don't know the traffic in the East; it is simply crazy. It is just a miracle that people go on reaching the places they want to reach. It is a miracle that every day you come back home alive.

The Eastern traffic has difficulties because it contains so many centuries together. Somebody is going on his donkey, somebody on his horse, somebody -- in countries like China -- sitting on a buffalo ... bullock carts, camels, elephants ... and added to all this, modern speedy vehicles;

buses, trucks, cars. In the East you can find all the models of cars that have ever existed since God drove Adam and Eve out of the garden of Eden. That first car you can find in Bombay -- still moving!

All the centuries together -- and the roads were not made for buses and trucks, they are small, not broad enough. And people have no traditional sense that they have to keep to the right or to the left. People believe in freedom, and many people believe in the middle way; they just move in the middle of the road. And of course all the constitutions of the world say that man has a birthright of freedom to move, movement is man's birthright. So Eastern traffic is really something worth seeing.

And how people go on managing in it is just a miracle: so many horns honking continuously, and nobody listening -- who cares? These idiots go on honking and people go on moving at their own pace ....

Brahmayogi could not reach the hotel in time to throw out the poison; he died. But before dying he had demonstrated, almost all over the world, both these things: the poisons you think can kill man, can kill only if the man is not trained and disciplined in a certain way to keep the poison away from his blood stream; and all the symptoms of death are not at all symptoms of death, they are symptoms only of a body failure. Your deeper life force, elan vital, is eternal. You say,"I am certain that I am going to die one day." How can you be certain? You have not seen death yet, you have seen only symptoms, outward symptoms. You have never seen any life dying. You have seen only a dead body stop functioning; it was always dead, it is nothing new for it. It was a mechanism functioning for a certain period,

programmed to function for a certain period. When the period is over the mechanism stops.
You wind your watch, and for twenty-four hours it goes on ticking; after twenty-four hours it stops. That does not mean that something has died. But if you believe that there was a life inside the watch which has died, because now the hands are no longer moving, then you are believing in a fallacy.
So the first thing I would like to say to you is, don't be so certain. Never be certain about anything that you have not experienced. You have not seen anybody really dying. And even if you can see somebody dying then too you cannot be certain -- unless you see yourself dying -- because these things are so intimate.
You can see two persons loving -- that does not help in any way for you to become certain what love is. You can seen two persons hugging each other, kissing each other, looking at each other like lunatics ....
This word "lunatic" I like. It comes from the moon, lunar; a lunatic is one who goes on looking at the moon. Two lovers look at each other like lunatics looking at the moon. Why did it become synonymous with insanity, madness? -- because of a certain fact, that the moon has an effect on the human mind: it can drive it mad.
On the full-moon night more people go mad than on any other night. On the full-moon night more people commit suicide than on any other night. On the full-moon night more people murder than on any other night. It is not coincidental; it is just as when, on the full-moon night, the ocean starts stirring, tries to rise towards the moon. Some

immense force, some immense magnetism in the moon pulls the ocean.
Man also comes from the ocean. Man's body still contains ninety percent elements of the ocean. It is very natural that when the ocean gets stirred, your little ponds also get stirred; hence, the word "lunatic" became synonymous with madness.
Literally it means `MOONSTRUCK'. But lovers are moonstruck -- just watch two lovers. But don't start being certain that you know what love is, because in a movie you can see two lovers even more mad, more moonstruck -- but they are just acting. They may be really husband and wife, nagging before they act, and nagging after they act; just between the two naggings they have to play at being lovers. And they play it.
You cannot be certain by seeing the symptoms in others' lives. You can infer, but your inference should be preceded by a perhaps: perhaps these people are in love. But what is love? You can watch the symptoms; they are holding hands, they are saying sweet nothings, telling each other dialogues -- great dialogues that they have crammed from movies and novels.
One student was my roommate in the university. He was a simple boy and he was always worried because everybody was saying that somebody was in love with some girl, somebody was in love with some woman teacher but, "Nothing happens to me." He would tell me, "Nothing happens to me."
I said, "If you go on sitting in this room nothing is going to happen to you. At least while I am present here nothing is

going to happen to you. If you want something to happen then do something!"
He said, "What should I do? Before I get close to a girl I start trembling. I cannot take my hands out of my pants pockets because my hands are trembling. Even my pants start shaking -- with no wind, and the pants .... I simply turn away. I try to say something beautiful but nothing comes out, I end up saying something stupid. And I have tried for hours, crammed the whole dialogue -- and at the very last moment, something snaps and I am no longer together. And because of this, girls get bored with me, nobody wants to have me as a lover."
I said, "You do one thing -- start writing love letters.
He said, "You are telling me? I have been writing love letters but nobody returns ... the answer never comes. I must have written love letters to all the girls in the university, but nobody bothers."
I said, "You just show me one of your love letters." I saw his love letter, and I said, "This is a love letter? -- or some bureaucratic .... Reference number, subject matter ...." I said, "You are the first lover to write such a scientific letter -- reference number, subject matter: Love. Who is going to answer you? You are a fool."
He said, "I have only seen this kind of letter; I thought that this must be the right manner in which to write, so I have been writing like this."
I told him, "I will write love letters for you. You just choose the girl."
He said, "Really?"
I said, "You go and you just choose the girl and bring her address and I will write the letter for you."

He chose a certain girl, a very beautiful girl -- she was a Kashmiri girl, and by chance she was in the same department, in the same class as me. I knew her. I said, "That's perfectly good," and I started writing love letters for him. Only the signature was his. That too I had to teach him because a lover's signature should not be businesslike; it should have some art, some beauty.

And the answer came. He was just mad with joy, that the answer has come! Then I went on writing for him, and answers started coming -- more and more loving. One day the girl invited him to meet her: "I have not even seen you, but just by your letters I can understand how beautiful a person you must be, what great poetry must be in your heart. You seem to be a born poet, an artist."

He said, "Now the difficulty has come. You never said to me that I would also have to meet her, you just told me to write letters. And I am enjoying enough, this is enough; I don't want .... I see the girl from far away, here and there, but that is enough. More than that I don't want, because I know myself."

I said, "What do you want? Should I go in place of you? Now gather courage and go and meet her."I almost had to push him -- in fact, to throw him out of the room. And I said, "You go -- first you meet the girl and then come back; otherwise I will not allow you into the room. Are you a man or ...!"

So almost with tears in his eyes he went to meet his girlfriend. And you can imagine what happened there. She simply threw him out. She said,"You were writing those letters to me?"

He said, "To be true to you, I was not writing them; somebody else was. And before I leave you I want my letters back!"
That was the climax! The girl said, "What are you going to do with the letters?"
He said, "I will send them to somebody else. I cannot write, and the man who used to write them will refuse now. He will say `You are useless -- what is the point?'" I will write these same letters again, and this time I will try to be a little stronger; I will start yoga and join the gymnasium. But please give my letters back."
The girl mentioned to me, by the way, "Something strange happened today. An idiot has been writing letters to me. His letters were so beautiful, so intelligent, I had almost fallen in love with him through the letters. I asked him to meet me; I told him, `You go on hiding, remaining anonymous. I am just hankering to meet you.' The man came -- and I have never seen such a lousy fellow! And the last thing that he did was just unimaginable: he asked for his letters back, `because,' he said,`these letters I will use for some other girl'!"
You can imitate, you can borrow, you can act; somebody watching you may think this is love. These are only symptoms; they may be true, they may not be true. They may be just acting. They may be just out of habit. They may be just etiquette, mannerism. But you cannot be certain that it is love.
You can be certain only when you are in love, when you experience it; when it suddenly changes the whole climate of your being, when it makes you a totally new man; when you cannot walk because your legs want to dance, when

your prose becomes poetry not by any effort; when you are surprised by yourself -- you had never thought that you are beautiful, that you are of any worth, that you can be needed by somebody.

One of the greatest needs of man is to be needed. And the moment somebody needs you, your spirits start flying high; you are not unnecessarily here. You are not a burden, somebody needs you. You are here to fulfill somebody's life, you are here to make somebody complete. But you have to experience it; only then can you be certain.

The same is true about death. You will be surprised; why am I comparing death with love? It is not accidental -- they are alike, very much alike. In love there is death; the old dies and the new is born. There is a death and there is eternity; death of something non-essential and the revelation of eternity, which is essential.

The same is true about death. There is something of love in it. The old dies, the old body disappears, and suddenly there is a new freedom, unbounded. You cannot believe that you can be so huge, that stars can move within you.

Love is a tiny death: death is immense love.

Love happens between two small individuals:
Death happens between two universes.
Love makes two individuals one:
Death makes two universes one.

That's why I have purposely chosen love to be an example. You say, `I am certain ....' Please, don't be certain. Without experiencing anything, to be certain is stupid. First know, then certainty follows as a shadow, but without knowing .... You have only heard the bell tolling for others; you are not certain, you cannot be.

And you say, "One day I am going to die." This is very strange; you have not lived yet, how can you die? At least follow the natural course of things; first live. Without being alive, nobody can die. I mean unless you have experienced life in its totality, you will not be able to experience death in its totality either, because death is not separate from life. It is just an episode in your life. And there have been many episodes like that in your life.

Your life is from one eternity -- the beginningless beginning -- to another eternity, the endless end.

Millions of times the episode of death will happen, but you will be able to experience it only if before it, preceding it, there is the vital experience of life.

It is something like you see in schools: they all have blackboards. Why don't they have whiteboards? When I entered my first grade that was my first question. The teacher could not believe that such a small boy ... and he looked embarrassed because he had no answer.

I said, "Why are all these boards black? Black is the color of the devil, the color of death, the color of mourning. Why? Why can't you have white boards?"

The teacher looked at me and he said, "But nobody ever asked that before."

I said, "That has nothing to do with me, whether anybody asked or not. I am asking it, and I want the answer." And the fool could not give the simple answer, "We have white chalk to write." That was the simple answer. You can't write with white chalk on a white board. You can, but it will not be visible to anybody, to you or to anybody else. You have to write on a black board. And white chalk was easily available; it is just white mud, refined -- cheap.

Exactly that is the case in life. Your life has to have an intensity, because death is a very momentary, fleeting experience. If you have not lived a life of tremendous depth, intensity -- so intense that in one moment the whole eternity becomes joined -- you will not be able to detect when death comes and when it goes.

Death comes and it goes so fast that unless you are in the moment, totally present, you will miss it.

You may think of it: it is coming, it is coming, the queue is becoming smaller, smaller ... and then suddenly it is gone: you are out of the queue. You will know it before, you will know it after, but you will not know it when it is really with you. It is a very fleeting moment, it is an episode. It has no continuity.

It is not that you can say, "Okay, I have missed today, tomorrow I catch up with the train." Then tomorrow may come after one life, and you may not remember at all that in the past you had missed. Do you remember how many times you have missed the train in the past? You have missed so many times that you have started living in the waiting room, thinking this is your house.

This is not your house. But you have missed the train so many times that it is natural to believe that this is where you belong -- the waiting room, the platform. The train comes but you can never get to the train, you are always late. That has become your pattern of life.

In India, along the superhighways they have billboards saying, "It is better to be late than never." It is for people who are going beyond the legal speed: It is better to be late than never.

I would like to say to you, it is better to be never than to be late.

You have always been late. And if you say that you know, "I am going to die one day, I am certain;" you are going to miss again, you will be late. Death will have passed by your side and you will not have been able to detect it. You will remain certain in your knowledge. You will be shocked only when you see that it has happened without even making you alert, giving you no warning, not even knocking on your door. It has passed.

Death does not believe in knocking on your doors. It is a very fleeting moment, and it is a momentary thing. Life has a length -- death has no length.

So please drop this idea that "I am certain." Drop this idea that, "I know that death is coming one day." How do you know? It may come, it may not come. How can you be certain? There is no way. Yes, you see people dying but you are not those people; you may live. This is an inference. What I want to emphasize is, there is an inference, a logical inference.

Aristotle, in his logical treatises, takes the example of his own master's master. Plato was his master, and Plato's master was Socrates. So Aristotle takes the example that Socrates is a man -- this is a logical syllogism -- Socrates is a man, obviously; all men are mortal, obviously; hence, Socrates is mortal ... not so obvious.

Socrates is a man, but such a unique man that there can be no other Socrates before or after. Socrates is a man, but you are forgetting that he is a unique man. All men are mortal, yes, as far as we know up to now -- except a few fictions like Jesus Christ ascending to heaven, Mohammed

ascending to heaven with his horse. Except for a few fictions all men are mortals; up to now it is true.
But Socrates is so unique you cannot put him just as a number in the collectivity of all men. No, I don't agree with Aristotle.
Although his syllogism is simple -- all men are mortal, hence therefore, Socrates is mortal -- no, I say no, because Socrates is not a number, Socrates is not just a part of all men. He is an individual, so unique that you cannot predict anything about him according to the rule. Perhaps he is the exception.
Why do you think yourself to be just a number in the crowd? Why can't you respect yourself as an individual? You say, "I am going to die one day ...." Be a little respectful to yourself. I am not saying that you will not die, I am saying at least before dying, don't die.
Die only once, don't die every day; otherwise whenever the bell tolls you die again. How many deaths in such a small life! -- so many deaths that there is no time left for living. From one death to another death -- there is no gap even where you can breathe.
Don't say that "I am going to die one day."
First live! And live this very day.
And I promise you that if you can live this very day, death will happen, but not to you, only to your outward imprisonment -- your body, the shell in which you are imprisoned.
You are not going to die on any day.
And fortunately there are only seven days.

So I give the guarantee that in these seven days you are not going to die, unless you invent the eighth day, which is very difficult.

It is very strange that around the world all the cultures, all the societies, all the languages, not in connection with each other, all have seven days. And their seven days have all the same meanings. For example in English Monday is the moon's day, that's why Monday. In Hindi it is somvar; som is the Hindi name for moon. Sunday is the day of the sun. In Hindi, it is ravivar, ravi means the sun.

In all the languages there are only seven days, and all the seven days have the same meaning.

In fact, five thousand years ago when days were decided and developed, we knew only seven great planets around the earth. At that time the sun was also considered to be a planet moving round the earth, just like the moon. Earth was the center, and seven were the planets moving round it. So according to those seven planets ... now there are eleven. The sun is counted out; otherwise there would be twelve. The sun is not a planet. The moon is a planet, earth itself is a planet, and they all are moving around the sun. Now things have become different, but even when things become different old traditions continue, old worlds continue. Old words are like old habits, they die hard. There are only seven days -- please live! And I am not a Christian so I don't even give a holiday.

The Christian God to me seems to be really lousy. Just six days' work -- and not a great work. Just look around the world to see the mess that He has created! And He had some nerve to say "Good." This world, in which there is even Oregon, and the old fool said, "Good"! Then he went

on a weekend holiday, and since then nothing has been heard of Him.
It is very strange -- Monday He should have come back to the office. I have always wondered why He didn't come back to the office on Monday. What happened to the old guy? The only reason I could find was, after making man, He became so disgusted .... That was his last creation on Saturday evening. He must have said, "Good" before that. Once He created man He became so disgusted. He really freaked out. He dropped the whole idea of creating anything anymore. He had created a monster.
And since then nothing has been heard of Him. Either He committed suicide, started taking drugs .... Nothing is known so nothing can be said positively, just inferences -- He just felt so guilty, so Catholic, that He hanged himself.
There are only seven days -- please live!
Even Sunday is not a holiday -- make it an intense day of life.
Live each moment, don't leave a single moment unlived. Then only will you become capable of knowing death. When death comes you will be in the moment, available, open.
And a man who is open and available to death comes to know in death the most beautiful experience of life -- because death is silence, utter silence, abysmal silence.
And you ask me, "I am not afraid of it -- why?"
Nobody is afraid of death. I have never come across a person who is afraid of death. People are afraid of having cancer, people are afraid of having AIDS, people are afraid of becoming blind, people are afraid of becoming crippled; people are afraid of all kinds of things that can happen in

old age; they are afraid of old age. Nobody is afraid of death. Death is so clean -- why should one be afraid of death?

In fact the closer you come to your old age and the closer to death, the more you start hoping that death comes soon. Death is absolute clean, pure. It has never bothered anybody, it has never tortured anybody. And the contrary, it has relieved millions of people from torture, from disease, from concentration camps, from suffering, misery, anguish. Death has been a great friend to the whole of humanity.

That's why I say to my sannyasins:

When death happens, celebrate!

It is the coming of a great friend.

Death is not the enemy. Death is very compassionate. It is the universe getting rid of all the junk that you have gathered around yourself and freeing you again, making you again fresh, young, giving you another chance to live -- this one you have lost again.

Nobody is afraid of death. I have never come across a person who is afraid of death. People are certainly afraid of lying down in strange kinds of beds in the hospitals -- legs up, hands down, all kinds of instruments attached to the head and to the chest. People are afraid of all this, but death ... have you seen death doing any harm to anybody ever? Why should anybody be afraid? That's why I said it is not exceptional that you are not afraid. Don't start patting your own back, that "I'm not afraid of death." Nobody is.

People are afraid of life, not of death, because life is a problem to be solved. Life has thousands of complexities to be resolved. Life has so many dimensions that you are

continuously in a worry ... is the dimension you are moving in the right one, or have you left the right one behind? Whatever you are doing, this question mark never leaves you: is this the kind of thing you really wanted to do, or are you really destined to do this? Everybody is in constant turmoil because of life. People are afraid to live, so people try to live as limitedly as possible. They have made life a limited concern.

They try to create a fence around their life. They don't want to live in the wilderness of life -- that is very fear-creating. They make a nice fence around their house, they make a beautiful British garden inside -- everything symmetrical, well-cut, groomed -- and they think this is life. This is not life, this is just an effort to avoid life.

Life can only be wild.

It cannot have fences, it cannot be like the British garden. It is not Victorian, everything symmetrical.

A famous story I have always loved .... A great king sent his eldest son -- who was going to succeed him as the king -- to a Master to learn gardening. Masters have used all kinds of methods to teach. Gardening can become meditation, swordsmanship can become meditation, wrestling can become meditation; anything can become meditation, because meditation is a certain quality. You have just to bring that quality to any act and that act becomes meditation.

This Master was known as the greatest Master of gardening. He taught his disciples gardening, and through gardening, meditation. The prince came to him, and the Master said, "You start right now."

The prince said, "I thought you would say,`Come from tomorrow morning.'"
The Master said,"Listen carefully: here, tomorrow does not exist; it is either now or never., Start now! Come with me to the garden."
The prince had never met anybody who behaved like this -- but you have to forgive people like me. We don't know good behavior, we don't know good manners. And it is good that there are once in a while a few people who don't know good manners, who don't know etiquette.
Once I was invited to Hyderabad University in India -- and while I was touring in India and speaking to all kinds of audiences, I used to sit on the table. Ordinarily the speaker stands behind the table, between the chair and the table; the microphone is on the table. That's how it is. But I am not a man of manners or any thing, I would simply step up on the table. And that would be enough shock -- people could not believe what I was doing! And I would tell the machine operator to put the mike in front of me. I would sit on the table, and I would simply start speaking.
The vice-chancellor asked me -- he was a learned man -- "You did not address people as gentlemen and ladies ...?"
I said, "Yes, because I didn't see any gentlemen or any ladies there. It is not my fault. I looked around, you must have watched." I had looked around to see if there was any gentleman or any lady. "So I thought it was better to leave it unaddressed, I should just start talking to the walls. And walls don't believe in being gentlemen and ladies, male and female."

He said, "What are you talking about? This is just good manners -- whether they are gentlemen or not is not the point."
I said, "I cannot do anything just for the sake of good manners."
The prince was very angry but he could not do anything because this was a different world. This was the world of the Master, it was not under his empire. No Master's world is part of anybody's empire.
Do you think Rajneeshpuram is under America? Forget it. It is my world. If America wants to, it can be part of it. We are not part of anybody.
The Master dragged the prince, started showing him how to do things. The prince saw the garden of the Master and he said, "But this looks like a wild forest. You call it a garden?"
The Master said, "Yes, because we do not disturb any tree's individuality. We try to help the tree as much as we can to be whatever it can be. But we do not cut, we do not prune. We are not interested in creating symmetries, because in existence there is nothing that indicates symmetries. Existence is asymmetrical."
For three years the prince had to learn; and of course in his own palace he had one hundred gardeners, so whatsoever he learned, he told the gardeners to follow: -- "And prepare the garden, because after three years, one day the Master will come just to see the garden. If he is happy, I have passed. If he is not happy, remains serious, I have failed. He is such a man -- he won't even say `you have failed' or `you have passed.' If he smiles, that's enough, enough of a

certificate; you have passed. If he leaves without a smile, that means I have failed; three more years again ...!"
So he did everything, and he had as many servants, as many gardeners as he wanted. And he made a really beautiful forest-like garden. But it was made forest-like -- it was, after all, man-made -- and there is a great difference. The Master's garden was not man-made. The garden was supported by man, nourished by man; it was a friendship with the trees. This was a totally different thing.
Of course the prince's garden was almost like the Master's garden. And the last finishing touch .... The prince went, before the master was to come, and he saw a few dead leaves in the garden, fallen on the path. He said, "Remove these. Make the garden absolutely clean, young, fresh; no yellow leaves, no dead leaves on the ground." So all yellow leaves, all dead leaves were removed. And then the Master came. He was very serious, and the prince was trembling. Finally the prince said, "Will you say something? Is my garden in any way satisfactory to you?"
The Master said, "My foot! Everywhere I see the signs of man. Where are the dead leaves? In a forest, dead leaves create a music of their own; when the wind blows and the dead leaves start moving, there is a sound. Or when you walk on a path, under your feet the dead leaves cracking, making sound .... Where are the yellow leaves on the trees? -- because unless there are yellow leaves the trees are man-made. Where are the old trees? All the trees look young. In existence always there are young trees, there are children, there are old people -- all the generations together. Then it is totally different."

The prince said, "I am sorry. The leaves were there -- just now we threw them out."
The Master went out, collected all the old leaves, brought them, and threw them on the garden path. And as the wind blew and the dry leaves started fluttering and making a sound, he smiled. He said, "Now there is something which is not made by you, something which is happening between the dead leaves and the wind. Something existential is there. Only this was missing. Now I can leave smiling."
People are afraid of life, and they are afraid of life because life is only possible if you are capable of being wild -- wild in your love, wild in your song, wild in your dance. This is where fear is.
Who is afraid of death? I have never come across such a person. And almost every person I have come across is afraid of life.
Drop fear of life .... Because either you can be afraid or you can live; it is up to you. And what is there to be afraid of? You can't lose anything. You have everything to gain.
Drop all fears and jump totally into life.
Then one day death will come as a welcome guest, not your enemy, and you will enjoy death more than you have enjoyed life, because death has its own beauties.
And death is very rare because it happens once in a while -- life is everyday.

From Darkness to Light

Chapter #26
Chapter title: The enlightened and the endarkened
27 March 1985 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
HISTORY SHOWS THAT WHEN A GREAT MASTER APPEARS ON THE EARTH, OTHER, LESSER LEADERS RECOGNIZE HIM AND BRING THEIR FOLLOWERS WITH THEM. DO YOU SEE THIS HAPPENING HERE?

It has never happened, and it cannot ever happen either. There is a fundamental reason why it cannot happen. The lesser cannot recognize the higher, the lower cannot recognize the higher. The higher can recognize the lower. So it is existentially impossible. What history are you talking about? History cannot go against existence and its principles.
The first thing to be remembered -- which is very simple -- is, the man who has eyes can recognize the man who has no eyes; he can see that this man is blind. But do you think the blind can recognize that this man has eyes? That is sheer impossibility. And this is about the physical eyes ....
When you think of the inner eye, the third eye, then it becomes absolutely impossible. Those who live on higher planes of consciousness are simply beyond your grasp. You cannot see them, you cannot understand them. Your intelligence is not capable of understanding planes of silence, meditation, experience of bliss.
You live in suffering; you know the language of suffering. That's all your experience is. You can understand somebody is in suffering, but you cannot understand when you come across somebody who is in blissfulness, "the

blessed one." How will you recognize him? From where will you find the criterion? What measurements do you have? In your experience there is nothing similar to it, not even a faraway echo.

You must have heard an ancient fable: A frog from the ocean was just on a pilgrimage -- it must have been on religious pilgrimage. He comes across a well; he is thirsty -- it has been a long journey, a hot day -- he takes a jump into the well and drinks to his heart's content. There lives another frog in the well, who is sitting in his corner looking at the stranger and his arrogant behavior -- without permission, not even saying, "Can I come in, Sir?" And this is my territory ....

But he waited: let the stranger first drink -- he can see the day is hot. When the stranger is satisfied, he looks around. Seeing another frog, he says, "Hello, how are you?" Then they start a conversation, and one thing leads to another. The frog from the ocean asks the other frog, "Have you ever been to the ocean? Come sometime -- I invite you. I have been your guest without asking you; I was so thirsty that I could not take care of manners before I drank water. But you are welcome -- you come to the ocean."

The frog in the well looked with suspicion, as strangers are always looked on with suspicion ... the way we are looked on with suspicion. We are the people from the ocean. Oregon is a small well. The attorney-general of Oregon is nothing but a frog, worried that these strangers have suddenly appeared; afraid, and out of fear he is going nuts, doing everything illegal.

The frog in the well looked with suspicion. He said, "Ocean? Never heard about such a thing! How big is your ocean?"

The frog from the ocean said, "It is very difficult to describe."

The frog from the well laughed; he said, "Ha ha! I knew it, I knew it from the very beginning: how can you describe a thing which does not exist? If a thing exists it can be described. It is simple; if it exists, then howsoever difficult the description will be, you cannot say that it cannot be described. It is not indescribable; it must have some attributes."

The frog from the ocean is at a loss. The frog from the ocean is always at a loss because he has known something which this poor frog has never dreamt of. But the poor frog thinks the frog from the ocean crazy. He says, "I will help you. I will take a jump, and I will ask you, `Is your ocean this big?' If not, I will take another jump: `Is your ocean this big -- two jumps of mine?'"

He jumped one fourth of the well. The frog from the ocean said, "Forgive me -- this kind of measurement cannot be applicable." But the frog from the well jumped a second time, a third time, a fourth time -- that was the whole area of the well. And then the stranger said again, "Excuse me, your well is too small -- and the ocean is so vast. Your well cannot be used as a measurement."

"The well so small?" -- the frog from the well was really offended, just the way the Oregonians are offended. Their religion so small? Their Jesus Christ so small? Their churches meaningless? Their BIBLE nothing but superstitions?

But he felt compassionate. Strange is the story -- that the well's frog felt compassionate towards the frog from the ocean. He said, "You must be mad, you must have dreamt it. Once in a while I also dream of bigger things; but there exists nothing bigger than this well. And don't try to seduce me -- I am not such a fool as to go in search of utopias. You just get lost! I don't want to hear more of this nonsense. There has never been anything bigger than this well. Since my very birth I have seen .... My father was here; my forefathers have lived here, and they have all told us that this is all the world is. There is no world outside this well."
But the frog from the well can be understood; and the frog from the ocean also can be understood -- he is also very much embarrassed. He cannot answer; he can only show. He invites the frog from the well, but he refuses. He says, "Unless you convince me that something as vast as you are talking about exists in reality, unless I am intellectually convinced of it, I cannot leave my beautiful well."
How to convince him? The only way is to invite him. But he is not ready to accept the invitation before being convinced. The frog from the ocean is doing the right thing. He is saying, "Come with me and I can show it to you. I cannot explain, I cannot describe, I cannot convince you. This is my fault, but because of my fault don't deny the existence of the ocean. That's dangerous: you are denying your own possibilities -- that you can live in an unlimited space with tremendous beauty, the
wind, the sky, the sun, the moon, the stars ...."
I am not interested in convincing you that the ocean exists; I am interested in showing you that you are capable of being part of an oceanic existence."

You are asking me, "History says ...." I don't know which history you mean. I have read enough to destroy my eyes -- I have never come across any history where it describes that when a great religious master appears, lesser leaders recognize him and come to him.

Who had come to Jesus? Yes, there is one story only: three wise men from the East. Their names are not known. If they were really wise people, at least their names must have been known. If they were so wise, so insightful, as to see in the seed the whole future of the tree, of the flowering and the fruits and the birds and their nests and all the beauty of it, their names must have been known in the East.

But in the Eastern scriptures there is no mention of any wise men going to Jerusalem to pay tribute to a recently-born child who is going to become a messiah. This is not history -- this is fiction. And why do they have to bring three wise men from the East? Weren't there any wise men in Jerusalem? There were so many rabbis, the high priest ... and Jews had their own tradition of intellectual, philosophical growth. Not a single Jew recognized Jesus. What to say of recognition? -- he is born in a stable. Because it was a religious festival time, all the hotels, all the caravanserais were packed with people; and he was going to be born to a very poor couple, Joseph and Mary -- Joseph was just a poor carpenter.

No door opened. Joseph begged: "My wife is pregnant, and her time has come to give birth. It may happen any moment, and I am standing on the street. Just for the night give us some shelter."

Perhaps all caravanserais were packed with people, all hotels were packed with people; it is never so. In India

there is perhaps the biggest gathering that happens anywhere in the world. It is after each twelve years in Allahabad, where three rivers -- the Ganges, Yamuna and Saraswati -- meet. This meeting of three is thought to be very symbolic, so Allahabad has become the most sacred meeting place. After each twelve years there is a huge gathering; millions and millions of people gather there. Naturally all hotels are packed, all caravanserais are packed. There is no place anywhere.

I had been there, the first time when I was only twelve or thirteen; with my uncles I went there. And the whole day, from morning -- in the morning we had arrived; my two uncles were with me -- up to evening, we looked for some place for the night because we were going to stay there for at least three days. The festival continues for one month.

I was just a child so I simply remained silent. They tried their hardest. Finally, in a hotel, I said to them, "You please keep quiet. The whole day you have wasted; let me talk to the manager."

They said, "What can you do in this matter? It is a problem: hundreds of people are wandering about; there is no place. Ten million people have already arrived, and people are continually arriving. Hundreds of special planes are running from all over the country; thousands of special buses, planes .... Everybody is going to Allahabad. What will you do?"

I said, "Just watching you the whole day .... Give me a chance."

They said, "Okay."

I asked the manager, "Is there really no place?"

He said, "There is no place at all."

I said, "If the prime minister comes to the hotel, will there be a place or not?"
He said, "For the prime minister or for the president or for the governor we have emergency rooms. Of course they are empty."
So I said, "Give us the emergency room, and if the prime minister comes we will immediately vacate it -- there is no problem in it. If nobody comes, you need not be worried."
He looked here and there, he could not find what to say.
I said, "If you need the room, we promise as you get the information .... It is not going to be that the prime minister will come directly to you, his secretary will phone. As you get the information .... And you are not the best hotel in this city. Don't be foolish. If the prime minister comes, he will be staying in the Hilton, in the Oberoi. He is not going to come to your third-class hotel. But if he comes, we are willing -- we can give it in writing -- we will leave immediately."
He said, "Your argument seems to be right. In fact in my whole life they have never come, and I don't think they are ever going to come. You are right -- they always go to the Hilton. And we are really foolish, we are keeping the most beautiful room empty. You just get into it. You are the first person who has made me aware that we are wasting our best room for years. Now I am not going to bother."
I told my uncles, "Get in!" And I told the manager, "Because I am the first person who has given you the idea, just be courteous. Anyway your room was empty for years; you give us three days more."
He said, "Absolutely right. You are our guests: for three days you live here." And we became really very friendly,

so friendly that he would take us in his car to the festival place which was almost ten miles away and impossible to get any taxi or any bus to: everything was overloaded. My uncles were very much impressed for the first time.
They said, "For the first time we are impressed; otherwise we always thought you are a nuisance. But sometimes nuisance works. The way you were arguing with that manager, we were thinking, `He is going to throw us out! At least during the whole day the hotel-owners were polite; this man is going to throw us out -- he will kick us out of the place!' But it is strange, that you managed."
I said, "It was so simple, and the man is intelligent: he understood."
Joseph and Mary could not find a wise manager. Jesus may have helped; he was just there inside the belly of Mary -- he could have managed some miracle. He was born in a stable -- this is history. The three men coming from the East is fiction because no Eastern source refers to them. And even the Christian sources don't mention their names. The reason is obvious: Whose name were they going to mention?
If they mention a Hindu, Hindus will deny it and say, "This is nonsense -- no wise man has gone from India." If they mention a Buddhist, Buddhists are going to deny it; if they mention a Jaina, Jainas are going to deny it. Hence the best way is, don't mention the names of those three anonymous fools. And they brought immensely valuable gifts for the just-born child ....
Except in this fiction, who is mentioned in the Christian sources as a lesser religious leader who recognizes Jesus as the messiah and brings his following and becomes a follower of Jesus? Those three fools were also to come

when Jesus was just born. All that is left about those three fools is, when the first fool entered -- it was a stable -- he hit his head. It was a small door; because he hit his head he said, "JESUS!"

Mary said to Joseph, "This seems to be a very good name for the child."

This is the only impact those three wise men have left on the world; so whenever you get hit, you say, "Jesus!"

I have not heard of any religious leader coming to Buddha and recognizing him, or to Mahavira and recognizing him, or to Mohammed or to Moses or to Zarathustra. Yes, people had come but they were not religious leaders.

For example, Sariputta came to Buddha, Mahakashyap came to Buddha -- but they were not religious leaders, they were great philosophers. A philosopher is always a thinker; a philosopher is always ready to accept something which seems logical, rational, even though it goes against the whole philosophy of his past. A philosopher is a lover of wisdom. He has not arrived; he is making all the efforts to arrive. In all those efforts, this was also an effort.

Sariputta had gone to many people in search of the truth. He wanted to find someone whose presence could give him just a little taste of what religion was. Arguments he had heard enough; arguments he had given enough. He was a well-known philosopher in India, and he had defeated many philosophers -- which was a unique tradition in India. It must prevail all over the world.

Philosophers used to move from one place to another place, challenging other philosophers -- an open challenge. Thousands heard them -- and this raised the whole intelligence of the country. When two giants are struggling,

going to finer and finer logical levels, splitting hairs, certainly if thousands have come to watch .... It is better than to watch a bullfight or Mohammed Ali's boxing. The people who are watching boxing can't be accepted as human beings. Yes, they may be Americans, but not human beings; they are a subhuman species.

Darwin was continually concerned about one thing his whole life. He lived with the problem; he died with the problem; it remained unsolved because the person who could have solved it was not there. I could have solved the problem -- it is so simple. The problem was that monkeys became man, but there must have been a middle link. Monkeys cannot just jump down and become man; first they will become something in the middle: half monkey, half man. About this problem poor Charles Darwin continually worried. It was so simple: Americans -- they are the middle link! There is no need to be worried about the problem, it is so simple. It just needs a simple man like me to state it.

But in India they were not watching football matches, boxing, bullfights -- all that nonsense was not there. Huge crowds gathered to listen to great philosophical discussions in utter silence. Of course when a man like Shankara or Ramanuja is arguing, it is time to be silent. Nobody will even whisper, nobody will move for days. Every day the discussion will continue until one is defeated, and you will have to accept that. They are what I call cultured human beings. When one was defeated, he accepted it; there was no need for a judge. That's what I call culture. There was no need for a judge to decide who has won the debate. The

people who were fighting tooth and nail, they themselves decided who is victorious and who is defeated.
This was honest, sincere. It was not just an effort to defeat the other, it was a search for
truth; and if the other has better arguments than you, certainly he deserves to be your master. Then the defeated one will become the follower of the victorious, and all the followers of the defeated one automatically will become followers of the victorious. This way philosophers roamed around the country with thousands of disciples. And wherever they came, they created a climate of great depth, intensity, alertness.
But these were philosophers: your question says, "lesser religious leaders." That has never happened. Not a single religious leader came to Buddha or Mahavira. Religious leaders went against them -- that's history. In fact the lesser the religious leader was, the more he was against them, because his whole profession was at stake. Can't you understand simple business?
The religious leaders were doing a tremendously beautiful business: no investment, all profit, no income tax. The religious profession is really the only superb business. You don't have to invest any money into it, no risk of losing, no risk of the dollar going down. Wherever the dollar goes it doesn't matter; it is always profit, never loss. In religious business it is always profit.
And you don't have to manufacture any commodity; you don't have to create factories and bring labor and labor problems -- strikes and lock-outs. No problems at all. You deal in invisible commodities. Nobody can see the god,

nobody can see the angels, nobody can see the heaven. It is really a strange business.

I have heard of a Jewish real estate man who was very angry with one of his agents; he was boiling! This man was always late coming to the office: the real estate man was looking again and again at the clock and the agent was still not there. But he could not even fire him because he was the best agent. The agent really did miracles, so he could not afford to lose him. He used to boil and be angry when the agent was not there, but when he came the real estate man would become absolutely cool and smiling. The agent came, but today it was really too much, what he had done. The owner of the firm said, "Today you have done really too much! Do you think people are blind? -- you sold to a man one property which is six feet under water, and you told the man that it can become a beautiful place to live. The poor man purchased it, and yesterday he was here: when he saw the property .... And I have been waiting for you; I could not sleep the whole night thinking that this is too much. I know you are a great artist in seducing people's minds, but this is too much! Sooner or later he is going to see his property six feet under water. Where is he going to make his house?"

The agent said, "Cool down -- don't be worried. I have seen him -- I have sold him two boats also. Those two boats we were stuck with for years, they are rotten. So just cool down and smile again. When I do something I have my whole plan. I knew that this was going to happen, that he would come; but if he is foolish enough that without seeing the land he purchases it -- I trusted in his foolishness, that he would purchase those two boats also once he sees the

land. But even though the land was six feet under water, it was there. It is Jewish business, but at least the land existed. Those two boats were rotten; they will not float, but at least they were boats."

But religious business goes far higher than anything Jews have ever done. It sells you things which don't exist. It sells you heaven.

I used to go to the university, and one day my car was stopped by a beautiful lady. I never give lifts to anyone, particularly beautiful ladies, because it is easy to give them lifts but it is difficult then to get rid of them. But she was standing just in front of me so I had to stop. I said to her, "Lady, this is not the way to get a lift; and anyway I never give lifts. Just standing in front ...."

She said, "I don't want a lift, I just want to give you this little piece of literature about our religion" -- she was a Christian. She handed over a few pamphlets. I just looked: the first pamphlet was a beautiful house, a picture of a beautiful house surrounded by beautiful gardens, a river flowing by the side. And the pamphlet had the caption, "Do you want a house like this?"

I became interested; I said, "Why not!" Otherwise I was not going to read that nonsense, but because of that house I turned the page and it said, "It is in the garden of God." I said, "That's perfectly good: if you follow Jesus Christ you will have such beautiful houses to live in near God Himself." This is real salesmanship!

Religion is doing the greatest criminal act in the world: deceiving people on such a mass scale that whenever a really religious person appears, all religious leaders go against him, nobody goes to him.

Of what history are you talking? I don't think you have written your question consciously. History says only one thing, that whenever there was a man of the caliber of Buddha or Jesus or Socrates, then all religious people -- the so-called established, organized churches -- went against them.

It was the religious people who crucified Jesus. Not a single rabbi ever came to him, except one, and that too, in the middle of the night when the whole city was asleep -- a rabbi called Nicodemus. He was a professor in the Jewish university of Jerusalem ... a learned man, but he could not gather courage to come in the daylight. In the middle of the night he woke Jesus.

Jesus was surprised. He said, "You could have come in the day, anytime -- I am just staying next to your house."

Nicodemus said, "Speak silently! If any of your disciples wakes up and sees me here, there will be trouble."

Jesus said, "What trouble?"

Nicodemus said, "I don't want to be seen with you. I don't want it to be known that I had gone to you to ask a few things."

Jesus said, "If you don't have even this much courage then forget all about religion. If you cannot come even in the daytime, if you are such a coward, then nobody can be of any help to you. In the search for truth the most significant qualification is courage -- and you don't have any courage. "Go home, and unless you are born again, remember: you will not be able to understand what religion is. `Unless you are born again' -- what does that mean? It means unless you drop your cowardliness and become just the opposite of what you are today -- a courageous man .... That is rebirth,

and unless you are reborn again, don't come to me; I cannot help you. If you want to be helped, at least you should prepare the ground."

Except this Nicodemus, no rabbi ever approached Jesus -- and Nicodemus approached him in the night. It would have been better that he also had not approached Jesus, because he shows the cowardliness of your so-called religious people and who crucified Jesus? The high priest and the supreme command of rabbis who overruled the whole community of Jews -- they decided that he should be crucified.

There were many attempts made on Buddha's life by religious people, and I have always suspected -- although it is impossible now after twenty-five centuries to find out whether my suspicion is right or wrong, but there is a ninety-nine percent possibility that it is right .... It has to be right because some fundamental principles are involved. Buddha died of food poisoning. I suspect he was given poison, that it was not a coincidence.

There were many attempts on the life of Mahavira. Yes, in India it was not as primitive as it was in Judea. Even the cross on which they hanged poor Jesus was not a piece of art -- so ugly. At least they should have shown some respect. Even if they were in disagreement, even if they were going to crucify him, they should have found something beautiful -- just out of respect for a human being. But no, what did they do?

For miles they forced him to carry his own cross -- which is really ugly, big. Jesus was young, thirty-three years old, and healthy, but he fell down three times; the weight of the cross was so much.

When you are killing a person at least you should be a little more courteous, a little more human. You are doing your worst, but do it the best way you can. There was no need for the cross to be carried by Jesus himself, and there was no need to go miles uphill. Anywhere else it would have been perfectly good, he would have died anywhere else. The cross would have worked -- there was no need to go on that hill, Golgotha. But it was purposely done so he had to carry that load uphill. They wanted to torture him as much as possible.

Even in the most primitive societies, whenever a person is sentenced to death, at the last moment he is asked if he has any wish that he would like to be fulfilled. That is a simple courtesy. A man is going to die: why not let him die at least with the contentment that his last wish was fulfilled? This is almost universal.

But Jews behaved very brutally. The reason was that Jesus was not an ordinary criminal. With ordinary criminals they were also courteous. In fact on that day there were three crucifixions happening: two were of murderers, well-known criminals -- who had been visitors to the prison many times, better known than Jesus himself.

Those two criminals were going to be crucified, and Jesus. It was a privilege for the priest, the high priest of the Jewish temple, that he could release one man every year from being crucified. And every year he had released criminals.

The Roman governor-general, Pontius Pilate, was hoping ... it seemed natural that he would ask for Jesus' release, because those two were such notorious criminals, and Jesus had done nothing illegal, no harm to anybody, was an

innocent man. Yes, he talked outrageously, but that does not harm anybody; and if you don't want to hear, you don't hear it, you just plug your ears and go home. You ignore him. He is simply a talker, he is not a doer.

But it was a shock and a surprise that Jesus was not released. The high priest asked for a murderer who had committed seven murders to be released. Strange it seems, but no; deep down there is logic. The murderer is not a danger to the priest; in fact he is a help. Anybody who creates crime, anybody who creates misery, anybody who makes people suffer, is a help to the religious leaders, to the organized church.

Jesus was dangerous. Although he had done nothing, he had been saying things which could become dynamite and destroy the whole organized religion: he had to be stopped.

And you tell me that history proves that whenever there was a religious man, lesser leaders of religion had recognized him. Nobody has ever been recognized by lesser religious leaders or bigger bigshots.

Buddha was not recognized, while he was alive, as being religious; on the contrary, he was condemned by all other religions that were established as sabotaging the very roots of religion. And in fact he was sabotaging, not the roots of religion, but the roots of the organized religion -- which is nothing but an exploitation mechanism.

But when Buddha died, then things changed. Then the same people recognized him. History never says that Buddha was recognized by religious people while he was alive, but it certainly says he was recognized after his death. But let me tell you the way he was recognized.

Hindus accepted him as one of the incarnations of God. They had to. It was just impossible to ignore him, because he had left such a great influence over India that almost the whole country was under his wings; Hindus had completely lost all hold over the masses. So this was a political strategy: recognize Buddha. And now there is no danger in recognizing him -- he is dead. Now he can be recognized as not only religious but as an incarnation of the Hindu god, so the people who have become Buddhist can be under the Hindu fold again. Bring Buddha himself into the Hindu fold. And he is dead; he cannot do anything. He cannot resist; he cannot say, "I don't want to come into your fold; I have been always against you -- I have fought my whole life against you. For forty-two years I have argued against all your scriptures."

But Buddha was no longer alive. It was easy to bring him into the Hindu fold; but in a very cunning way it had to be done because his statements were against the Hindu religion. His whole philosophy -- it was not a question of one or two sentences here and there. They could have been edited, they could have been commented on, their meaning would have been changed -- everything is possible -- but the whole philosophy .... For forty-two years he taught the same thing continuously -- that the VEDAS are rubbish. And Hindus say the VEDAS are written by God. If God is writing rubbish .... Buddha was continually against all Hindu rituals, saying that this was simple exploitation of poor people. There is not a single sentence in favor of Hinduism. In forty-two years of continual talking, not a single statement for Hinduism; all are against. How can you manage this man?

But Hindus are of a very ancient religion, and have been logical for centuries; they can play with logic -- they manage. They invented a simple story and changed the whole substance of Buddha's philosophy ... changed his whole life's efforts by a small story.

The story is that God created the world; He also created at the same time, hell and heaven. Heaven for those who do good, virtuous acts, believe in God, have faith in the VEDAS -- the holy scriptures of the Hindus -- follow the Hindu priest from birth to death; they will reach heaven. And those who deny all these things will fall into hell and the tortures of hell.

Centuries upon centuries pass; the man in charge of hell became tired and bored because nobody came there. You see the beautiful story? He approached God and he said, "What is the point of keeping this space -- nobody ever comes. And I have been waiting and waiting and getting more and more bored. And I have not committed any sin. You have made me in charge of the place; it seems only I am suffering in hell. I don't want this job -- you can give it to anybody.

God said, "Don't be so much in a hurry. You should have come before. For me, centuries mean nothing because it is an eternal existence; centuries are not even seconds. You should not have waited that long. For you it looks so long, for me it seems as if I have just created hell and heaven and the earth. My time-scale is different from your time scale."

This story in fact was invented twenty-four centuries ago, but it contains the whole content of Albert Einstein's philosophy of relativity. God said, "The time-scale in hell is one thing; in heaven it is different. For me of course it is

totally different." In hell even a single moment seems like a century. And we can understand it ....

When you are in pain, just a single moment seems to be so long. You start suspecting that perhaps your clock has stopped, or is it some conspiracy against you by the clock, that it is going so slow? Pain makes time longer. The greater the pain, the longer you will feel the time.

Just the opposite happens with pleasure: it makes time shorter. The greater the pleasure, the shorter the time; hence, in hell, moments turn into centuries, and in heaven, centuries turn into seconds. And beyond these both is the Hindu concept of moksha, `ultimate freedom,' where no time exists. It is all eternity; hence there is no question of small, long. There is no question of relativity -- it is beyond relativity.

But the very idea of scales of time is the whole content of Albert Einstein's philosophy, that time is not something fixed; it is relative, relative to many things -- particularly to pain and pleasure.

God said, "You should have come, knowing perfectly well that you are in hell where each moment looks like centuries; and without your coming here there was no way for me to know. I was thinking you must be enjoying."

He said, "I cannot remain there unless you start sending people. Heaven is full of people. There are people who are not dying because they are on the waiting list! Death is simply waiting; when there is space she can take them. And on the other hand I am sitting there with all the space, and nobody is coming.

God said, "You go back -- I will manage .... I will come back to the world in a new incarnation -- as Gautam the

Buddha -- and I will teach people everything that leads to hell."

This is superb sophistry, cunningness. Hindus have defeated Jews. Putting Jesus on the cross seems to be stupid. This is the real cross, and with what art they have managed it! So Buddha, on the one hand, is declared an incarnation of God and taken back into the fold with all his following naturally becoming part of the Hindus; and yet they have condemned Buddha and his philosophy, because whosoever follows that philosophy is going to fall into hell. It is God's strategy to fill the space which is lying down there empty.

And the story says that since Buddha's time, things have changed to just the reverse, heaven is becoming emptier every day, and hell is overcrowded. Now people are on the waiting list for hell. You can see them in the hospitals, hanging their legs up. What are these people doing? They are on a waiting list! And the doctors are going to push them as hard as possible on respirators, on drugs ... people are in coma; their brains have died, only their bodies are there -- but what to do? Hell is so full that unless there is some space, unless some people are released from hell -- unless some people have received their full punishment and are released -- the queue cannot move.

There will be more and more hospitals, there will be more and more people hanging upside down, there will be more and more doctors. It is nothing but in the service of death, because death cannot take these people. Where to take them? They are not worthy of heaven, and hell has no space.

Such a beautiful story, and yet with such ugly intentions. Can you see the trick? But when Buddha was alive, even to accept him as religious was not possible; and when he was dead he was an incarnation of God.

The same is the situation with all religious authentically, existentially religious people: no organized religion, their heads, the leaders, their priests, their popes, have ever gone to them. They cannot -- they want to destroy these people.

You are asking me: "Is something like this happening here too?" It has never happened; how can it happen here? The same thing is happening here as it has happened always. Intelligent people are coming, people who are in search of truth are coming; people who are seekers -- who want to know on their own, who want to feel and experience -- they are coming, but not religious leaders.

All the religious leaders are against me. They would like to crucify me, they would like to poison me -- they have made attempts on my life. But I have learned much since Buddha's time. Twenty-five centuries is enough -- I have learned much. If I know that in Jerusalem they are going to crucify me, I am the last person to go there. Why should I go to Jerusalem? -- unless I want to be crucified. That's why I say Jesus must be carrying some suicidal instinct, some will to die.

Perhaps seeing that nobody listens to him, nobody understands him -- only a few illiterate, uneducated poor people have gathered around him hoping that they will inherit the kingdom of God .... But nobody of real caliber ever comes. Perhaps he got tired; perhaps he was too impatient. And you can see it in Christian gospels that this

man is impatient. The way he talks is the way of an impatient mind.

He tells people, "In this very life, in your life, you are going to see the glory of God." This is utter nonsense. And now there is no need to prove it -- it is proved already. Twenty centuries have passed: how many generations in twenty centuries? -- at least a hundred generations. If you think that one generation changes in twenty years, and in one century, five generations change -- in twenty centuries at least one hundred generations have existed and disappeared.

Jesus was telling his contemporaries, "In your very life, in this very life, you will see the glory of God descending. You will see the kingdom of God attained by the poor." He was teaching only for three years -- not more than that -- but it seems that even in three years he became utterly tired. Impatient people become really tired very soon. Buddha was teaching for forty-two years; Mahavira was teaching for forty years; Lao Tzu was teaching for sixty years -- but not a single statement of impatience. Even in the time after teaching for sixty years, Lao Tzu is not impatient.

In these centuries, which are crystal-clear before me .... I don't have any suicidal instinct because to me the suicidal instinct means that something in you has still remained unreligious. Religion can only be life, equivalent to life. There cannot be even a small dark corner for death, and death is ....

If I am still alive it is not because the twentieth century has become more civilized, no ... because people are being killed, people are being shot -- people who are not more

dangerous than me. Now, what danger is Mahatma Gandhi? It was just unnecessarily wasting one cartridge. That old man was going to die soon himself. But he had also started to think of dying.

Before India's freedom he used to say, "I want to live one hundred and twenty-five years." After India's freedom he started saying, "I feel that it is time for me to be finished; perhaps I am no longer needed." That suicidal instinct was arising in him.

I don't have any desire to die. That does not mean that I want to live forever. It simply means that as long as life is, I enjoy; if death comes, I will enjoy it too. But I am not going to Jerusalem knowing perfectly well that they are preparing a crucifixion.

It happened in Amritsar when I was getting out of the train, I was blocked. Two hundred Hindu chauvinist people wanted me to get back into the train and not enter Amritsar. The people who had come to take me had no idea that there would be two hundred people, so only twenty or twenty-five people were there just to take me home. And there was to be a meeting immediately -- just time enough for me to take a cup of tea and go to the meeting. So everybody was in the meeting -- ten thousand people waiting there -- and these twenty-five people surrounding me in case those two hundred Hindu chauvinists do any harm to me. I could see in the faces of those two hundred people nothing but murder.

The stationmaster by chance happened to be one of my lovers. He phoned to the Golden Temple of the Sikhs, "This is the situation: We are not moving the train, because if we move the train there will immediately be trouble. We

are not moving the train. Those people are insisting that he should get into the train and he is not going to get into the train, so immediately send a few temple guards.
The temple guards have naked swords, so a few temple guards came. As they came the crowd started dispersing, because naked swords -- there would have been a massacre. And for the first time I had to be escorted, protected from all sides with naked swords, into the city.
I said, "This is my last time in this city."
They said, "Why?"
I said, "Because I don't want this kind of nonsense." And that was not only my last time in that city, I stopped moving altogether. I said, "Those who want to understand me will come, and those who do not want to understand me -- in fact why should I interfere in their lives? If they don't want me to be in their city .... It is their city: if they want to remain idiots forever they have the freedom, and I respect their intention. I cannot force them to be enlightened. Let them remain endarkened -- this is their choice. Why should I bother?"
That day became decisive: I was not going to move anywhere. Still, even when I stopped moving absolutely, one man made an attempt on my life. Many of you were present there; seven thousand sannyasins were present there. The police were present there, the police officers were present there, the police commissioner himself was present there -- because they got some information: some anonymous person phoned to say that a certain gang was going to throw a knife at me.
So they arrived before the gang arrived. They all witnessed the man throwing the knife. But you know, Indians are

lousy. It seems that man has never thrown anything in his life: the knife fell some eight feet away from me. Even I felt sorry.

This country -- how long can it remain free, with such people? If he wanted to kill me then he should have practised a little bit. Eight feet away ... even eight inches cannot be allowed. And what kind of knife? When I saw the knife I simply laughed: Indians will always remain without any intelligence it seems.

The knife was, at the most, capable of cutting vegetables. That too it has not been used at least for a few decades. It could not kill a man at all, not even a man like me who is absolutely fragile. But seven thousand eyewitnesses, twenty policemen eyewitnesses, ten police officers, one police commissioner -- still the court freed the man.

If the court can simply release the man -- not even a three-day punishment or a five-rupee punishment -- with all the evidence against him .... The court was under pressure from the political sources to free that man; perhaps political and religious sources were behind him.

The man was completely free. I said, "If this is the case, then to remain in this country means going to Jerusalem. I am not interested in committing suicide or being available to be murdered. My work is not finished, my people are growing. It is still a nursery.

I have to see it become a wild garden; only then can I say goodbye. Before that, to leave you will be an act not of love, not of trust, not of compassion.

It is very difficult for me to go on living in this body, because my work was finished long ago. I am not sick; I am not suffering from any diseases the way medicine will

understand. Of course, medicine will understand in its own way that there is diabetes, that there is asthma and this and that; they will find their own way. But I know I am not medically sick -- of course I am not medically fit either. My problem is existential, not medical. My work is finished. My ship has arrived long ago; it is waiting there. Where? Do you know? Portland! That's why I had to come so far. The ship was waiting in Portland. I have to be nearby: any moment the captain of the ship can say, "Enough!"

My problem is existential.

There is nothing for me to go on breathing for. There is no need. What has to happen has happened; it is already past. For you there is future:

For me there is no future ... no present even.

In my inner world all stopped long ago. That's why there is a disparity between my body and my life. That disparity creates many kinds of sicknesses. That disparity has made my body very fragile.

I am somehow hanging around; but I will insist on hanging around until you understand your responsibility, until you give me the proof that not only my inner work, but my outer work is also complete ... that now I can leave without looking back ... that I know now that the seeds I have sown will go on growing forever.

From Darkness to Light

Chapter #27

Chapter title: This time it can be one earth

28 March 1985 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
WHY HAS IT HAPPENED THAT IN THE EAST, RELIGION CAME TO ITS HIGHEST FLOWERING, AND IN THE WEST THE SAME HAS HAPPENED TO SCIENCE? IS THERE SOME DIFFERENCE OF CONSCIOUSNESS BETWEEN THE EASTERN MAN AND THE WESTERN MAN?

Consciousness is one and can only be one.
It is just like the light. East and West make no difference at all. Geography has no effect as far as consciousness is concerned.
But it is true that in the East religion blossomed, reached to the highest peaks. The same was not the case with science in the East. It began its journey but it never reached to the peaks the same way as religion reached.
Just the opposite has happened in the West. Religion is still primitive, just the beginnings, while science has taken a tremendous flight. Naturally the question is very relevant, but it has nothing to do with any difference between Eastern and Western man and his consciousness. It has to do with some other factors.
One thing that is most significant to understand is that religion happens only when a civilization, a culture, reaches to the state of ultimate luxury -- the omega point beyond which you cannot conceive that things can be better. All your physical needs are fulfilled, all your psychological needs are fulfilled. Only then do you start feeling the spiritual urge.

Religion in fact is the only luxury, because it happens when you are rich in every possible way.
Blessed are not the poor, because they shall never know the kingdom of God; the question of inheritance does not arise. Blessed are the rich, those rich in every dimension of life. They need not bother about God; the kingdom of God is theirs, not God's. But the basic thing is the richness in all dimensions.
This will help you to understand why East and West have developed differently. The East is very ancient; Western history starts with Jesus Christ. That's why you use "before Christ, "after Christ" -- Christ is the demarcating line. Before Christ it is prehistory, mythology, there is no evidence for it. After Christ things start becoming more factual; you have evidence for them.
But Christ is only two thousand years old. Centuries before Western history began the East had reached to its highest peak of material richness -- in all dimensions. Not only had it reached to its ultimate peak of development, it had also fallen. This all happened before the West started its history. In comparison to the East the West is childish.
The East is ancient. This is the reason why religion reached its highest peak in the East. Science too began there. For example, arithmetic began in India many centuries before Jesus Christ. Astronomy began in India many centuries before Jesus Christ. Medicine began in India. Printing, the mechanism to print, began in China one thousand years before Jesus Christ. Guns, machine guns, all were invented in China.
If we look into the past of the East there is every evidence that they might have invented something like airplanes.

There is so much evidence that it cannot be simply overlooked.

As far as richness is concerned, India was known all over the world as a golden bird. Columbus, who stumbled on and discovered America, was not trying to discover America, remember. He had started his journey to go to India. There were connections between the West and India. Columbus was trying to reach India by a new route because of the scientific discovery of the fact that the earth is a globe.

Columbus thought, "If it is a globe then even if you move in the opposite direction, sooner or later you will reach India. And if you go on moving, finally you will come back to your home, because the earth is round."

And when he saw, for the first time, American soil, he thought it was India; he thought he had reached India. That's why those poor people of America are still called "Red Indians." They don't like it, they have never called themselves Red Indians. They are not Indians. It is Columbus' mistake that they are still carrying. Columbus thought that he had arrived in India from the long route, proving the theory that the earth is round. Everybody who had any adventurous spirit was headed towards India because all kinds of riches were there, easily available.

We have enough evidence that at the time of Mahabharata -- which happened three thousand years before Jesus Christ -- something like nuclear weapons were used. So it is not that science had not developed -- but it was prevented; its direction was changed.

Seeing its destructiveness, seeing that it is against ecology, seeing that sooner of later it would destroy humanity itself ... all scientific movement was directed into other dimensions. For example, yoga, tantra, ayurveda -- these are all scientific methods, but not against nature, not against man; they are creative. And of course people were so rich and the soil was so rich and fertile, and the population was so small, and the land was so vast ....

You will be surprised to know that even my maternal grandfather received land free from the government because the land was so available and the people so few. It was difficult to find a market for land. Just my maternal grandfather ... it was not very long ago, at the most a hundred years. Just a hundred years ago fifteen acres of land were given by the government free of charge. That was the way.

In India even in my early childhood, milk was freely available. To think of selling milk was inhuman, ugly, for the simple reason that there was so much milk in the country. Who was going to purchase it? And secondly, to sell milk looks bad because milk is nourishment, and if somebody is in need of nourishment and you are doing business, you are trying to exploit his hunger, his thirst. Food was not sold. If you asked for food you were invited to be a guest. And this was in my childhood, just fifty years ago.

I have seen my own mother distributing milk because there was so much -- what to do with it? Every morning at my house there used to be a queue of people to receive milk -- people who didn't have their own cows -- and as much as

they wanted. This can give you an idea of what it would have been like in Buddha's time.

Now, India's population is forty times more than in Buddha's time. Naturally the land has become poor; people are starving and dying. What to say of not selling milk? -- in the famine of Bengal, mothers sold their own children. Looking at India today you cannot comprehend what this country was in the past: millions of monks, Buddhist, Hindu, Jaina, all lived without doing anything. Only a very rich country could afford them; otherwise who was going to give these millions of people clothes, shelter, food? And they were not productive in any way, they were not doing anything. But they were not thought to be beggars; remember, they were respected, they were almost worshipped.

If they receive food from you -- you will be certainly surprised to know -- first, if the monk is willing to receive food from you, it is a great blessing -- to you. He receives the food from you and eats it and you have to be grateful. The monk will never thank you, you have to thank the monk. This strange tradition was there: first you give the food and your are fortunate if the monk accepts it. Then, because he has accepted it, you give something as a symbol of your gratitude; that is called dakshina. The country must have been immensely rich.

Jaina monks used to go from one house to another, and people were standing in front of their houses welcoming them. But the monks had a certain idea: in their morning meditation they would decide where they were going to accept their food, what kind of a house, what kind of a situation. That was part of their religion, because if

existence wants you to live, it will provide the situation. If existence does not want you to live, it will not provide the situation.

Strange situations they would imagine, and they would go around the town. Everybody was begging them ... but they would look for their situation. If their situation was fulfilled they would receive food; otherwise they would come back without food. The whole town would feel sad, unfortunate, that a monk had returned without food -- "That simply shows that we are unfortunate people. We have missed a blessing that could have happened."

This luxurious, rich country was not only luxurious and rich in money, in gold, in precious diamonds, stones; it was also rich in music. It created one of the most perfect sciences of music. In five thousand years nothing has been added to it because it reached such perfection that there is no possibility of adding anything to it.

For five thousand years thousands of musicians have tried to do something more, to bring something more to music, and have failed. And I don't see that there is any possibility .... It simply reached its perfection. Whatever you can do is only new combinations -- which are not in any way new; just from the old you gather fragments and make a new combination, a new composition -- but it is not creation.

Language reached its peak. There is no other language in the world which is more scientific than Sanskrit. It is so scientific that you cannot find fault with it. Every other language in the world looks very immature compared to Sanskrit.

For example, you can see in English that you pronounce a word in one way, you spell it in another. Now what kind of

stupidity is this? In Sanskrit you spell the word the way you pronounce it. There should not be two ways because this is unnecessary and very unscientific; it is creating unnecessary troubles for people. Sanskrit is perhaps the only language you can learn perfectly just by reading. You cannot do that with any other language.

I don't know much English. I know enough to hit people, but that is not much. But one thing I can see that English grammarians, linguistics experts, are not able to answer: b-u-t is but, and p-u-t is put. That seems to be strange. Either b-u-t should be boot, or p-u-t should be putt. There is no way to explain all these. In Sanskrit you cannot find a single example in which there is any difference between the pronunciation and the spelling.

In English you have only twenty-six letters in the alphabet. Sanskrit has fifty-two, just double the amount of English. There cannot be more than fifty-two, that's why Sanskrit has stopped at fifty-two. That exhausts the possibility of all kinds of sounds -- fifty-two is the limit. Twenty-six is just the minimum, not the maximum, hence, it is such a difficulty to translate Sanskrit words into English -- or just to write them in Roman letters, because in English there is only one "s", in Sanskrit there are three. There are very subtle phonetic differences, but they are there.

According to the Western historians, Sanskrit also reached to its ultimate peak of refinement in some prehistorical age; since then there has been no change. Not that they are against change; you cannot change it because it has been refined to the very last. All the finishing touches were done five thousand years ago.

People were scientific, but their devotion was to human growth -- in music, in art, in poetry, in drama, in dance.
In India there are so many schools of dance, centuries old; so many schools of music, centuries old. And the teaching of dance or drama is not the way it is in the West; it is very religious. The man who teaches you drama, dance, music, is as much respected as a master is. And he is a Master, because music is not only music; it is, deep down, meditation. It is music used for meditation.
You may have come to learn music; you will return with something more, something more precious than you have every imagined. Music of course you will learn, but side by side something will start growing in you which is far more musical, which is the music of silence.
Ordinary music is the music of sound.
It is just playing with sound, creating rhythm with sound.
Meditation is the rhythm of silence.
Unless a Master can teach music plus meditation he is not really a maestro, he is only a teacher, a mere teacher of music. He becomes a Master of music when his music is an instrument to teach, to create, the space called meditation.
The same is true about dance, the same is true about all the arts. Great sculpture exists in the East unparalleled anywhere else, but all the sculpture is devoted basically to mediation, in some way or other.
You can see Roman sculpture -- naked men, pornographic. And why naked men -- because Romans were homosexuals; they thought the woman was not beautiful. The male, the athletic male, was thought to be the pinnacle of beauty; hence, you will not find in Roman sculpture women represented at all.

The same was the case in Greece. And you will be surprised that even people like Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, were all homosexuals. Homosexuality was thought to be a refinement, a more cultured thing because heterosexuality exists in animals, that is nothing special. The logic is perfect: All animals are heterosexuals, so what is great in it? If man is heterosexual he is just an animal.

That's how Aristotle has defined man, as the only political animal. In every other aspect he is animal; only politics is something that is more, a plus factor.

But in India you will find sculpture a thousandfold greater, millions of temples with tremendously beautiful statues of men, of women -- but all devoted basically to meditation. Just looking at the statue of Buddha you will feel some serenity within you -- the proportion of the Buddha, the body, the posture the way he is sitting, the half-closed eyes. You just sit silently, look at the statue, and you will start falling into a silence.

Gurdjieff used to call Eastern art "objective art" and Western art "subjective art." He means by objective art, art which has some intrinsic quality which can be imparted for thousands of years. The work of art is a code word. After experiencing meditation for thousands of years, meditators have come to recognize that a certain posture, a certain way of sitting, a certain way of the eyes, can create in anybody a synchronicity, a sympathy; some sympathetic note can be stirred by the statue.

In the East a statue is not made for its own sake. It is made as a code language for centuries to follow. Scriptures may disappear, languages may change, words may be interpreted. Doctrines can be wrongly interpreted,

commented upon. There may be dispute about theories -- and there has been -- so they thought there must be a different way than language.

Now what dispute can there be about the statue of a Buddha or Mahavira? There is no question of dispute, there is no need of any commentary. Anybody who is capable of sitting silently by the side of this statue will have a certain thing stirred in his heart. This is objective art.

Picasso's pictures are subjective art. Seeing a painting by Picasso ... he has not considered you, who are going to see the painting. You are not taken into account at all. He has simply vomited his own madness on the canvas. It is simply vomit; hence you cannot go on looking at a Picasso painting for a long time. You will start feeling tense, your stomach will start feeling weird -- because Picasso is not concerned with you, what happens to you, he is simply subjective. He is pouring out his own mind, what is happening to him; unconcerned about humanity or anybody. He is going crazy, that's why his painting is crazy.

Almost all the painters in the West have gone mad once or twice in their life, and have been put into mad asylums. Many of the Western painters have committed suicide. This has never happened in the East. There is not a single instance in ten thousand years that a painter, a musician, a poet, has been mad, or has committed suicide. The reason is, it was art on the surface, but meditation in depth. In the West it is just surface, there is no depth in it. And the surface is without any compassion, without any consideration, without any responsibility.

When you compose music or poetry you are to understand that somebody will be reading it -- what effect it is going to have on the person? Will it drive him sane or insane?

I myself have been very interested in painting. From my very childhood I started many paintings but not a single painting have I left intact. I have burned all of them.

One of my professors was a painter himself. I used to visit his studio, and I used to say sometimes, "This seems to be wrong. If you do a little change here then the whole impact of the painting will be different."

He started asking me, "Are you a painter? -- because whatsoever you suggest, reluctantly I do it, and certainly it improves the painting. And by and by I have dropped my reluctance. I simply accept your suggestion. But this is possible only if you are a painter ... because there are so many people coming here. Even my own students who are painters never suggest that this is wrong; just a slight change will do a miracle. And it does. So you have to explain to me the truth."

I said, "Yes, I am not a painter, but I paint."

He said, "What is the difference between being a painter and painting?"

I said, "There is much difference: I don't allow my paintings to be exhibited because I am still not in a position to create objective art; they are all subjective. They represent and reflect my mind, and what can my mind be to others? They are already burdened with mind; now, burdening them more is inhuman. So I paint because I enjoy painting. I love colors."

And I don't know why Sagar University in India .... I have traveled all over India continually for thirty years, but I

have never seen such colors in the sky as happens over the lake by the side of the university in Sagar. Never have I seen anywhere such splendor; the sunrise, the sunset, are just divine ... without there being any God.

I painted, and destroyed my paintings. Only a few friends have seen them. I allowed this professor to see a few of my paintings. He said, "You are mad -- these paintings are far superior to mine. You can earn so much money, you can become world famous.

I said, "I accept your first statement. You said, `You are mad' -- I am! That's why I am not going to leave these footprints of a madman for others to travel and follow." I have destroyed all those.

I love poetry. I have written poetry. But I continued to destroy it. My basic standpoint was that unless I am no more, whatever I do is going to harm others. This is the Eastern way.

Now it is unfortunate that when I disappeared, the desire to paint or to make a statue or to compose poetry all disappeared too. Perhaps they were just part of that madman who died. And I am happy that nothing of it survives.

In the East they had reached, five thousand years ago, to such a peak in every direction and dimension that only religion was left to be an adventure. So those who had any adventurous spirit were attracted towards religion -- the best, the chosen ones, the most intelligent, the genius, the giants, became interested in religion because there was nothing else left.

These people, like Mahavira, Buddha, Krishna, Nagarjuna, Shankara -- these people gave tremendous heights to

religion, and all the best minds moved towards religion because that was the only challenge left. Everything else was being done by mediocre people. And they were doing perfectly well, there was no need ....

If Einstein had been born in Buddha's time he would have been another Buddha, for the simple reason that that was the only challenge for a man like him. Mathematics was done by mediocre people, and they were doing perfectly well. There was no need for an Albert Einstein to get caught in a mediocre game. No, he would have moved in the same way as Buddha or Mahavira. All the best people were attracted towards religion; that's why religion touched the pinnacles of height.

But science was ignored, consciously ignored, because the people who had reached religious consciousness could see the destructiveness of science. They changed the direction of science. Rather than science becoming allopathy, in the East it became ayurveda, it became acupuncture, it became yoga .... These are the same kind of people who, in the West, created allopathy. They were the same kind of mind, but in the East they created acupuncture, they created herbal sciences.

The word for medical science in the East is ayurveda. Even the word will show you the difference. In the West you call it "medicine." Medicine means curing, healing, but can you see the implication: it does not mean health, it comes after the disease has already come in. It is a follow-up. First you are sick, then comes the doctor. The doctor follows sickness, with his bag of medicines.

Ayurveda means the science of life. The very word has nothing to do with disease, sickness; it has something to do

with life, health, longevity. It is positive, it is not negative. It shows you the way to remain healthy, to remain young as long as you want, to live longer if that's what you want. Its focus is not on sickness, its focus is on health.

In China, Confucius advised the emperor of China that doctors should be paid not for curing a sick man -- that is dangerous because that means the doctor will like people to be sick so that he can cure them. If everybody remains healthy then only the doctor will be sick, he will die of hunger. So to create a system in which the doctor is paid by curing and healing people is to create a dilemma.

The doctor's business is to cure people, but his prayers will be that people should fall sick. There should be as many epidemics as possible.

One doctor came to Mulla Nasruddin and said, "You have not paid me. I visited eight times to cure your child of smallpox; you have neither paid for my eight visits nor have you paid for my medicines. And you have some nerve, you go on in front of my medical clinic as if you own it."

Nasruddin said, "You should remember who started the epidemic -- it was my child. You should pay me! Who made the whole school sick? In fact I own your medical clinic. My boy has done so much for you, and not even gratitude .... you should pay me, and remember that!"

If the doctor is paid when people are sick, then Nasruddin is perfectly right, logically right. His boy has done such a great job making the whole city sick; all the doctors should pay him.

Confucius suggested that doctors should be paid for keeping people healthy, not for curing them. Everybody

should have a personal physician. Every body should register himself with one physician as his personal physician, and he should pay him every month a certain amount of money for keeping him healthy, If he becomes sick the money is not to be paid to the doctor any more. If the doctor cannot cure him then the doctor has to pay him because he is not able to cure him and he has to go to another doctor. Till the patient becomes healthy again the doctor has to pay for his medicines, his doctors, anything that is needed. Confucius turned the whole direction of medicine around.

This is how it happened in the East with every science. Science was in the service of humanity, in the service of health, life. Yoga is devoted to making you almost a citadel against sickness. One who practices yoga is not supposed to be sick. If he is sick that means whatever he is doing with yoga, something is basically wrong.

One hypocrite in India is Satya Sai Baba. I call him a hypocrite because he knows nothing of yoga. There is nothing wrong if you don't know anything of yoga -- I don't. I can afford to be sick, nobody can object; it is my birthright to be sick. I don't know yoga. But Satya Sai Baba declares himself a great yogi; then the problem arises. Then for his appendix operation he has to go to Goa secretly. And he has to pay ten times more to the doctor so the secret should not be known, because a great yogi going for an operation? What control has he over his physiology?

But it is difficult to hide because his whole ashram became curious: where has Baba disappeared? His own people became curious about where he had gone. And after the operation he had to rest for two or three days in Goa. They

found out, and the media and the press -- everybody was there, and the doctor had to confess that he had done the operation.

Eastern science was indicating something, it was saying that yoga is basically transforming your body in such a way that your resistance to sickness increases a thousandfold. It becomes impossible for sickness to enter you. This was a positive change in science.

Tantra is basically spiritual sexology ... because man's mind is perverted throughout the world by religions teaching repression of sex. Tantra is the only science which teaches you expression of sex -- not as indulgence, but as a spiritual discipline. This is a transformation of a biological phenomenon into spirituality.

For example, Ramakrishna was one of the great tantrikas of this century. The story is beautiful .... He had his first glimpse of superconsciousness when he was only fourteen. But that age, fourteen, is also the age when sexuality starts its journey. And he had his first experience of superconsciousness at the same time. He was coming home from the field -- it was evening -- and he was passing the lake that was between his hut and the field.

It was rainy season -- black clouds had gathered over the lake. Soon it was going to rain, so Ramakrishna was rushing towards his house -- and just at that moment he saw a line of white cranes flying above the lake, against the backdrop of black clouds. It was a tremendously silent and beautiful moment. Both were reflected in the lake, the silent lake: the black clouds and the white cranes in a line, flying. He was struck by the beauty of the moment; he fell

down and became unconscious. And from that day he became a different person. He was only fourteen ....
His parents certainly became worried, the whole village became worried: something had to be done. The boy was talking almost like a madman -- who would think otherwise of a fourteen-year-old child if he starts speaking like the seers of the UPANISHADS, and talks as if he is a great wise man? They simply thought that he had gone crazy: "This boy we know. Only the other day he was simply an ordinary boy, and just in one day he has become a sage."
So they all thought -- as it is thought all over India, if some trouble arises like this -- the best way is marriage. It is the medicine for almost every kind of sickness. Perhaps the reason is that whenever you are in pain, if something of a bigger trouble happens, you forget the pain. For example, you have a headache and your house starts burning; do you think you will remember about the headache? -- you will forget all about the headache. It simply means you needed a bigger headache, that's all.
So marriage is thought to be the cure of all kinds of sickness in India. But the parents were a little concerned. They thought that he was not going to say yes, he would not agree; but there seemed to be nothing else. The whole village suggested only one thing, marriage, so they finally asked him.
His name at that time was Gadadhar. He became Ramakrishna when he became enlightened and his name was changed by his master. They asked Gadadhar, "Would you like to be married?"
He said, "Yes, why not? Even great seers have married."

They said, "He is really crazy, completely crazy! `Great seers were married ...' he is saying. He does not know anything about marriage, and he says, `Yes, why not?'" But the whole village said, "If he is saying yes, then why not? -- let him be married. Marriage will bring him to his senses. All these great seers and strange things that he talks about, he will forget. He needs a beautiful girl. It is just the age." They said, "He is a little young, and it is just a sexual upheaval in his mind that is making him say all these things."

So they arranged for him to see the girl -- just in the next village there was a beautiful girl. Gadadhar was so happy when he was dressed in new clothes, and it was almost a procession which went to the other village to see the girl. His mother had put one silver rupee in his pocket "just in case you need it." They were poor people -- one rupee was a lot of money.

The girl came; the way it happens in India is, the girl comes to put food in your plates. That is the only time you see her. When the girl came to put food in the plate of Ramakrishna, he took out his one rupee and put it at her feet. He touched her feet, and said, "Mother, you are really beautiful. The seers have said rightly."

His family and the villagers that had come said, "This boy -- even marriage cannot cure him; he is beyond cure. Look at this nonsense -- his own wife, and he is touching her feet, putting the rupee, and is saying that, "The great seers have said rightly that the woman is always a mother."

The family of the girl was also in a dilemma ... what to do? This boy seems to be crazy, and looks nice, beautiful; but the way he has behaved -- no boy has ever behaved. But

they were poor, and this was a good chance. They married the girl. And Ramakrishna continued to have the same relationship his whole life: his wife Sharda, remained his mother. He continued to call her mother.

He practiced tantra with Sharda ... he would put Sharda naked on a high pedestal and sit underneath just like a devoted son. This was an old and ancient method of tantra: that if you can see in a beautiful naked woman your mother and still no desire arises, or if it arises you simply watch it pass. It will pass because nothing remains in the mind forever. The mind is in a constant flux -- nothing remains stable, so don't be worried if anything comes, just be watchful, but underneath let the basic idea remain -- that of the mother.

Yes, in the beginning there were, ideas. Ramakrishna was young and sexuality was there; but he watched, and he watched year in, year out -- with the basic concept clear. Slowly, slowly all those ideas, when they are not received well, start disappearing. If a guest comes and you don't even say, "Hello," how long is he going to come to you? Soon the basic idea remained there. All sex ideas, desires disappeared. Sharda became his mother. It took years, every night, but it was a double-edged sword because while he was practicing, Sharda was also practicing -- just an ancient Indian idea. If the husband is moving above sex, then the wife should follow him; she should be a shadow. She never objected, she never said anything like, "What nonsense is this?"

As Ramakrishna grew, Sharda was also growing; their growth was simultaneous, so much so that when Ramakrishna died .... It is a custom in India -- that the wife

becomes a widow. She cannot use any symbols of a married woman: bangles, a teeka, colored clothes -- only white sarees without borders.

But Sharda did not follow any of it. She continued to wear the bangles, colored saris; she continued to use the red mark on the forehead which declares that the woman is married, and her husband is alive. People objected. She said, "You may not know, but I know he is alive. I know, and my relationship with him remains the same as it was always: I am his mother, he is my son."

They said, "This woman also has gone mad with that madman. He was mad, that was certain, but we never knew that he will drive this woman also mad."

Tantra is a scientific methodology; it has many techniques to transform sex. Yoga is scientific physiology; it has methods to make it almost impossible for your body to be sick. It gives you control over the body so you can live as long as you want, and you can decide your own death whenever you want. Science was there, but in a totally different dimension. It was not devoted to war and politicians.

In the West it is the same consciousness -- but the West is very new. Science is only three hundred years old, and the West is so new that when the East was at its peak of culture and richness -- the West was just barbarous. It was simply fighting with nature just to survive. That's how the famous doctrine became so important -- survival of the fittest.

In the East they were thinking of transcending life to attain eternal life; in the West it was a question of survival. The climate was harsh, cold; the land was not fertile; most of the year, the sun was not available. Man was fighting with

nature to survive; there was no possibility for religion. Life was at risk -- who is going to think of eternal life? Even moment to moment survival was difficult.

In fact, this curse turned out to be a blessing in the end because the East became very, very relaxed -- good climate, warm climate, good soil, enough of everything. People became non-fighting, they dropped weapons, they forgot about weapons; there was no need. The West became strong and started creating empires.

It was not very difficult for a small country like England -- which is just as big as a district of India, not even a state -- to manage the biggest empire in the world. It was said, "In the British empire, the sun never sets." Somewhere or other, it is always rising. The empire was around the world. And the people who controlled this whole empire ... what gave them the strength? -- the fight with nature, the continuous fight for survival.

When you have nothing to lose, you have a certain strength; when you have everything to lose you are weak, you are afraid, because in fight the other party is not going to lose anything. If you win, you win nothing.

From India, never in the whole history, did people come out to conquer any country -- never. They never invaded anybody. Who bothers? They had so much, and the poor people around ... to invade them was just inhuman. And for what? Taking unnecessary responsibility over your head to feed them, to clothe them.

India never invaded anybody, and India was invaded by almost everybody -- Spanish, Portuguese, English, French, Arabians. Everybody who was capable of fighting made his way to India. That was the easiest place to be victorious.

These people -- Spaniards, English, French, Portuguese -- had not much resistance in India, almost no resistance. People were not interested in fighting.

The logic is clear: in fighting, they will be the losers. And the people who have come have nothing. So rather than fighting, they simply let them control the country. They had become so relaxed for thousands of years; it was impossible suddenly to become warriors again; it needs training, centuries of training.

So the West found a blessing in disguise. The climate was antagonistic but it made the people strong, hard, cruel, cunning, inhuman -- that became their strength. They were not interested in religion, they were interested in becoming more stronger, they were interested in creating bigger empires, they were interested in being all powerful because their own land was poor. They wanted other people's land. Their own country was not of any worth.

You can see it, as the British empire has disappeared, England is going down the drain everyday. England must be now in a more depressive state than any other country in the world -- Ethiopia included. In Ethiopia people are dying; in England they are not dying, but they are dead. Which is worse? Dying is clean, but dead with your umbrella?

England has no hope now because that old empire cannot come back. The whole situation has changed: England is no longer a power. Now Russia is a power, America is a power, China is a power; but England is almost nobody. Why do they go on keeping England on the map? -- I don't know. It should not be on the map; finished is finished.

But there was a day when England was the very center of the world -- London was the world capital. Now it is the ugliest city, most depressive. It is impossible to smile in London -- just the climate won't allow you. And if you smile, then a crowd will gather asking, "What has happened? Why is this man smiling?" Laughter is unheard of; everybody is sad and with a long face.

This was the situation of the whole West. They needed science and destructive science because they were fighting and creating empires all around the world. They needed more and more superior weapons to kill, to destroy, to invade. They gave science a turn which is destructive, which has brought you to the very verge of a third world war. They were not interested in religion, because religion is possible only in a very relaxed climate, in a very relaxed milieu of your soul ... when everything is fulfilled, and you don't have anything else to do than just sitting silently.

To sit silently, certainly you need every other need to be fulfilled. In the West they have the proverb, "the empty mind is the devil's workshop." Obviously, the West could not afford the empty mind; it has to be condemned. The West would not have allowed anybody to just sit silently, doing nothing. It was a question of life and death .... You are sitting silently doing nothing, and you say, "And the grass grows by itself."

"But what are we going to do with grass? The wheat does not grow by itself, and we need wheat, we need rice, we need food, we need machine guns, we need airplanes. They don't grow by themselves ...."

It is possible only in a very different milieu where you can say, "Sitting silently doing nothing and the grass grows by itself," and you can be understood.
In the East, the empty mind is the ultimate experience of existence. When you are empty, it is not the devil's workshop; when you are not empty, then you are the devil's workshop.
The whole West emphasizing, "Do something," has become a devil's workshop. They go on telling their children: "Don't sit silently. Do something!" Nobody says to them,: "Don't do anything, just sit silently." That is possible only when you have enough luxury that you can allow your children to sit silently, you can enjoy sitting around a bonfire gossiping, sipping tea, you can sit by the fireplace playing on your guitar, listening to poetry, reading Omar Khayyam's RUBAIYAT. But for that you first need food, clothes, house, enough wood for the fireplace. When everything is available, then only mind starts searching for the truth. In the East, everything was available.
There is no difference of consciousness in the East and the West. The difference was in the climate, in the geography, in the situation; the difference was outside, not inside. Hence, religion became the only challenge in the East, and science became the only challenge in the West.
But now the situation is totally different. The East has fallen into bankruptcy, which is natural ... that too is a law to be understood. When you are affluent, luxurious, religion is born. Once religion is born, immediately religion starts teaching you to be poor. That is a very strange thing, but there is some inner consistency in it.

When you are luxurious, and the whole country is enjoying, and eating, and drinking, and being merry -- this is their only religion. Naturally, those who attain to samadhi and superconsciousness -- start condemning, "What are you doing, wasting your life eating, drinking, and merrying. Do you think this is life? Stop all this nonsense ... renounce it, because the real life is something else which you are missing."

So they become against all comfort, all luxury, all richness, because the best minds of the country, those who are loved by people, respected by people those who have charismatic influence on people are all saying, "Renounce all this," they don't know what they are doing. They don't know why they have been able to find truth.

They have been able to find truth because of all this luxury, and comfort, and richness. It gave them an opportunity to sit silently, to not be worried about anything, to not do anything. There was no question of surviving, so they could enquire into eternal life.

That is why I say Buddha, Mahavira, Krishna, all are right in some way, but wrong in some other ways; and we have to see what wrong they have committed. This was their fallacy: they forgot the ladder, that had brought them to this peak, and they started condemning those people who were on the same ladder, but on lower rungs: "You idiots, why are you clinging to the ladder? Renounce the ladder." They had moved away from the ladder, far away; they had renounced the ladder, but they forgot completely that they came to that point of renunciation through the ladder. Without the ladder, they would not have been able to renounce it.

What can you renounce if you don't have riches? What can you renounce if you don't have in the first place? -- the poor cannot renounce, the hungry cannot renounce. So this is a strange circle, a vicious circle: The country becomes rich, people become affluent. Then a few geniuses start rising higher than the ordinary human consciousness, and they become so enchanted with the bliss, they forget all about the ladder which has led them there. They start condemning everything that is lower.

Perhaps their intention is good. They want you to fly as high as they are flying, but they completely forget that without the ladder these people will simply crawl on the earth. That is what is happening in the East -- people are crawling on the earth. They have renounced the ladder because they trusted Buddha, they trusted Mahavira, they trusted Krishna. They renounced the ladder -- but the ladder can be renounced from two points -- either from the first rung or from the last rung.

In both ways you are renouncing the ladder; but if you renounce from the first rung you will crawl on the earth. The whole East is crawling -- it is ugly, disgusting, nauseating. You can also renounce the ladder from the highest rung. That happened only in the life of a few people.

Now the situation has changed; the West is affluent, rich, and now facing a great problem. On the one hand, in three hundred years it has created a science which is destructive and has helped to exploit the whole world; to spread imperialism, to make empires, it has helped. But all those empires have disappeared.

Now, Western science is like an old, ancient fable .... A man found a bottle in the lake. He had gone fishing, and in his net, with the fishes, came a bottle also. He looked in the bottle and he was amazed; there was a very tiny man inside. And not only that, the tiny man said, "If you open the bottle I can serve you in any way you want -- I am not so tiny. I have been cursed and closed in this bottle, but the man who cursed me has said that if somebody opens the bottle and takes me out, I will be free from the curse.

"I have been waiting in this lake for centuries. It is just by coincidence that you have caught me. Now, please -- I am a djinn; open the bottle and I will do anything you want."

The poor man thought, "This is a good opportunity" -- he opened the bottle. Great smoke came out of the bottle and with the smoke, almost like a cloud, was the djinn. The man now looked so small before the djinn, and the djinn said from the sky, "Now, I am free. Thank you for making me free. I will do everything, I will be your servant, but there is one condition. I cannot sit silently. I need work continuously, twenty-four hours a day, day in, day out. If you cannot give me work I will kill you."

The man said, "Don't be worried, I will give you work. But what work can you do?"

The djinn was such that if you gave him some work, any work, you were thinking that at least for a few hours he would leave you; but within seconds he would be back, the work was done! You would tell him to make a palace; within seconds he would be back, the palace was ready. Work? -- he was driving the man crazy! Within two or three days the man thought, "I am going to be killed,"

because he could not even think of anything more. All that he could imagine he told the djinn and he did it.
The man said, "Wait, I have an appointment with a wise man. Till then you clean the palace and the garden -- I will be back." He ran to the wise man and asked, "Save me, because this is my last day. I don't think that I will be alive by the evening because all the work that I could think of, he has done. Tell me what I am to do."
The wise man said, "Nothing to be worried about. You take this ladder and tell that idiot, `Go up, come down, go up, come down.' Let him do that, no other work, just `Go up, come down.'"
The djinn is still doing that! The man has died long ago, but the djinn continues because he needs work.
Science has proved to be almost the djinn in the bottle. The West opened the bottle; science served beautifully, it did miracles. It made the whole world a slave under the West. For the first time there was really one world, dominated by a few people. Otherwise, in India itself, in Buddha's time there were two thousand nations just in India. But this three hundred years of scientific technological growth gave the West so much power that nobody could stand against it. But now science is threatening the West itself.
Those empires have disappeared, they had to disappear. How long can you exploit a people? A moment comes when you have exploited them so much that now they are hungry, starving, and they become a responsibility and a burden on you.
Never be befooled by the historians and the politicians who go on saying that India, Pakistan, China, Burma -- these countries became independent because of their freedom

struggle. Nonsense! The reality is that all these empires became burdens on the imperialists. England could not manage India any more. Now it was not a place to exploit. You have exploited enough, you have taken everything. Now the situation was the reverse.

The country was a responsibility on you: you have to feed the people, you have to make schools for them, you have to make hospitals for them. If you don't, you are condemned by the whole world. It was time to somehow get rid of these people. But how to get rid of these people? These idiots themselves started saying, "We want to be free."

If I was there .... I was, but I was too young. And nobody hears me even now, so at that time certainly, nobody was going to listen to me. I used to say to my parents -- because they were all for freedom, they all had been to jails, they all had been beaten, tortured. I used to tell my uncles, my father, my grandfather, "It is all nonsense. What are you going to get with freedom? Freedom is not food. Freedom is not clothes. Freedom is not science. Freedom is not technology. In fact your freedom struggle is really greatly needed by Britain. They want you to fight for freedom, then they can give you freedom."

And they gave it without much trouble. They simply gave it, they wanted to give it. They were really looking for the right time so that it was understood that "you have asked for it, we have not given it. You were fighting for it. You forced us, so we gave it to you." And slowly, slowly the same happened in Africa, in other parts of Asia, where there were no freedom struggles either. There too freedom came. It had to come; how much can you exploit?

In India, people worship cows. They cannot kill them and they cannot sell them to butchers, but there is a time when the cow becomes old, it gives no milk, no children; now it is a burden to feed it. The people are so poor they cannot feed themselves, how can they feed these cows and these buffaloes? And they cannot sell them either -- they make them free! They simply leave them on the roads. Nobody knows whose those cows are. That's what has happened. Cows have become free: they no longer give milk, they no longer give anything, so what to do with them?

So in Africa and Ethiopia, in India, in Burma, in Thailand, cows are on the streets dying, hungry. They cannot even now condemn anybody: "It is because you are making us slaves, that's why we are dying." Now there is nobody to condemn either, it is their own responsibility. So the empires had to die -- a natural death.

Now science is there, like the djinn, asking for more work "otherwise I will kill you." And that's why the West is facing a great crisis.

This crisis is going to be very decisive. The West either will have to commit suicide -- and of course, with the West, the East will die. It cannot survive separate from the West, it needs all the technology of the West for productive and creative things. Or, if the West turns the whole train of science towards creativity and drops this idiotic idea of war, then both these things will happen: science will take on a new dimension, as it took on once in the East; and the second thing will be a rise in religious consciousness. If you are no longer preparing for war and wasting seventy-five to eighty percent of your energy, life, and money preparing to destroy -- if that eighty percent of energy is

released to eat, drink, and be merry, if the eighty percent of energy is released to go to Zorba the Buddha, then soon there will be people rising, flying higher, reaching to the topmost layers of human consciousness.
Both the things are possible: science can be turned into creativity, and that creativity will make you capable of rising in religious consciousness.
And this time it need not be East and West.
This time it can be one earth, our home.

From Darkness to Light

Chapter #28
Chapter title: Either politicians remain or humanity remains
29 March 1985 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
DO POLITICIANS HAVE BRAINS?

I am sorry, but I doubt it. If one has brains there are so many beautiful things in life to do; it is impossible for such a man to be interested in politics at all. Politics is for the lowest category of intellect. You can see it all over the world.
I am reminded of one of my friends who was a national figure in politics. His whole life he devoted to two things: one, which was his priority, that cow slaughter should be stopped; and the second was, that Hindi should become the national language.

I once asked him, "You go on calling the cow `the holy mother'; then who is the bull -- the holy father?"
He became angry. I said, "It is a simple thing. If the cow is your mother, then the bull has to be your father."
He said, "You always confuse me."
Another time I asked him, "What about Charles Darwin's theory that man is evolved out of monkeys?"
He said, "Absurd! Monkeys are animals, man is not. Man is divine. God has made man in His own image."
I said, "Then what about the cow? The monkey is an animal. You cannot accept that man evolves out of monkeys but you go on calling the cow your mother. Isn't the cow an animal?"
And, moreover, you reject the bull, the poor bull, who has done no harm to you except given you birth -- without the bull the cow cannot be your mother. You should be all-grateful to the bull. You became angry on that point; now you are denying Charles Darwin's theory simply because monkeys are animals -- but what about the cow? Can't you see such a simple logic? Then only one thing remains -- which will be very absurd ...."
He said, "What? Nothing can be more absurd than Charles Darwin's theory."
I said, "You just wait. The cow is the mother, and the monkey is the father and man is a cross-breed. It is not that I am saying it -- it is you who should say it, but you are not capable of any intelligence. This is a simple thing. You have the mother; the father is missing -- the bull is not acceptable. Charles Darwin has the father; the mother is missing. That is very strange of Charles Darwin too, that he talks about the male monkeys becoming man. Then who

became the woman? Very strange -- what about the female monkeys?

"Charles Darwin nowhere mentions female monkeys. It is strange, a man who continually worked on the theory must have come across the question that, okay, the monkey becomes the man, but who becomes the woman? Female monkeys must become women, but there is no reference to them in Charles Darwin's books. So the monkeys are our forefathers and cows are our foremothers.

"I don't know whether such a word exists or not and I don't care either -- I have never come across such a word as `foremothers'; but if `forefathers' makes sense, then `foremothers' also makes sense."

He was so angry that he said, "You will never talk sense."

I said, "What can be more sensible? Man is a cross-breed -- all the qualities of the cow, and all the qualities of the monkey. Man is so rich! No other animal is a cross-breed; that's why man has become the supreme-most, the highest animal in the world."

And this man -- Seth Govindas was his name -- was respected all over the country; but he couldn't see simple things.

In India there are thirty languages of almost equal importance. There are a few differences; for example, Hindi is spoken by more people, but Bengali has a far richer literature, more refined language. Just to hear two Bengalis talking is such an experience in itself. Their language is so sweet, every word is so rounded.

I had one Bengali girl as my post-graduate student. In Hindi her name would be Rama. Rama means beautiful, attractive, but when I asked her her name -- she was a

Bengali -- she said, "Roma." I tried hard ..." Roma? Has it something to do with Rome?" She said, "No, it is your Hindi `Rama,' but in Bengali it becomes Roma." Roma certainly is more romantic; Rama looks hard, harsh, clear-cut but not rounded.

Bengalis have their claim that they have the best literature, not only in India, but perhaps in the whole world -- a great tradition of the best poetry.

What does it mean, just counting numbers? Hindi may be spoken by many people; the numbers are not much different. If Pakistan had not been divided from India then Bengali would have been spoken by more people than Hindi, because half of Bengal went into Pakistan. Otherwise Bengali is spoken by more people than Hindi. So it is just a political accident that the country got divided and half of Bengal became Bangladesh and half of Bengal remained in India. But if you look at world languages, Bengali will come before Hindi.

But numbers don't count. Tamil has its own literature, far more ancient than the literature of Sanskrit, because the people of South India are the original Indians. The people of North India are invaders. The people of North India who speak Hindi, Bengali, Gujarati are all Aryans. They are blood brothers of the French, Italians, Germans, English, Swedish, Russians, but they have no relationship of blood with the South Indians. South Indians have a blood relationship with the negroes.

There was a time when Africa and India were connected. It is now a well-known fact that continents go on shifting -- they are not stable. You just cut out the maps of India and Africa and put them together and you will be surprised --

they fit perfectly. The south of India fits perfectly with the lines of Africa. Some time in the past the land parted; Africa shifted away, over thousands of years.
South Indians are negroid, their blood is connected with the negroes; their skin is black, their language has no connection with Sanskrit at all. You will be surprised: Tamil, Telugu, Malayalam, Kannad -- the four main languages of South India -- have not a single word from Sanskrit, while Russian has forty percent, German has sixty percent, Lithuanian has seventy percent, English has thirty percent. French, Swedish -- all the European languages originated predominantly from Sanskrit.
Naturally, South India does not want to be dominated by a Sanskrit-originated language, Hindi. They have no connection with it.
I told Seth Govindas, "These are simple facts. This country cannot have a national language. Just as Russian has no national language, the country can have only provincial languages. And it can use one language, for example English -- because English is only understood by two percent of Indians, but those two percent of Indians are spread all over India, in every language group. So English remains a link language, not a national language, because two percent of the people speaking it cannot make it a national language. But it can become a link language.
"Every language has its own state, its own independence, so that it can grow independently without any pressure from any other language. There is no need for a national language, just a link language so that all these thirty languages don't fall apart." That's how in Russia ... Russian is only a link language. The same is the problem in Russia:

thirty six languages, so widely apart -- you cannot impose one language as the national language.
India is not a small country like England or Switzerland or France; it is a sub-continent. England can have one language, but a sub-continent cannot have one language. You cannot impose it -- and for thirty years, forty years continuously, they have been trying. English remains the national language and there is no hope of an Indian national language ever.
I told that old man, "Just see the facts."
But certainly politicians don't have brains.
In India I knew many politicians, but I have not seen any brains in them.
Simple things that anybody will understand, things which don't need great genius, politicians will miss. One of my friends was commander-in-chief of the Indian armies. When Pakistan invaded India, this man -- his name was General Chaudhuri -- asked permission of the prime minister to counter attack; it was needed, just being defensive would not help. That's a simple military strategy: if you become defensive you are already defeated; the best way is to be aggressive.
If Pakistan has invaded one part of Kashmir, Chaudhuris idea was that we invade Pakistan from four or five fronts. They will be confused, they will run amok; they will not be able to decide where they have to send their armies. Their attack will become a failure because they have to defend all the borders of their country.
But politicians. The prime minister, Jawaharlal Nehru, informed him, "Wait till six o'clock in the morning."

General Chaudhuri told me that he was thrown out of the army -- not publicly: publicly he retired honorably, but he was kicked out. He was told, "Either you resign or we will throw you out."

The reason was that he attacked Pakistan at five o'clock in the morning, one hour before the order. That was the right time; by six o'clock it would be sunrise, people would be awake. Five o'clock was the perfectly right time -- everybody was asleep -- to drive them crazy. And he did what he was saying -- he made the whole of Pakistan tremble. He was just fifteen miles from Pakistan's biggest city, Lahore.

The whole night Jawaharlal and his cabinet were discussing this way and that way, to do it or not to do it. And even by six o'clock in the morning they had not come to any conclusion; they just heard on the radio that "General Chaudhuri is entering Lahore."

That was too much for the politicians. They stopped him just fifteen miles away from Lahore. And I can see that was sheer stupidity. If the man had taken Lahore, the problem of Kashmir and India would have been solved forever. It is not ever going to be solved, the problem of the territory of Kashmir which Pakistan has occupied -- and it was because General Chaudhuri was told to come back, "because India is a non-violent country and you did not wait for the order." He said to them, "I do understand military strategy; you don't. Even by six o'clock -- where was your order? Pakistan has already occupied a certain territory, the most beautiful part of Kashmir -- and you were just discussing the whole night. This is not a question to be discussed, this has to be decided in the warfield. If you had allowed me to

take over Lahore then we would have been in a position to bargain. Now we are not in a position to bargain. You pulled me back, I had to come back."

The U.N. decided for a cease-fire line. So now for forty years, U.N. armies have been there patrolling; on the other side Pakistans armies are patrolling, on this side Indian armies are patrolling. For forty years -- just nonsense! And in the UNO they go on discussing and nothing comes out of it.

And the territory that has been occupied by Pakistan you cannot take back because of the cease-fire. They have really decided in their parliament that the territory occupied by them is combined with Pakistan. Now they show it on their maps. It is no longer occupied territory, it is Pakistan's territory.

I had told General Chaudhuri, "This was such a simple thing, that you have to be in a bargaining position. If you had taken Lahore they would have immediately agreed to leave Kashmir because they could not lose Lahore. Or if a cease-fire was to come, okay, then Lahore remains with us when we cease fire. Either way there will be something to bargain. India doesn't have anything to bargain with -- why should Pakistan bother?"

But politicians certainly don't have brains.

I was thinking that perhaps this is applicable only to Indian politicians, but coming to Oregon I was really surprised because I saw greater idiots.

Just the other day Oregon's assembly decided that the post office of the City of Rajneesh will continue to be called the post office of Antelope. Now can you see the foolishness? Antelope is dead; there is no longer any Antelope

anywhere, the people of Antelope buried it. But the post office should be called the post office of Antelope.
The city is called the City of Rajneesh. It has no post office. The real, the living city, has no post office; the dead, the unreal city has the post office. And naturally the postmaster goes on rejecting all mail that comes in the name of the City of Rajneesh because it is the post office of Antelope. Can you think these politician have brains?
If they wanted to destroy the City of Rajneesh they should have had the guts, and they should have resolved in the assembly that the City of Rajneesh should be again called Antelope. That would have been logical, and the post office would certainly be the post office of Antelope. Or they should have changed the name of the post office.
Both were logical. But what they have done -- the city they cannot touch because it is against the constitution. The people of the city have changed the name. They have the right to change the name; that is their constitutional right. The majority decided to change it, and the assembly cannot interfere.
But those idiots think that they can at least save the post office, the post office of Antelope -- and nobody in that assembly asked, "When the city is no longer there ... how can there be a post office of a city which is non-existential?" And this is going to create unnecessary problems.
I would like my people to go to court first against the postmaster general of America -- because it is just a simple rule that whenever a city changes its name, within one month the post office has to change its name. But a year has passed and we have been asking the postmaster general

and he has been delaying. He must have been waiting for these politicians to decide in the assembly.
So first go against the postmaster general, asking why he delayed for one year when the simple rule is one month. And who is he to decide that the post office should continue to be called Antelope's post office? Then go against the assembly also; their decision is stupid. Either change the name of the city if you have guts -- go against the constitution -- or if you don't have guts then let the post office name be changed.
But politicians don't show any sign of brains.
I am reminded of a story. A great politician had developed a tumor in his brain, perhaps a canceric growth. It was a very complicated operation, his whole brain had to be taken out. He was lying down on the table; it was a long and very delicate operation. The doctors were operating on the brain in another room. When the operation was over, they came back to take the politician ... he was missing! "My God, where has he gone?"
The nurse said, "A man came running and he said, `You have been chosen the president.' The patient stood up and started walking. I tried to prevent him, I said, `Your brain is in the surgery, and they are working on it.' He said, `Now that I am the president I don't need the brain. Let them work on it. Whenever I need it I will come, but at least for five years forget all about it. I am the president; brains are needed by small people, nobodies. Where is the need for brains for a man who has risen to the highest post?'"
The whole of history proves it, that politicians have been the most idiotic people around. But the strange fact is that the more idiotic the politician is, the more possibility there

is for his success. That's what happened in Adolf Hitler's case.

Perhaps Adolf Hitler was the most idiotic politician ever, but he went on succeeding. He went on conquering countries. It was an amazing phenomenon. The reason is very strange. He knew nothing of military science -- that was the reason for his success. His generals would tell him that this is absolutely wrong, this step is absolutely wrong. But he never listened to the generals, he listened to the astrologers. He had his astrologers who said, "This is the right time -- move into France, move into Poland, or move anywhere." That was decided by the astrologers and the stars, not by military science. Naturally he baffled everybody. If he had moved according to military science, then on the other side the same military science is known. If he had bombed London according to military science, then London would have been ready and prepared. But it was being decided by the stars, by an idiot astrologer. His generals were absolutely impotent. They could see that this was nonsense, but this nonsense was succeeding so they also slowly slowly became silent: "Perhaps he is right." You will be surprised that Churchill had to call astrologers from India -- because Western astrology is different from Eastern astrology. These are just fictions, so there can be as many astrologies as you want. Stars don't care about you, so you can manage anything. They don't object either, they don't have any idea that you are here.

I have heard: one elephant was passing across a bridge and a small fly was sitting on top of the head of the elephant. When they were just in the middle of the bridge -- the bridge was not made for elephants to cross; it was a poor

village, and a poor bridge temporarily made for the rainy season -- the bridge started shaking. The fly said, "Uncle, our weight is too much."

The elephant heard some buzzing noise. He said, "Just say it loudly -- who are you? And where are you?"

The fly said, "I am just sitting on your head and our weight is too much."

The elephant said, "My God, I was not even aware that you were here." But the fly included itself; He said, "Our weight is shaking the bridge."

Man is not even a fly so far as stars are concerned. And people are such ... they ask the astrologers, "What time will it be good to start a business; are the stars in the right position? When will it be good to get married; are the stars in the right position?" All stars are in the right position -- but all marriages are in the wrong position. This is enough proof that stars don't care about you, they don't know about you. But you can create fictions. Churchill did not ask the Western astrologers because they would give him the same advice as was being given to Adolf Hitler. That wouldn't be the right thing. Churchill understood why this man was succeeding. He was succeeding because whenever they expected him to attack, he never attacked. And whenever they never expected, could never conceive, there he attacked.

It was a simple rule of war that you attack at the weakest point. It is so obvious; you don't attack the enemy at his strongest point. But those astrologers don't know what is a weak point and what is a strong point. They look towards the stars -- and the stars have no idea that there is a war going on.

He called those astrologers from India; the war took a turn, because now Churchill was also functioning like a fool. He was also no longer listening to his generals. He said, "You keep out of it -- because that man is mad. He knows no military science and it is not going to help. Now astrology is going to help." And astrology did help. Poor Adolf Hitler was defeated. He was succeeding because of astrology -- he was defeated because of astrology.

But the man was absolutely an idiot about everything. When Germany started retreating, the generals would not inform him, "We are being defeated," because any general who said that would be shot immediately. Adolf Hitler could not be defeated, so this general must have gone mad."

When the bombs were falling on Berlin itself, just outside the house where Adolf Hitler was living in the basement, then too the German radio continued to say that "we are winning all over the world." Nobody was ready to get shot unnecessarily -- what was the point? This man was not going to listen.

Adolf Hitler thought himself almost a demigod. His word was the law, and if he said that he was going to conquer the world, it was going to happen. The bombs were falling outside his house; he could hear the buildings falling, people crying, the noise, the explosions, still he was consulting the astrologers: "Which country are we going to invade next?" To the very last moment he was convinced he was winning. Can you think that a man who has a little bit of brain would be so thick?

But other politicians are not different either -- maybe more of less, but the brain is not the business of the politician.

The politician has to be stubborn, adamant, fanatic; these are the qualities that make him succeed. He has to be foolish enough to believe that he has, by birth, a determined future, a destiny. He is the man of destiny. Only fools can believe that.

The more intelligent you are, the less stubborn, the less fanatic; more thinking, doubting, more skeptical. Skeptical about yourself -- you cannot think of yourself as a man of destiny. You cannot think that you are born to dominate the world.

And these people are what our whole history is about. Our whole history needs to be burned, completely burned, erased. We should start writing from ABC again, because this history is being taught to every child. And these people are called Alexander the Great, Genghis the Great Khan, Ivan the Terrible -- and they are praised, their qualities are praised. And much of the praise is just fiction because those histories were written by their court clerks. Those court clerks who were writing those histories were paid. The better the praise, the more they were paid.

One of the great emperors in India was Akbar. He was making a new capital. He wanted to shift the capital from Delhi to a fresh capital, completely newly-made. His whole life he poured as much money into it as possible -- and he created a city, Fateh-pur Sikri -- a beautiful city, almost a miracle city. All stonework ....

He gathered all the best stone artists and craftsmen from the world, and the best stones, marble. He made the whole city his whole life. Nobody has ever lived in it, because to create a capital so that the whole of Delhi could be shifted in just a single move .... Akbar died and Fateh-pur Sikri

remains incomplete, although a vast city. So much money wasted, such huge and beautiful buildings, each inch a piece of art -- but for what? Nobody has ever lived there. Nobody is going to live there ever, for the simple reason that when the city was made nobody thought of water. Nobody thought that many more things are needed when people live there -- land is needed for crops ....

It is a very weird experience to be in Fateh-pur Sikri, a city made with so much money. I think no other city has ever been made in that way -- and nobody ever lived in it. It was a ghost town from the very beginning, and it is going to remain a ghost town.

Even now thousands of people can be accommodated there, but other necessities are not available. And Akbar never went there to see what was happening. He wanted to wait for it to be completed; then he would go there. Akbar is thought to have been one of the intelligent emperors, but I don't think so. What kind of intelligence is this?

There was another Mohammedan emperor who almost surpassed Akbar. He simply ordered the whole of Delhi to move -- from Delhi thousands of miles away to Aurangabad. Aurangabad was very close to Poona.

Now his order had to be followed, the whole city had to be emptied immediately. It was a military operation. Everybody was thrown out of his house; the whole of Delhi was emptied -- almost half a million people moving thousands of miles, not knowing what was going to happen in Aurangabad. And nothing was prepared there!

At least Akbar had planned the city, made the city. Aurangabad was a small place. Where were these people going to live? And nobody bothered about their food

supply for this whole journey. It took months; almost eighty percent of the people died, twenty percent reached Aurangabad. And you can think in what condition they were if eighty percent died on the way.

Those twenty percent had become sick, old. The journey took at least ten years from their life. They were utterly wiped out -- in fact, feeling jealous of those who had died, because it was so terrible to live. And then in Aurangabad there was no space and that idiot king said, "No, this is not the right place -- we should go back." The whole journey again! This man's name was Muhammad Tughlak.

Do you think these type of people have any brains? By the time they reached Delhi almost everybody was dead. Delhi was empty; it became a military camp. And all this for no reason at all! The only reason was that Muhammad Tughlak's father had died in Aurangabad and he wanted Aurangabad to be made the capital of India in his memory. But to make a capital for half a million people, to move them thousands of miles -- and trains were not there, buses were not there. People were moving by foot, on camels, on horses, on donkeys, on bullock carts. And nobody bothered about how the food was to be managed for the whole journey, how water was to be managed .... And they had to pass through the whole desert of Rajasthan, where most of the people died, just because of thirst.

If you look at history you will be surprised -- why do we go on teaching these people's lives to our children, why do we contaminate our children? What is the point?

I feel that politics and politicians should be completely debarred as far as the education of the new generation is

concerned. The new generation should be helped to forget the whole past so they can start living anew.
There is a saying that history repeats itself. Yes, it repeats itself because you go on teaching it.
Just stop teaching history and it won't repeat any more. You teach it, you poison the minds of children, and they start having political ambitions themselves.
You make them ambitious. In every possible way you make them ambitious.
Your whole education system is not to make children intelligent but to make them ambitious.
Yes, you try to make them intellectuals -- that too is a help for being ambitious.
If they are intelligent they won't be ambitious at all. If they are intelligent they would like to live a very simple and ordinary life in tune with nature, in harmony with existence, with trees, with birds, with animals, with people. They would not like to dominate anyone or be dominated by anyone. They would like to live together in friendliness, not as masters or slaves.
There can never be a friendship between the owner and the owned, the boss and the servant, the leader and the led. There can never be any friendship. Friendship can happen only when there is a very subtle undeclared form of equality -- not the equality communism talks about, because that is politics, that is forced equality.
I have heard ... there was a very strange Greek king who had a very beautiful, very precious, golden bed, made of twenty-four carat gold, studded with diamonds and all kinds of precious stones. It was kept only for guests. But whosoever was unfortunate enough to be his guest never

came out of the King's guest house alive because he was determined on one point: the guest had to fit his bed. His bed was so precious that if the guest was a little longer, then cut his feet off; if needed, cut off his head -- but make him to the size of the bed. If he was a little smaller, then stretch him. Perhaps this king was the man who invented traction.

They used traction on me. When I first heard about traction I started wondering, from where does this word "traction" come? I found that it comes from Christian churches of the Middle Ages where they used to torture people, pulling them from both sides -- hands on one side, legs on the other -- to confess that they were in contact with devils, with witches, that nuns were having intercourse with the devil, that monks were having intercourse with ghosts ... all kinds of things. And unless you confessed, this traction would continue.

It was by chance that a monk had a bad back; and when they did this traction to him, he confessed, and he also said, "One thing more: my back was bad and I have been suffering for years; your traction has been a great blessing to me. I am grateful; my back is perfectly okay, I can walk!" That's how this traction came -- it is a religious device used by medical science.

But that Greek king was even more ancient, he was really the pioneer. People got killed in both cases, because it was very, very difficult to find a person exactly the same size as his bed. And he was a king -- no ordinary person was going to be his guest, only very extraordinary people.

The bed was not made according to anybody's size, so everybody was either too long or too short. Everybody

came out dead in the morning. From his guest house nobody came back alive because he never could find a man who could fit his bed. And the bed was so precious that people's lives did not matter at all.
These people have dominated humanity -- they are still dominating humanity.
Their whole game is one of retarded minds.
It is time we burned the whole of history and started from the very beginning, fresh.
That's my whole work with you.
Talking to you I am really trying to burn your conditionings, trying to remove all the rubbish that you have been carrying your whole life ... just trying to clean you and make you utterly blank so that you can start sprouting your self -- otherwise you are so full of junk that there is no space for your self.
I used to stay in a very rich man's house in Indore. The man was certainly one of the richest men in the world. I don't know anybody who has been given as many titles as that man. In India Seth is a title which is given to super-rich people. He was called Sir Seth, not just ordinary Seth, Seth of the Seths: Sir Seth means above the head, the chief. And he was the only man who has ever been called Sir Seth in the whole of history.
And he had so many titles .... When you saw his letterhead, you could not believe it: Sir Seth, Raoraja Sir, knight and whatnot; everything was there. And he had a huge palace, but so full of junk -- precious junk, but junk after all, is junk. Everything that came into the market anywhere in the world was immediately purchased, and things went on gathering in his palace.

He asked me, "How do you like it?"
I said, "I just wonder if I can get out of this palace alive, because there is no space to live in this place. You cannot move!" I took him to my bedroom, that was his best room. I said, "You just look -- you move anywhere and you stumble into something." All models of television, all models of radio were there, and I said, "Television has not come to Indore yet -- why possess these sets?"
He said, "That is my order to all of my offices around the world: anything new, purchase immediately for the palace." Useless models of television sets ... I said to him, "One day I would like to go around your whole palace with you, because if this is the situation of the guest house, I would like to know what the situation of the host is. It must be worse." And it was.

This guest house was a small house in the garden; between the garden and the palace there were beautiful fountains and trees and lawns, and then his palace. The first floor was full of horses! I said, "My God! Do you like riding?"
He said, "No."
I said, "Then what are these horses doing here?" -- and such beautiful horses I have never seen.
He said, "Just my orders. Anywhere, any beautiful horse, immediately it has to be purchased." Rare horses I have seen but nothing to be compared to Sir Hukumchand's horses. Then elephants in one corner; in another corner, camels -- and they stink!
I said, "Sir Seth, you must be going crazy with all this stink."

He said, "No; in fact I have become so accustomed to it I don't go anywhere because I can't sleep without this fragrance."
He had to feel that in the whole world he was the only man -- that was his liking. He wanted, in everything, to be at the top. He had one Rolls Royce made of solid gold; it is still there. It was useless because he was afraid to take it out -- it was dangerous. It was too costly -- all solid gold, completely; even the mechanism inside was solid gold. It never moved, it simply remained in a showcase.
I said, "What is the point?"
He said, "The point is that I am the only person in the whole world ...."
I said, "That is very easy, it can be done in a very simple way. Just shave half your hair, and you will be the only man in the whole world with half the head shaved. Why waste so much money? Just cut half of your moustache and you will be a walking exhibition. This car is stuck here -- people have come to see it. They will not need to come anymore. You go to the temple, you go to the office; wherever you will go, your half-moustache will declare that you are the only man in the whole world ....
The palace was three-storied -- not even space to go into the rooms which were fully packed with strange things; even he had no idea what they were, but they had been purchased because they had come new in the market.
I told him, "Sir Seth, your palace represents exactly the mind of people. You have money so you can fill your palace with all kinds of junk. People don't have that much money so they fill their minds -- that is cheaper -- with all kinds of junk."

And politicians particularly do this because the politician has to deal with the lowest mob. He has to descend to the lowest, only then can he communicate. And slowly slowly he becomes that person -- retarded, mediocre, having a mob psychology. You become that which you go on practicing continuously.

You ask me, "Do politicians have brains?"

I can only say what I have experienced and seen. Certainly the question will arise, because if I say they don't have any brains then how do they go on working? They go on working just like computers, just like robots. They go on working, not intelligently, but mechanically.

Two thousand years of history we know clearly, with evidence. One thing comes out absolutely clearly, that all political leaders have functioned mechanically. That's why history is repeated -- because of the mechanical behavior of the politicians. It is the same wheel that goes on moving: the same ambition, the same desire, the same strategy, the same tricks, the same exploitations -- and the same results. But now the game has come to a point where either the game has to finish or humanity has to be ready to commit suicide.

The game is not so precious, the game is just worthless. Humanity cannot be sacrificed to the political game. Human individuals should start declaring that the earth is one, the whole of humanity is one; that we don't want any nations, we don't want this dirty politics; that we don't see any problem, why Russia should be against America, or America be against Russia.

The Russian people are as innocent and simple as Americans. It is just the topmost politicians who cannot let

you relax, because your relaxation is their death. They want you to remain continuously tense, afraid, so that they go on playing the game that "the war is coming and we have to prepare for it."

I want my people to declare that there is going to be no war and we are not going to be participants in it, that this war is absolute absurdity.

And it is good that politics has brought you to this logical conclusion. Without it there would be no hope of getting rid of politicians. Now there is a chance, and we should not miss it. It is so glaringly clear that it is a question of either/or.

Either the politicians remain or humanity remains.

And this is where politicians themselves have dragged us. They cannot back out, there is no way back. Life only goes on forwards, never backwards. And they are all pushing towards war -- reluctantly, afraid, because they are going to be killed in it themselves.

It is time that consciousness be raised, that people be made alert and aware that the question is no longer of communism or democracy, Russia or America; the question is politics, or religion. And when I say religion I don't mean religions. When I say religion I mean religiousness.

The religions are all fictitious.

Just the other day I was talking to you about three fools visiting at the birth of Jesus Christ, coming from the East to touch his feet. But the story is so fictitious that I would like you to be reminded of one thing: what led them to the place where Jesus was born, in an unknown corner of Bethlehem, in a stable?

The story says that a great star led the way. They followed the star and then the star stopped, just on top of the stable, so they knew Jesus was there, and they went in. This star makes the whole thing clearly fictitious, because stars don't move in a direct line. They don't move in any other way than in orbit; every star moves in a circle.

And the stars are so far away that it would be very difficult to decide which stable the star was above! They are millions and millions of miles away. The distance is so great ... but the story sounds as if the star was just sitting on the roof of the stable; only then would it have been possible. But do you know, stars are very huge, they cannot come that low; otherwise the whole earth would be destroyed, with Jesus Christ included.

Our sun is a star. It is sixty thousand times bigger than this earth -- and this sun is a very mediocre star. There are stars which you see in the sky which are millions of times bigger than our sun.

Now, a star leading the way seems almost like somebody holding a torch ahead, or a lamp, and then coming to the stable and telling them, "This is the stable." Stars can't do that. They cannot move out of their orbit -- even for Jesus Christ they won't do it.

But all religions are fictitious.

Just as there are science fictions there are religious fictions. All holy scriptures are religious fictions, and not of first grade quality. In fact, they cannot be counted as great literature -- only fragments are great.

For example, in the whole of the Old Testament, just one small piece can be counted as literature, all else is rubbish. That small piece is "The Song of Solomon," which Jews

don't even want to talk about -- and that is the only important thing in their whole scripture! But they want to ignore it for the simple reason that Solomon certainly seems to be a wise man, certainly a religious man; a man of tremendous sensibility, aesthetic, moral; a man who knows what beauty is, what poetry is.

Except for that small piece, everything else is only worth burning. In the New Testament, just a small piece, "The Sermon on the Mount," is enough for Jesus to be counted as a man of some worth. All else is just written for the mob. The same is true about other religions.

So when I say religion I simply mean the religious consciousness: a certain quality -- not a certain dogma, not a creed, not a cult, not something organized but something felt deep in the heart, something closer to when you see in the morning a beautiful sunrise .... You feel something, something is stirred in you. You cannot express it, you cannot tell anybody what you are feeling. All you can do is, you can hold the other person, and with your finger you can show the sunrise without saying a single word.

If the man has any aesthetic sense, any sensibility, he may be able to feel it; otherwise there is no way. You cannot argue, you cannot make a statement, you cannot do a commentary. You can only point it out ... fingers pointing to the moon.

All religious sages have only pointed to the moon. And all organized religions have caught hold of the fingers, forgotten all about the moon, and are worshiping the fingers. Now, the fingers are not the moon -- they never were.

In Kashmir there is one hair of Hazrat Mohammed which is worshipped. A few years ago, the hair was stolen. Now there was great turmoil; riots happened, because certainly some Hindu must have stolen it. Many people were killed, many houses were burned, many temples destroyed, many mosques were burned. And after three days the hair was found back in its place. I know for certain it is not the same hair.

But what difference does it make? To the idiots ... who knows whether the first hair was of Hazrat Mohammed or not? And even if it was of Hazrat Mohammed, what does it matter?

In Kandi in Ceylon there is a huge temple, one of the most important in Ceylon -- important because it has one too of Gautam Buddha. I have been to Kandi. The tooth is not of Gautam Buddha, for the simple reason that it is not a human tooth at all! It is so big -- and I got it confirmed from people who understand animals, man. I had taken a vet with me. He said, "It is certainly of some animal; it cannot be of a man in any way."

And now it is confirmed by other sources also that it is from some animal. But it makes no difference; every year the festival continues, millions of Buddhists go on worshipping.

Organized religion clings to fingers.

Fingers are not in the moon.

If you really want to see the moon you will have to forget the fingers completely; otherwise fingers will come in between you and the moon. They have to be ignored. They have done their work, they have indicated; say goodbye to them.

Religious consciousness is a receptivity, a vulnerability to the existence that surrounds you, so alive that if you are open, its living vibes start moving within you, dancing within you. It is so full of joy -- just you are closed. It is overflowing with bliss -- just you are not there to receive it. Religious consciousness means receptivity to the joy the universe is made of.
Yes, that is the stuff the universe is made of.
Any intelligent person is of necessity going to be religious. Politics is only for idiots. Its day is finished. We have to begin a new history in which there will be no place for politics. We want to get rid of all this retardedness, this mediocrity. We want the earth to become really the very cream of the whole universe. It can become, it has the potential. Unfortunately we have not used it. But the time has come -- and I am preparing you to use it.

From Darkness to Light

Chapter #29
Chapter title: History repeats itself, unfortunately
30 March 1985 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
AMERICA HAS BEEN LIKENED TO ROME PRIOR TO ITS FALL. IS IT APPROPRIATE TO SEE THE FALL OF THESE TWO POWERS AS BEING CONNECTED TO THE PREDOMINANCE OF CHRISTIANITY AT THE TIME?

History has moved, up to now, in circles. That is what is meant when it is said that history repeats itself. It need not be so, it should not be so, but unfortunately it has been so up to now.

There is a certain law behind this phenomenon of history moving in circles. I call it the law of mediocrity, because anybody who has any intelligence could have seen that we have been making the same kind of mistakes again and again and again. The mistakes are the same, the situations are the same. It is unbelievable how mediocre the human mind is.

First let me explain to you the law of mediocrity. I have said to you that religion comes into existence only when a society reaches the peaks of luxury.

Religion is the ultimate expression of all luxuries.

It is simple to understand and obvious. There are physical needs which should be fulfilled first, because without the body the soul may melt and merge into the cosmos, but it cannot live on the earth.

Jesus says man cannot live by bread alone. This is only half of the truth -- and remember, half-truths are more dangerous than complete lies. At least they are complete, and because they are lies, sooner or later they will be found out. But the half-truth is dangerous because in the first place it is half, and truth cannot be half, just as a circle cannot be half.

You cannot say, "This is a half-circle." Circle means complete. If it is half then it is only an arc, not a circle; it is just part of a circle. It will only be a circle when it is complete. The half-truth is dangerous in the first place because the truth can only be when it is total, whole, it

cannot be half. But because it pretends to be the truth, you will not be able to detect it as a lie either.
The half-truth has some fragment, it may be an arc only, but still it is part of the circle. It is not a circle but it is part of a circle. In some way it is a fragment of truth. That fragmentariness is very deceptive. You can go on believing in it for centuries.
Jesus says, man cannot live by bread alone. It is a half-truth. It will be whole only when the other half is also added to it. Yes, it is true man cannot live by bread alone, but it is even more true that man cannot live without bread either. In fact, man may be able to live without music, art, religion, literature, science, but man cannot live without bread. Bread is a basic necessity.
So when the physical needs are not fulfilled no great music is born, no great literature is born, no poetry is written. Hungry stomachs don't produce poetry. Dying bodies cannot dance. So when the society is poor and its basic needs are not fulfilled, there is no possibility of an authentic religion. Yes, there will be something in the name of religion, but that religion will be a religion not of affluence, of overflowing ecstasies; it will be a religion of the beggar.
You can look at poor countries: their religion consists of demands, their prayers consist of asking God, "Give us this, give us that. Give us our daily bread." Their rituals are continuously to persuade God about something or other. Perhaps the rains have not come and they will do some religious ritual. Or perhaps too much rain is there and it has to be stopped; they have to pray to God. One thing is certain: whatever they do in the name of religion is

concerned with their physical needs. God is just a father figure, and they believe that the father will help them in times of need.

Poor societies, civilizations, cultures, have a very poor religion too. It is a kind of compensation. What they are missing here they project onto heaven.

Look at the ancient scriptures: they say that in heaven there will never be starvation. Those people must have been starving, whoever has written that must be starving. We don't know who wrote that but this can be said absolutely, that he was starving, his society was starving, and they were trying to find some consolation: "It is only a question of a few years; they will pass. In heaven there is no starvation, nobody will be sleeping hungry."

All the religions in their scriptures provide things in heaven which are being missed here: beautiful palaces -- and to people who don't have even grass huts or bamboo huts, to these poor people they are giving the hope of marble palaces in heaven! You can see the simple strategy. They are giving them dreams. And all poor societies have lived out of those dreams; hoping, hoping, hoping -- and then death comes. And nobody knows what happens after death; nobody comes back, so the others continue to hope.

In Indian scriptures heaven is air-conditioned. The word is not used because the word was not available at that time. Air-conditioning is a new phenomenon, and this is the first ashram in the whole history of man which is air-conditioned. In a centrally air-conditioned ashram three thousand sannyasins have never lived before! But air-conditioning was in the mind ....

In a hot country like India, where people die from sunstroke every year, hundreds of people, a hope was needed that in heaven it would always be cool, neither hot nor cold -- because the poor person suffers from both. When it is too hot he suffers because he has no protection, no shelter; when it is too cold he suffers because he has no clothes, no shelter. Cool, just the morning cool when the sun rises, and there is no heat ... in heaven it is always sunrise time. It never becomes noon, evening, no; the sun is simply hung there for eternity and cool air continues to blow.

There is no dust in heaven, obviously. If you have lived in India you will know -- in heaven, if there there is also dust, then what is the point of the religion and all the practices and all the prayers? No perspiration .... You can see the psychological strategy. In India everybody is perspiring the whole day, it is so hot. They have to compensated there, they have suffered enough here. So their heaven has to be just the opposite of here.

Poor people, poor countries, have a very bogus religion. It is not religion, it is a psychological compensation. It is selling dreams to hungry people, just trying to convince them: Don't be worried; blessed are the poor for they shall inherit the kingdom of God.

Jesus gives no argument why the poor are blessed. It is strange that nobody ever asked this man, "What

qualifications does poverty fulfill? It must be fulfilling some qualifications. As we see it, it is just the opposite: cursed are the poor. Who says blessed are the poor? They are condemned and cursed -- these are actual facts. To

cover it up, just the opposite is proposed: blessed are the poor."

Why did nobody ask the simple question, "What are the reasons that you call the poor blessed? -- because we see all the blessings are with the people who are rich." And Jesus says that "even a camel can pass through the eye of a needle but a rich man cannot enter into the kingdom of my God." Naturally, the rich people were very few, and they were not even bothered about this carpenter's son -- uneducated, illiterate. Jesus was trying to convince the ninety-nine percent of the people, who were poor.

It was worth sacrificing the one percent. To make his statement "blessed are the poor," he has also to make another statement, "cursed are the rich." What greater curse can there be than not to be able to enter into the kingdom of God? What more punishment can there be? They will be falling into hell for eternity.

At least Eastern religions have some arithmetic; Christianity has none. Eastern religions have some logic; Christianity has none. Eastern religions believe that you have thousands of lives. Naturally, when you live millions of years you can commit an immense number of sins. But still the Eastern hell is not eternal. They say you will suffer in hell to the degree that you have committed sins. Once your sins have been punished and your punishment is equal to your sins, you will be released.

In Christianity there is only one life; seventy years, eighty years, ninety years, a hundred years. In a hundred years' time how can you commit so many sins that the punishment will be eternal? Do you see that Christianity lacks all arithmetic?

But Jesus was not interested in, nor was he capable of giving, a logical, rational explanation. He was exploiting people through their emotions, their sentiments.
The poor were happy to hear that they were blessed. They felt proud of being poor. Why should they inquire: "What qualifications do we have which make us blessed?" They were afraid themselves; if Jesus could not prove his statement then all their hope was lost. So the poor would not ask. And the rich people never came to listen to him, they never bothered about him; he was nobody, a nonentity. The poor were happy that they were blessed and the rich were cursed.
So it is only a question of waiting a few years, not even a few lives. In the Eastern religions you will have to wait thousands of lives. In Christianity one life is all, so it is only a question of a few years. You have already passed so many; you will pass others also and then will come the day of compensation, which Jesus calls the day of judgment. It is really the day of compensation.
The poor will enter heaven and the rich will be thrown into the depths of hell. I call it the day of compensation. The rich have enjoyed enough, now it is time for them to suffer. It is strange why enjoyment ... is it a sin? -- that you have to suffer for it? Is suffering a virtue? -- that you will be blessed because you suffered? Then the natural conclusion is: suffer more, be miserable more. The more miserable, the more anguish, the more you will be blessed.
In fact I sometimes have been thinking that there are so many poor people, who will be first in the queue? It is going to be almost impossible to decide who is the poorest. Ethiopians I think are going to defeat everybody.

Americans are going to hell without question; they need not wait for the judgment day -- I give the judgment. They are bound towards hell. Ethiopians are really blessed ... according to Christianity.

These religions are just exploiting people, giving them dreams and hopes. And because you give them dreams and hopes you become messiahs, prophets. You gain out of it. You give them empty dreams -- and they make you great leaders of humanity.

The law is: when a country is poor, its religion is false. Its real need is material. A poor country needs science and technology. So whatever is said on the surface is one thing, but a poor country goes on trying to become rich. In India you can see that.

People from all over the world were coming to me, but the number of Indians coming was very small. Once in a while an Indian was puzzled, and he would ask me, "What is happening? People from all over the world are coming to you, and Indians ...?"

I would say, "Once in a while they also come, but their needs are different. They come here to get some financial help from me or from my followers; some recommendations because they want to go for studies to England, to America, to Germany. They want to become engineers, doctors, professors. They were not coming to me for meditation."

Just the other day I received a letter -- and I receive letters almost every day -- from a famous Indian film actor, Shashi Kapoor. He had come to see me for ten minutes, one time only, in 1970. After that I remained in Bombay ... where he lives and has his studio and produces his films; he is one of

the topmost film people in India. After that I lived for four years in Bombay -- he never came back. For seven years I lived in Poona; he never came to see me -- and he was always coming to Poona to shoot his films.

On the contrary, he was telling people everything possible against me. I came to know it because he was working as the hero in Hermann Hesse's novel SIDDHARTHA, which was being made into a film. Some English producer wanted to see me, and Shashi Kapoor was his hero. Kapoor discouraged him; he said, "There is no need. This man was really "Bhagwan, the blessed one" before he was known as Bhagwan. Since he became known as Bhagwan and he has not denied it, he has fallen. He is no longer in the same state of consciousness."

So he was very much against me being called Bhagwan. He wanted me to make a public statement that I am not what people think I am. It was really a dilemma for me. I can say that, but it will be a lie. I don't want anybody to call me anything, but specifically to say that I am not the blessed one would be to lie. And that I cannot do.

Yesterday I received his letter. He is now in great financial trouble; four million dollars he needs. Now he remembers me. This was the situation in India, this is the situation here. Now he is immensely interested -- but the interest is not in me, the interest is in four million dollars. Now he knows that this is one of the richest communes in the world. We have already poured into this Big Muddy Ranch almost two hundred million dollars, so naturally he can think that four million dollars is nothing for us.

But to approach me for finances is idiotic. I don't possess anything, I am the poorest man. In fact, if blessed are the

poor, then the Ethiopians should remember I will be first in the queue, because howsoever poor they may be they must possess something. I don't possess anything. I simply use things, I don't possess them. You cannot find another man as poor as me.

For almost thirty years I have not had any pockets because there is nothing to keep; I told my tailors, "Drop the pockets, because unnecessarily some pickpocket may follow and waste his time -- he would finally find an empty pocket, because I don't have anything. I don't need pockets even to keep my hands in, because if I keep my hands in the pockets then I cannot talk. Pockets are absolutely useless. "So for thirty years I have not been having any pockets. I don't possess a single cent.

But the Indians are poor. Their religion today -- I am not talking about their past -- is a poor religion. They go to the temple to ask God for something. And whenever you go to the temple or the church to ask, that's an indication of a false religion. Whenever you go to the temple to give something then it is the sign of a real religion.

The authentic religion has nothing to ask.

It has much to share, much to give.

To understand the law of mediocrity you will have to see this. The poor country remains interested in science, technology, engineering, medicine; and of course if it continues to remain interested in these things sooner or later it will become rich. When it becomes rich then of course its interest changes; it starts thinking of painting, of music, of art, of literature, of poetry. If it goes on becoming richer, which is a simple process ... once you know how to be rich then you go on becoming richer and richer. Money

goes on attracting more money, money goes on producing more money.

It is something autonomous: once the wheel starts moving then it goes on moving of its own accord. When you are satisfied with all the pleasures of the body, then certainly your psychological needs are there which can be fulfilled by music, art, dance, drama, literature, sculpture. Soon they are also satisfied, because these are limited needs. The body has a limitation, its pleasures are very few: food and sex. How much can you eat? And you cannot eat gold, you cannot eat diamonds -- what a shame! You have gold, you have diamonds -- all these beautiful things and you cannot eat them.

You can have sex, but there again is the trouble: there is a limitation. By the time a man becomes rich he becomes impotent -- or almost impotent, which is even worse. If you are really impotent you are finished with it, and you know it. But if you are almost impotent then you mind goes on thinking of it, trying to find some panacea, some doctor, some plastic surgeon -- a Leeladhar; some hope that something can be done ... some injections, some hormones. You are in real misery.

But even if you don't become impotent by the time you become rich, or perhaps you are born rich with a silver spoon in your mouth .... This idea of a silver spoon in the mouth must have arisen in a poor country; otherwise, why not a golden spoon in the mouth? Why say silver spoon? It must have arisen in a very middle class society where silver is something very valuable. Why not a diamond-studded spoon? Your proverbs, your words -- everything has a history and a psychology behind it.

If you are born rich then there are even more problems, because then you can have as many relationships with as many women as you want. And that is one of the calamities that can happen to a man. Monogamy is really something very protective, protective of your dreams, hopes; protective of your flights of imagination. Stuck with one woman you are certainly fed up with her, she is fed up with you. But both are free in their imaginations and both can enjoy, in imagination, other men, other women. Both can go on thinking, "that man, that woman, is a real beauty." Once can never think of one's wife as a beauty. When Mulla Nasruddin got married .... Among Mohammedans this is a tradition: as the wife enters the husband's house the first thing she asks the husband is -- because Mohammedan women use burga, a black veil on their face .... You cannot see them, they just have two small holes in their veil so they can see. You cannot see them.

The tradition is that the woman asks her husband the first thing, "Before whom am I allowed to open my veil?" The husband's permission is needed. So he tells her, "Before my father, or before my brother, or before my uncle -- these are the people before whom you can open your veil, there's no problem. Except for these people you have always to keep yourself veiled."

Mulla Nasruddin's wife asked him. He said, "It is very simple: except for me you can open you veil to anybody. Just forgive me -- anyway, in the daytime I will never be home. And in the night I cannot see, it is dark; moreover, my eyesight is not right. But in the day, if by chance I have to come home, please, don't open your veil."

You are not interested in anything that you have got, your interest is only until you get it. In fact, it is an egoistic trip, a challenge. In monogamy, every other woman is a challenge to you, every other man is a challenge to you. You cannot get them, and they look so beautiful, so smiling, so happy, that when you compare them with your wife who is always nagging and is always bothering you for this and for that ....

When you compare these beautiful women on the beach, smiling in the wind, in the sun, you feel so sad. But you don't know that these women's husbands are also in the same trap. These women on the beach turn into bitches when they go home -- these same women.

So monogamy is really very protective, it keeps your interest alive. Men remain alive thinking of women, women remain alive thinking of men. All poetry, pornography, novels, films, are filled with only one thing: the love story, because that is the only thing that is missing -- everybody is missing it. At least in the story you can have a certain satisfaction. You can get identified with the actors, with the characters, and forget your personal misery for two hours while you are looking at a movie, sitting in a moviehouse.

If you are rich enough you can have as many women, as many men, as you want -- and that is the tragedy. When you come in contact with many women, you are surprised that it is the same woman again and again and again. She comes in all shapes, all sizes, but it is the same woman -- just scratch a little bit and you find the same woman again. And the same is true about men.

They may look different, but that is only the container. Containers can be different, just like American cars --

Cadillac, Lincoln. Just the containers are different, the content is absolutely the same. Under the bonnet ... don't look. I have never looked under the bonnet and I am not going to look, ever; why unnecessarily kill your dreams? It is murderous.

I never go to the garage. Avesh is waiting -- he is the director of my garage; he is waiting. I am not going to come, because to see under the bonnet is so disappointing. But when you are rich you open so many bonnets ... and it is nobody's fault, it is just that you have money enough so you can open many bonnets; and under the bonnet it is always the same mechanism.

You get fed up with food, with sex. You start looking for something higher. That's when you start moving into higher dimensions, psychological satisfactions. The physical world is finished; now you would like Beethoven, Leonardo da Vinci, Dante, Shakespeare, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy. Then many dimensions open.

Of course the psychological world is wider than the the physical, but it is not unlimited; soon that is finished too. Soon you know all the best music, all the best literature, all the best art: then what? That is the point when real religion enters life -- the spiritual need.

The real religion happens only in a very luxurious, rich, affluent society. Now, I can explain to you the law of mediocrity.

When somebody becomes interested in religion, really involved and committed to a search for truth, for some experience of consciousness, he realizes that he wasted his whole life unnecessarily in food and sex, in music and in literature; it was all a waste. He could have been in this

ecstasy for all that time. He starts condemning. He condemns food, he condemns sex, he condemns music, he condemns literature, he condemns every body and mind need. And these are the topmost people, the geniuses of society, who have reached to religious consciousness. When they all start condemning, the circle starts moving downwards.

The society listens to them -- and they are evidence of what they are saying. Everybody is miserable and they are not; everybody is in suffering and they are so blissful. There is no need for any other argument; they are their argument.

It happened ... one of the most famous logicians of this century in India was Keshav Chandra Sen. He was really the same type of man as Bertrand Russell and Ludwig Wittgenstein, men who could go to any depth arguing. Ramakrishna was at his highest peak of samadhi, superconsciousness. Keshav Chandra said, "I will go and put that old idiot ...." Ramakrishna was illiterate and keshav Chandra was world famous, everywhere recognized as one of the finest logicians who had ever existed.

It was a challenge, because people were going to Ramakrishna -- they both lived in Calcutta; the whole of Calcutta was moving towards Ramakrishna, and nobody was coming to Keshav Chandra. This was a great challenge. He informed Ramakrishna, "I want to argue with you, because I can prove there is no God, I can prove there is no heaven, I can prove there is no superconsciousness, I can prove there is no soul; it is all nonsense and you are exploiting people. And if you cannot prove them, then you will have to become my disciple. If you do, I will become your disciple."

Ramakrishna's disciples were very worried and concerned. Ramakrishna was a simple man, innocent, childlike; so childlike that even in the middle of the street, if somebody uttered the name of God, he would go into ecstasy, he would start dancing there in the middle of the road. The whole traffic would be blocked. The policeman would come and say, "Paramahansa Deva, please, this is the road ...." But he was such a simple man, so innocent, loved by everybody.

All his disciples were very much afraid -- it was difficult to face Keshav Chandra. What would Ramakrishna do? What would he argue? He had never given any argument for anything. But Ramakrishna was very happy; he said, "Tell him to come tomorrow, or come right now. Why wait?"

Keshav Chandra came with all his great logician disciples to show them how he could dismantle this old idiot who was dominating the whole of Bengal and had become the topmost religious leader in the country. Many people from Calcutta came just to see what was going to happen because it was a rare occasion. Perhaps never before had it happened that a man of the quality of Ramakrishna and a man of the qualities of Keshav Chandra, argued.

Ramakrishna, seeing Keshav Chandra, ran and hugged him. That was enough to make keshav Chandra embarrassed; he was not expecting that. When Ramakrishna said, "I am so happy -- so you have come to defeat me? Great! Nobody comes .... At least you thought of me, so kind of you -- just come and defeat me."

"But," Keshav Chandra said, "how to defeat you? First give some argument."

Ramakrishna said, "Argument? I am the argument. You defeat ME."

There was absolute silence in the crowd. Keshav Chandra looked silly. He had never thought that a man would say, "I am the argument, you defeat me." But Keshav Chandra was also a sincere man, not just a poor logician. He looked into the eyes of Ramakrishna and fell at his feet. And he said, "I am defeated if you are the argument. And certainly you are the argument, I can see it."

When a religious man is there his presence creates a climate.

And when there are many religious people, the whole country is vibrant with their being.

They all, up to now, have been condemning everything that has really led them to their state of consciousness. So when all the religious leaders of a country condemn materialism, attachment to body, attachment to this, attachment to that, and start teaching people tastelessness, celibacy, the country starts shrinking. It stops being creative. It drops its sciences, its technology. It starts following these great religious people, not knowing that you cannot follow them. You are destroying the very ladder they have climbed up on!

And it is very easy for them, standing on the roof, to tell you, "Destroy this ladder, it is useless. It wasted so much of our time. On each rung of the ladder we wasted our life. Just burn it." It is so easy from the roof. And these poor idiots burn the ladder and destroy the very basis upon which religion becomes authentic. The country starts becoming poor again. Civilization disappears, culture disappears.

This is the circle, the vicious circle. The country will continue to become poorer and poorer and poorer and poorer, till the very last, when poverty means death. One more step into poverty and there will be death. It is at that moment -- but it takes centuries to reach that state. And by that time all those dwellers on the roof have disappeared. Nobody is there to condemn. They start again from the very ABC: technology, science, wealth, how to be rich. The circle moves again.

This is the circle -- I call it the law of mediocrity.

Poor countries go on trying to become richer; richer countries start becoming poor.

This has been the case up to now. History has moved in circles. It should move in a line. It should be linear, not circular. When it is linear then it cannot be repeated, then you go on and on. But that needs intelligence; to break out of this law of mediocrity you need intelligence to understand how it has been happening up to now.

The East was very rich. Then its Gautam Buddhas, Lao Tzus, Mahaviras, they condemned riches; it became poor, it became dependent on other people. Now it has reached the very depths of poverty.

Talking in India about meditation I have felt as if I am committing a crime. People are hungry and they ask me, "If we do meditation will our financial situation become better?" And that's what Maharishi Mahesh Yogi goes on telling them. These charlatans have some nerve! Maharishi Mahesh Yogi teaches people that his transcendental meditation will make them prosperous in all possible ways: materially, spiritually, psychologically. Whatever your need is, he has the panacea.

I cannot say that, that meditation will fulfill your physical needs. It is impossible for me to cheat in such a way. So even in India, while I was traveling, I was speaking only to the very rich people. I was condemned as the rich man's guru. I said, "This is not a condemnation, this is really the fact. I am the rich man's guru because only the rich man can understand what I am trying to say, to convey.

"The poor man has needs, I know. But what I can offer to him will not meet his needs. I am not for him. Mother Teresa is for him, I am not for him. What can I do if I deal in some higher things? I don't own a grocery store. I cannot give you anything less than ultimate consciousness. But for that you have to be hungry -- and you are not hungry for that. I have something to offer to you; but you are not ready to receive it, so it is not my fault."

Naturally, people from all over the world started coming to me, but these were all from rich countries, rich cultures, well-educated, very intelligent people, young people. To them I could convey. Something was possible now; they were ready, they were open, they were finished with the marketplace, the pleasures of the body and the pleasures of the mind. They had had enough of it. They were at a point that if something else was not possible then only suicide was the way to get rid of this whole nonsense called life.

Sannyas is possible only when you are ready to commit suicide -- only at that critical moment, when nothing else matters.

The old life is finished.

Unless a new life begins -- you are not going to continue to live in the old pattern -- you will finish yourself.

This is the moment when a man becomes a sannyasin.

Your question is that Rome, its civilization, its great culture, suddenly fell and disappeared, leaving only beautiful ruins. It happened at a time when Christianity was at its peak and Rome had become the citadel of Christianity. Yes, Christianity is responsible for Rome's fall. You will have to understand a few things.

Roman people were pagans, they had never been religious. They had never been interested in airy-fairy things, they were not esoteric at all; very earthbound, very earthly people, solid. Christianity condemned them, condemned their paganism, condemned their life of "eat, drink and be merry." That was their whole religion in three words -- the simplest religion in the world. You cannot make a more condensed catechism than this: Eat, drink, be merry. That is the whole Roman philosophy.

Christianity condemned them, condemned them so much that they stopped being pagans and started becoming religious. They dropped their old way of living joyously, luxuriously. They dropped being warriors, they dropped being imperialists; they dropped expanding, they started shrinking.

When they became Christians they started believing, "Blessed are the poor." And they wanted to get through the doors of heaven, so they started becoming poor. First psychologically you start shrinking, and then outwardly you start shrinking.

There was a time when all roads led to Rome, Rome was the world capital. Now Rome does not matter at all: whether it exists at all or not will not make any difference. Who bothers about Rome now? This is what Christianity has done to the Roman empire, culture, civilization, just

with the condemnation of their material life, the condemnation of Zorba -- and the Roman people were just Zorbas.

The trouble is that just by condemning the Zorba you cannot transform people into Buddhas. If you condemn them as being Zorbas then you simply destroy them. You are not a help, you are simply poisoning them. The Zorba has to be made into the foundation for the Buddha. Don't condemn the foundation; otherwise the whole edifice will become impossible. Christians committed the crime, and Rome suffered.

The same is the situation of America today. It is at the peak of its wealth, scientific knowledge, technological expertise -- and it is getting caught in the hands of the Christians. Christians have never been so powerful in America as they are today.

Americans should learn a lesson from Rome; otherwise history will be repeated and the law of mediocrity will go on functioning; but I don't think Americans are going to listen.

The American president, Ronald Reagan, is a fanatic Christian, and is trying in every possible way to make the country as Christian oriented as possible. In fact he thinks that Christianity is the only answer to communism. He is wrong.

Christianity is not the answer to communism.

In fact, communism is a by-product of Christianity.

It is that idiotic statement, "Blessed are the poor," which is the base of the whole communist philosophy.

But Ronald Reagan is not a man of intelligence. He was just a poor, third-class, cowboy-film actor. I have not seen

a single statement from him which seems to be coming from an intelligent source. His going to the Vatican, his meeting with the pope ... and he is continually talking about religion and Christianity and Christ. His idea is that you don't have anything parallel to the ideology of communism to use against Russia. Democracy is not such a strong thing that it can make anybody fanatic.

Have you seen any fanatic democrat? It is a contradiction in terms. If you are a democrat you cannot be fanatic. So who is going to fight against the fanatic communist? Yes, a fanatic fascist can fight, a fanatic Christian can fight, a fanatic Mohammedan can fight. But remember one thing: it is really fanaticism that is going to fight. Communists are fanatic. They have an absolute faith that they are going to take over the world.

I had one communist friend -- he was really a great intellectual. He had written many, nearabout a hundred, books, all on the communist theme but in a very indirect way: they were novels. But through the novel he was preaching the communist theme, so indirectly that you would be influenced by the novel. The novels that he has written are first rate -- he was a first-rate creative writer -- but the result ultimately will be that he will be pulling you towards communism.

His name was Yashpal. I told him, "Yashpal, you are against all religions" -- and communism is against all religions, it is an atheist philosophy. "But the way you behave and other communists behave simply proves that communism is another religion."

He said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "I simply mean that you are as fanatic as any Mohammedan, as any Christian. You have your trinity: Marx, Engels, Lenin. You have your Mecca -- Moscow; you have your kaaba -- the Kremlin; you have your holy book -- DAS KAPITAL. And although DAS KAPITAL is now a hundred years old you are not ready to change a single word in it. In a hundred years economics has changed totally -- DAS KAPITAL is absolutely out of date."

He was ready to fight. I said, "It is not a question of fight. Even if you kill me that will not prove that you were right. That will simply prove that I was right and you could not tolerate my existence. You give me arguments." Communism has no argument.

I said to him, "Your whole philosophy is based on the idea that the whole of humanity is equal. This is psychologically wrong. The whole of psychological science says that each individual is unique. How can unique individuals be equal?"

But communism is fanatic. He stopped speaking with me, he stopped writing letters to me. I used to pass through his city, Lucknow. He always used to come to the station to see me -- he stopped coming to see me.

When many of my letters were not answered I wrote a letter to his wife. She was a very loving woman. She wrote to me saying, "You can understand -- there is no need for me to tell you that he is a fanatic. And you touched his weakest point. Even I keep myself alert not to say anything against communism. I can do anything, I can say anything against him, but I should not say anything against

communism because, "That he cannot conceive, that anybody can be against communism."
He told me once, "We are going to take over the whole world."
I said, "Your project is a very small one, this earth is very small. Why don't you join in my project?"
He said, "What is your project?"
I said, "My project is very simple. I am a man of very simple taste and very easily satisfied. I am just going to take over the universe. Why bother about a small earth which will be included in the universe? No need to be worried about it." But communism believes it is going to take over the whole earth, and almost half of the earth they have already taken.
Their fanatic attitude will create the reaction in America to become fanatically Christian. That seems to be the only alternative for Americans, but they don't know .... You can survive communism, but you cannot survive fanatic Christianity.
Just trying to save yourself from one danger your are falling into a greater danger.
I can show you the way to survive communism -- not only for you to survive communism, but for you to help the whole world to get rid of communism. it is very simple: just make people more rich. Let poverty disappear, and there will be no communism left.
Marx, in his best book, THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO, declares in the end, "Proletariat of the world, unite: you have nothing to lose but your chains; you have the whole world to gain." I am saying, if you want the world not to be

communist, let everybody have something of value to lose and he will never be a communist.
Make people richer -- and you can do it. Now there is no difficulty. If you divert your attention from fighting with communism, and pour your energies into making people richer and richer, the whole country will become rich, so rich that even the iron curtain of Russia cannot prevent the people of Russia from seeing what is happening in America. They are poor; it just has to be made clear to them that the only way to be rich is capitalism -- and the only way to remain forever poor is communism.
Christianity cannot do that -- only capitalism.
Christianity will kill you; before communism kills you, Christianity will kill you. Christianity is really the father of communism. Trying to save yourself from the son, you are getting into the clutches of the father, who is far more dangerous, who has destroyed many civilizations before.
But I doubt that any intelligent thing is going to be heard. The circle seems to be repeating itself. We have to be just helpless spectators because these idiots will not hear; even if they hear they will not understand; even if they understand, they will not follow it.
It is such a strange situation. In Russia I am thought to be an American agent sabotaging communism in the name of religion. In America they think I am certainly a communist, and by creating a commune I am creating the basis for communism -- "communism" comes from "commune." The original idea in Marx's mind was of a commune.
Because of the commune and the red robes .... Just two days ago one of our Australian communes tried to purchase a holiday resort there. It has a huge building, and they

wanted to make it a school for sannyasin children -- it could manage at least one hundred and fifty children -- and the resort could become a beautiful commune. The commune is in the city but they wanted to move out and to spread.

The fear went all over Australia. The whole media -- television, the newspapers -- was full of the same fear. Just as we have heard here that we are going to take over Wasco County .... I am sitting here, and they are saying in Australia that I am planning to come to Australia and we will try to take over. Already there are posters in Australia: Better dead than red. Strange, that red color seems to have become the monopoly of the communists.

Communists think that I am against them; capitalists think that I am against them ... sometimes I wonder, am I against myself?

But if there is even a little bit of intelligence in America then it is time to stop now; otherwise, the country is going to have the same fate as that of Rome and Roman civilization.

In these last ten years all the decisions of the Supreme Court of America have become more and more favorable to the government against individual freedom. They have been more protective in these ten years; it was not the case before. Before, ten years ago, the Supreme Court of America was really a fair institution, and it was protecting the individual -- who is helpless against the state, against the government.

The individual has to be protected. His freedom of speech, his freedom of thinking, his freedom of living, have to be protected. The Supreme Court exists for that; otherwise the

state, the monster of state, can simply destroy your freedom, your democracy, your individuality. It is just a steamroller, it can go on killing you.

But in these ten years there has been a trend continuously towards the Supreme Court supporting the government against the individual. And particularly at this moment they are supporting the government too much, for a simple reason: five Supreme Court judges out of nine are going to retire this year. It is a rare thing. The people who made the constitution had never thought about this. They had provided in the constitution that the Supreme Court judges will be appointed by the president -- and for their whole lifetime, so they are not under any pressure.

Once they are appointed, even the president cannot do anything to them. And they should not be elected, because elections mean politicians. They should not come through bureaucracy, just by seniority, because seniority means by the time a person becomes senior enough he is also senile enough. To become a judge of the Supreme Court, if he has to move from the lower courts to higher courts, state courts, state Supreme Court, then by the time he reaches he is bound to be sixty, sixty-five, almost senile.

That's how it happens in India: Supreme Court judges there are almost senile. One of my friends became the Supreme Court chief justice. He was first chief justice of the Madhya Pradesh Supreme Court; Hidayatolla was his name, a Mohammedan. We became friends in a very strange way. I used to organize a world religious conference every year while I was in Jabalpur. I invited prominent intellectuals from all over the country. Hidayatolla was a very cultured man and he had just come to Jabalpur as the chief justice of

the Supreme Court, so I phoned him and asked him for an appointment.
I invited him to preside over the conference at least one day. "The conference is going to be for seven days and there will be seven presidents; one day you preside, any day you choose, whenever you are free."
He said, "I would love to, but the problem is, being chief justice, I should not participate in anything public. I should not come in contact with the public, I should not become intimate with people. I should not have friends because that can put pressure on my judgment."
I said, "I don't know about your situation but I am determined to have you for one day as president."
He said, "How can you have me if I am saying no?" I said, "We will see."
Next day I told a press conference that Hidayatolla was going to be the president for the first day. And I sent one taxi with a loudspeaker, with a student in it, and told him, "The whole day you go around Hidayatolla's house declaring the same thing again and again. Unless he comes out, drive him insane."
So that student went around his house declaring, "President Hidayatolla is going to preside over the first day of the world conference of religions."
Of course he was getting .... In the newspaper he read it, on the radio he heard it. He said, "This is something!" And then this man was continuously ....
His wife told him, "You better preside. That is simple, that is not such a big deal. And these people are not going to leave you alone. You go out; otherwise they will drive the whole family mad."

He came out, and told the student, "You go and tell your professor that I will be coming, but let this be the first and the last time."

The student said, "We never ask anybody to be the president of the conference twice. We never do that, don't be worried." That's how we became friends.

Finally he became the chief justice of the Supreme Court of India, but by that time he was seventy. When I saw him in New Delhi, he could not even recognize me. I said, "Hidayatolla, you have gone really senile."

He said, "Perhaps, because I go on forgetting everything. But I have to pretend; otherwise I will lose the job; so I keep quiet. I don't say anything in case I may say something wrong. I am simply pretending, just passing time -- it is only a question of two years more. Why lose a good job, the greatest, highest salary, and the most prestigious position?" -- because he gives the oath to the president of India, so in a certain way he is higher than the president.

The American constitution decided something really very significant, that the president will appoint the judges. But history does not move according to your constitutions. They have never though of a situation where five judges will be retiring in one year. If one judge retires, eight judges are there. Even if the president puts his man in it makes no difference because those eight judges will be the majority.

But this year it is going to happen that five judges are going to be appointed by Ronald Reagan. They are all going to be Christian fanatics. And seeing this, all the judgments of the lower courts, state Supreme Courts, are going in favor of Ronald Reagan. Whatsoever he says now is right, because

now everybody is hankering to be appointed to the Supreme Court. And he will appoint only those five people who are going to support him in every way.
Now the majority in the Supreme Court will be in his hands. For the first time in American history the Supreme Court will be under the thumb of the president ... and the president is such an idiot!
He is influencing the Supreme Court continuously, and it is becoming more and more a government agency rather than a protector of individual freedom. It is no longer fair, it is no longer the same institution it used to be. America has lost one of its most beautiful things, the Supreme Court. And if the Supreme Court is in Ronald Reagan's hands, then he can enforce anything upon this country -- and he wants to enforce Christianity.
But let this be a reminder to all:
Christianity means committing suicide, and nothing else.

From Darkness to Light

Chapter #30

Chapter title: Does a flower need religion?
31 March 1985 pm in Lao Tzu Grove

Question 1
BELOVED OSHO,
DOES A PAGAN LIVING A NATURAL LIFE NEED RELIGION?

It is one of the most basic questions that can be asked. The first thing to understand is, who is a pagan? It is not what

Christians go on calling a pagan. The pagan is a natural man -- sincere, not a hypocrite, living life naturally without an domination of the mind.
The pagan is part of existence.
He is not trying to go in some other direction but is always in a let-go and moving with existence wherever it leads.
There is no goal in the life of a pagan.
There is no question of any meaning in the life of a pagan.
Life in itself is so beautiful that to ask the question of the meaning of life is simply nonsense. It has to be remembered -- we ask about meaning only when something goes wrong.
If you have a headache, you certainly inquire why; you go to the doctor to find out the cause. But when you don't have any headache, what to say about headache? -- you even forget about the head. Without the headache is there any head? There is no need even to remember it. When you are healthy you never ask the question, What is the meaning of health? Such a question only arises in the mind of a man who is not healthy.
The people who ask what is the meaning of life are the people who have missed life, who are alive because they are still breathing, their heart is still beating, their pulse is still going on; otherwise they are dead. Except for these three things there is nothing in their life. Naturally the question arises: What is the meaning?
Heart beating, breathing continuing, pulse perfectly right -- but can these three things give you any fulfillment, any joy? Can these three things be the meaning of existence, the meaning of being? This is vegetating, not living. These are

the people who ask, "What is the meaning of life?" -- because they are missing it.
The people who are really living are in love with life, in love with the small things of life, not hankering for any great things, non-ambitious.
Sipping a cup of tea is enough of a joy for them.
Just to see the sunrise is such a glory that who bothers what is the meaning of life? They enjoy their food, they enjoy their clothes, they enjoy their houses, they enjoy their gardens, they enjoy their lovers, their beloveds. They enjoy music, they enjoy poetry.
They enjoy everything that is enjoyable, with no guilt.
Joy is not a sin, and to be happy is not a crime. On the contrary, not to enjoy is a sin, not to be happy is to be a criminal, because the person who is not happy is going to do something wrong sooner or later. He is potentially on the way to crime. If he cannot be happy, he cannot allow anybody else to be happy; that is intolerable to him. He will be destructive of other people's happiness, of other people's joys. If he cannot enjoy, he is not going to allow anybody else to enjoy either. It hurts him that others are enjoying: "What is wrong with me?"
There is certainly something wrong with you. Perhaps you are a Christian, perhaps you are a Hindu -- these are diseases, and they go so deep in you, they contaminate you all the way. Your blood, your bones, your marrow -- everything becomes contaminated.
Just look at the face of Jesus. If you are a Christian you should look like Jesus, always carrying the cross, always sad, with a long face because the burden of the whole world is on his shoulders. He has to be the savior.

The savior cannot be blissful. There is so much to save, so many people are drowning, dying; so many people are committing sins -- and you are being blissful? Sitting silently doing nothing -- and the crime grows by itself! The savior cannot have any holiday. He cannot go to a holiday resort for a few days to relax and enjoy the sun and the sand and the sea. No, it is not for saviors. This is for pagans.

The pagan is never a savior, for the simple reason that if somebody wants to be miserable, it is his birthright -- let him enjoy his misery! If he is enjoying his misery who are we to interrupt? If he wants to go to hell, then who are you to prevent him? He is not preventing you from going to heaven -- you just go and take your flock with you, but leave him alone.

But saviors cannot leave people alone. That's why I say they are the most dangerous people on the earth: in the name of good they will interfere with your privacy. They won't allow you to live according to your own nature. They will force you according to their ideas of how a man should be. They have a certain mold, and they will try to fit you into that mold; and nobody is going to fit into their mold, because their mold is according to their size, their height, their weight, their shape. It is their mold -- it fits them perfectly.

But all these saviors carrying this idiotic idea that what fits them is going to fit everybody; not only is going to, has to fit. The man is for the mold, not vice versa; the mold is not for the man. The mold cannot be changed according to you; you have to change according to their mold.

Perhaps Jesus enjoyed being sad and long-faced. I have no objection to it -- it is his life. If he wants to paint it with dark and dismal colors, it is his birthright; but he cannot say to anybody that, "You cannot paint your life with such shiny, such colorful moments."

But that's what all these saviors have been doing. You have to paint your life just like a blackboard in a school. The darker it is, the happier the savior feels -- he has saved one soul who otherwise was going to fall into the world of colors and songs, into the world of beauty and love. He was going to be distracted. Now he will remain with the dark color.

It is not strange that Christian priests use black for their robes. Strange, they call those robes `habits.' I used to wonder: habit, for a robe? Then slowly I understood that really it is a habit, an idiotic habit. It is not a robe -- they are not wearing clothes -- they are habits, conditionings. That black, to them, is the color of mourning too. Why should the Christian priest be in the color of mourning? That's what he wants you all to be, continuously in mourning. That's what he calls "saving people from sin." Sin is really colorful. In the world of sin the color black does not exist ... very alive colors, smiling, laughing, roaring.

The pagan lives without any principles.

To live according to principles is not to live. To live according to principles means you have to cut much of your living according to the principle -- the principle is more important than your life itself. You have to sacrifice your life to the principle; you cannot sacrifice the principle to your life.

The pagan has nothing higher than his life.
Christians have condemned pagans; they had to condemn them because either the pagan can exist in the world, or millions of Christians -- and they have destroyed the pagans almost completely. Now there are very few pagans in the world. They too have to live a double life. Just on the surface they have to show they are Christians, they are Hindus, they are Mohammedans; and underneath, underground, they have to live life as they would have loved to live it openly.
These Christians have made the whole of humanity schizophrenic. They have divided every man in two, one thing on the surface and just the opposite underneath. And the life you live underneath you cannot enjoy fully; in fact, you feel guilty about it, you know that you are deceiving God. You know you are going against religion, you know you are not following the holy scripture.
So even those who are living something true and natural, underground of course they are not living joyously; the guilt poisons everything.
You are asking me, "Does a pagan need religion?"
I am a pagan.
I do not need religion because I am religion.
The authentic pagan has no need of religion because, whatever religion can provide, he already has it.
Religion gives you only hopes; the pagan has all those hopes realized herenow. Religion tells you that somewhere in the future, in the kingdom of God, you will be happy, continuously playing on the harp and singing, "Alleluia, Alleluia!" But sometimes I think, "How long can you play on the harp?" And in heaven there is no other work, at least

no religion says that there is any work; just be happy and go on singing alleluia.

Those saints, who must have been doing this for centuries -- feel compassion for them.

And the difficulty with heaven is, there is an entrance but there is no exit. Jean-Paul Sartre has written a play, NO EXIT; it is about hell. That's where he is wrong. The book should have been about heaven. Hell has an exit but heaven has none. In hell there is so much going on -- in every religion's hell. It is really a fantastic place, so much is going on. You will never be tired and bored -- all kinds of colorful people are there. In heaven you will find only dodos.

I have experienced many times -- because I have lived with many so-called saints -- that saints are the worst company in the world. You cannot imagine: to live with a saint for twenty-four hours is enough to make you decide never to be a saint. From the morning till the night they are moving like robots, everything according to principle.

The Buddhist monk has thirty-three thousand principles. I told one Buddhist monk ... he is an Englishman, converted at an early age -- now he is very old. Bhikkhu Shankra Chitta is his name, and he has lived in Kalimpong between Tibet and India, almost his whole life. He has written beautiful books on Tibetanism, and is certainly one of its authorities as far as scholarship is concerned.

Just by chance I was holding a camp in Bodh Gaya where Buddha became enlightened, and he had come to pay homage to the temple and to the tree where Buddha became enlightened. Just by coincidence I was also there sitting under the tree when he came. We became friends.

I told Shankra Chitta, "I cannot visualize myself ever becoming a Buddhist monk because my memory is not good. Thirty-three thousand principles! Following all those principles is out of the question; I cannot even remember them. And if you are following thirty-three thousand principles in such a small life, where will you find time to live or to breathe? Those thirty-three thousand principles will kill you from all sides."

But all religions have done that. They have given you guidelines without knowing you, who you are. But they don't bother -- "whomsoever it may concern." They decide for a non-existential human being -- just an imaginary idea -- how that human being should be. Nobody is interested in the real human being, because it is not a question as far as the real human being is concerned -- how he should be; the question is how he IS. "Should" is nonsense; "is" is the reality. But all religions are imposing the "should" on your "isness."

The pagan is one who has no shoulds; his life is should-free.

He simply lives without any guidelines, without any principles, without any savior, prophet, messiah. He himself is his savior, his messiah, his prophet, his holy book.

The pagan is really a unique individual.

I have called him Zorba.

The pagan goes on living peacefully in harmony with nature; and without any effort on his part, religiousness flowers in him.

If a man can be authentically a Zorba he is not far away from being a Buddha. He has traveled almost half the path.

And the first half is the most difficult because all the religions are against it. All the religions drag you somewhere else, away from the first half; and once you are dragged in some other direction you can never be a Buddha -- because only this way goes to Buddha.
Zorba is the way to Buddha.
If you are taken somewhere else -- you become a Christian, a Hindu, a Buddhist, a Jaina, a Mohammedan -- then there is no hope of your ever becoming a Buddha. You have been distracted from your nature; You have been taken away from the harmony between you and existence; You have been turned unnatural.
A pagan is natural -- as natural as trees and birds and rivers and mountains.
Why don't you ask me, "Does a flower need religion?" What will the poor flower do with religion? The flower blossoms. Its fragrance is released. The flower dances in the wind, in the sun, in the rain. That's its religion. What else is needed? A dance in the rain, in the sun, in the wind ... what more do you want? Your fragrance released to all directions ... what more do you want? -- because this is fulfillment. You have matured, blossomed. You have come to your ultimate peak. There is nothing higher than that. This is the religion of a flower.
A Zorba is a bud, a Buddha is a flower; but you can distract the bud, you can destroy the bud -- and millions of buds are being destroyed all over the world. They never become flowers, they never come to know what it means to blossom.
To blossom is ecstasy.

When the flower opens its petals it is just like a bird opening its wings into the sky.
When the flower starts sharing its innermost treasure of fragrance with all and sundry, there is tremendous contentment. One has arrived.
The Zorba is a bud.
Yes, a bud should not remain a bud, but the bud needs no religion. It needs to go on growing the way it has been going on. The way, the same way as it has become a bud -- it has to go on the same path -- and the flowering will come of its own accord. And remember, when flowering comes of its own accord, it has a beauty, a grace. When it is forced, then it is just painted -- make-up -- but not beauty.
In Buddha's time there was one very beautiful woman; she was a prostitute, her name was Amrapali. I remembered her at this moment because she never used any make-up. Ordinarily prostitutes use more make-up than anybody else; in fact, prostitutes always use make-up, and the older they become, the thicker becomes the make-up.
Amrapali was so beautiful. To indicate that -- that she was so beautiful -- the scriptures say that she never used any make-up. There was always a queue in front of her palace, of kings, princes, the super rich. It was very difficult to get permission to enter her palace. She was a singer, a musician, a dancer.
In the East, the meaning of the prostitute is different from in the West. In the West it is simply a sexual object. One goes to a prostitute -- that means one goes to a woman as an object, a commodity. A man pays for his sexual pleasure.

In the East the prostitute is not just an object of sex; in fact it is not easy to persuade a prostitute to be an object of sex. Particularly in the past that was so. Still, in places like Lucknow, where the old tradition of prostitutes still continues, the prostitute is a musician, a dancer, a singer. She dances, sings, she plays on instruments. She tries to make you forget all your worries.

That does not mean you are purchasing her as an object for sex. You will have to pay for all the pleasures that you enjoyed in her music, her dance; she is an artist. It is very rare that she falls in love with somebody; then she is just a woman as any other woman. She is not purchasable, she is not a commodity.

These princes and these kings and these super rich people all hankered -- and they were beautiful people -- to somehow persuade Amrapali to be their queen, their wife. But she fell in love with Gautam Buddha.

Buddha was coming to the city of Vaishali where Amrapali lived. Everybody who was of any significance had gone to receive him. The king was there, the prime minister was there; Amrapali was also there in her golden chariot. Seeing Buddha -- she had seen so many beautiful people in her life, but she had never seen such a man -- so silent, so serene, so peaceful, so relaxed, so at home. The way he walked -- because he came walking; he used to move only on his feet -- the way he walked into the city ... the grace that surrounded him ....

Amrapali fell at Buddha's feet and said, "Initiate me as your disciple, give me sannyas."

The prime minister, the king and the princes, and all the so-called big shots could not believer their eyes. Buddha said

to Amrapali, "It is better, Amrapali, that you think about it. You are young, you are beautiful. So many people have been waiting for you, they are ready to give you everything you want. You have not looked at any of them, I am a poor man, a beggar, and becoming my disciple means becoming a beggar. You think twice. It is a difficult life. We eat only one time a day, we travel on our feet -- just look at my feet. You think again."

It is said that even Buddha felt sorry to give this woman sannyas because she had lived in such luxury, she was such a flower. But Amrapali said to him,"Yes, so many people are waiting for me, but I was waiting for you. And I don't want what they want to give me. They can give me the whole world, but I don't want that. I would love just to follow you in the dusty roads, with naked feet. I will be immensely happy just to eat food once a day. I am ready to be a beggar. Just to be under your shadow is enough."

Amrapali was a pagan; she had lived very instinctively. Buddha gave her sannyas, but gave her no guidelines. That is the most important thing. He gave sannyas to millions of people but Amrapali was the only exception: to her no principle was given, no guidelines.

Buddha said, "You go on following the way -- you are on the right path. If you had not been on the right path you would not have chosen me. I have got nothing; on the other side is the whole world, and you chose me. That's indication enough that up to now you have been on the right path. Now don't ask for any guidance -- that will be a distraction. You simply go on following your own innermost being."

And Amrapali became enlightened one day. Buddha not giving her any instructions shows tremendous insight which is missing in Jesus, Mahavira, Krishna. Buddha has something special about him. That's why I have Zorba the Buddha. I could have said Zorba the Christ, but that would not have been right. It would be simply a contradiction in terms. Zorba and Christ simply don't mix -- like oil and water. However you try, they don't mix. Zorba will go on playing on his -- Mukta, what is it? -- kontukki? The instrument that Zorba plays?

"I forget."

You forgot! That's a good sign -- my people have to forget everything. I call it "kontukki" -- I think it will do. Who understands Greek anyway!

He will go on playing on his kontukki, and Jesus will go on carrying his cross. The company will be absolutely in discord, there will be no harmony. Jesus will be simply angry and tell him: "Stop it and get lost!" And Zorba is not a man anyone can stop, not even Christ.

He will say, "You shut up! You put that cross down and come with me and have a dance."

When I said Zorba the Buddha, the reason was Amrapali. Amrapali was a female Zorba. She had lived the life of music and song and dance. Buddha allowed her to remain herself. It is here that I see Buddha's insight, which is missing in every other so-called prophet and messiah of the world. This man is not interested in interfering; if anything at all, he is interested in just helping you to be yourself, to be on your own feet. Amrapali was a pagan. She did not need any religion; that's why Buddha gave her no guidelines.

I have not given you any guidelines.
I have not given you a certain mode of life, so that you have to do this and you have not to do that.
There are no commandments in my vision.
I simply love you as you are, and I would like you also to love yourself as you are, and just go on growing, just remain simply yourself.
Be a little alert because there are so many crocodiles around, religious crocodiles. Just be watchful. Those crocodiles have killed almost the whole humanity. They don't want human beings on the earth; they want Catholics, Protestant, Mohammedans, Hindus, communists, atheists -- but they don't want anybody just to be a simple human being without any adjective.
I would like you to be just yourself without any adjective.
You don't need any religion; nobody does.
Your question is such -- as if you are asking me, "Does a healthy man need medicine?" If the healthy man is a crackpot, then it is up to him; but if he is not a crackpot I don't see why he should need medicine. And if he is a crackpot then he is not healthy. To be a crackpot is enough proof that he is not healthy; he is as unhealthy as he can be. He will need all kinds of medicines, therapies, analysis, synthesis and what-not, and still he will remain a crackpot. He will go on becoming worse.
Moving from Freud to Adler, from Adler to Jung, from Jung to Assagioli, he will become more and more of a crackpot -- because these are all crackpots! He will become a very learned crackpot; he will know all the theories of Sigmund Freud, he will know all the philosophy of Adler and Jung and Assagioli. But a crackpot he will remain,

because these people themselves are crackpots. Their philosophies are crazy, their theories are insane. None of them is a man who has arrived home; none of them is a buddha, none of them is an enlightened person.

Blind people are trying to lead other blind people. They are going to fall in a ditch all together -- but then it will be too late.

Do you know that more psychoanalysts commit suicide than any other profession? The number is exactly double that of any other profession. Strange, that psychoanalysts should commit suicide twice as much as any other profession. They go mad also twice as much as any other profession. The world of the psychiatrist, the psychoanalyst, is a very strange world. Sometimes the patient is more healthy than the doctor.

I have heard of one patient who was going through psychoanalysis for months, two sessions every week. The psychiatrist was getting fed up with the man because his problem was only one; anybody would get fed up. But because he was paying, what could you do? For money, people are doing all kinds of things -- even psychiatry. Siddha is here -- he is a psychiatrist. But for money people can commit suicide, people can murder, people can do any crime. They can even do psychiatry, psychoanalysis!

This patient was really driving the psychoanalyst crazy. But he was paying, he was never late in his payments; his checks were exactly on time. He would never be late even for one moment; at the exact time he would enter in ... and the same problem.

The problem was very simple, nothing great. The problem was that he had this fantasy that some kind of strange

creatures go on crawling up all over his body the whole day; even in the night he cannot sleep, they go on crawling up, and he goes on throwing them off. And after all this psychoanalysis there was not even a single creature less -- the same number, the same problem.

He sat in the chair and started scratching. The psychoanalyst said, "Wait! Don't throw them on ME!"

This profession is the strangest in the world. Sooner or later the psychoanalyst has to go to be psychoanalyzed by another psychoanalyst. This is the only profession where they psychoanalyze each other.

A pagan is healthy and whole.

He needs no religion, but religion comes to him.

So please don't misunderstand me. I am saying he needs no religion, but religion happens to him.

Without the pagan needing religion, it blossoms in him. Does the rose bush need the rose flowers? What need can there be? The rosebush is perfectly good without rose flowers; but they come. If the rosebush is healthy, well-nourished -- the soil is good, the watering is right and the gardener is not a psychoanalyst -- then those roses are bound to come. They're on the way. The rosebush just has to be perfectly healthy: out of its health, out of it overflowing vitality, those flowers will blossom. And the more vital the rosebush is, the more fragrance will be there.

I have, my whole life, loved trees. I have lived everywhere with trees growing wild around me. I am a lazy man, you know, so somebody had to look after my trees. And I had to be careful about those people who were looking after them, because they were all prophets, messiahs, messengers of God: they all tried to do something to the tree, they

wouldn't allow the tree to be itself. They would prune it, they would cut it.

I had one gardener in Jabalpur -- a beautiful old man -- but I told him, "The moment I catch you cutting anything, you are fired. I love you, I respect you, but I love and respect my trees more, so be careful! Don't be caught."

He said, "What kind of garden is this? And I am a gardener -- I have to cut. I cannot allow trees to go wild, the whole garden will be destroyed. And if I don't cut" -- he was just working on a rosebush. He said, "If I don't prune this rosebush then the flowers will be small. I have to go on cutting many buds, then there will be few flowers but really big. And I have been winning prizes my whole life for my flowers' bigness."

I said, "You will have to forget about your prizes now, I am not interested in your prizes. I don't care whether the flower is big or small. If the tree wants to blossom in a hundred flowers, who are you to manage just to create one flower? I understand, your logic is simple: if all the buds are cut then the whole juice of the tree moves into one flower; it certainly becomes big."

He had been winning prizes. Each year there was a state-wide competition and he was always winning the prizes. In fact I got hold of him just because of that, because that year he had won the prizes, and I saw his flowers and I could not believe .... So I told him, "You just come and be my gardener."

He said, "What about my salary?"

"Salary" I said, "you decide; gardening I will decide." Poor man -- he was getting only seventy rupees per month,

wherever he was working. Now a poor man cannot even imagine much.
I told him, "You decide."
He must have stretched his whole imagination, and he came up with one hundred and forty -- double. He could not believe that I was going to say yes.
He said, "If it is too much then ...."
I said, "No, it is not too much. I was wondering how far you could stretch your imagination: only seventy rupees more? Seventy has become a fixed idea in your mind, and asking for one hundred and forty you are feeling guilty. That is decided -- if you had asked any amount I was going to give it to you. But now I am sorry -- you have asked one hundred and forty, you get one hundred and forty. But gardening you have to do according to me. No more big flowers, no more exhibitions, because the rosebushes are not interested in exhibition. And they don't get the prize, you get the prize."
Perhaps Jesus gets the prize because he has cut so many buds and made so many Catholics and so many Christians. Perhaps Krishna gets the prize. But what about these people you are cutting in the name of saving them?
I said, "This is your last year of prizes. Now -- if my garden goes wild, let it go wild; that's what nature wants it to be."
But his whole life .... Whenever I was out -- I would go to the university and he would start doing his thing. I had to come in the middle of the day when he was not expecting me. I had to leave my car far away so he could not see the car coming. And then I would come and I would catch the old man. He would say, "Excuse me -- just an old habit! I cannot see this garden being destroyed. And I feel guilty

that I am getting double the salary -- for what? Just letting this garden get destroyed?"
I said, "It is not destroyed. You have to understand. This is the way it would have been if we were not here; if all men disappeared, it would be this way. Let it be the way it would be if man had not interfered. You can support, you can help, you can be a friend, but don't be a savior."
A pagan is a natural human being.
He needs no religion.
Do you think I need religion?
What will I do with religion?
I don't see that it has any utility, it will be just useless junk.
I have lived without religion my whole life, and I have never missed it, for the simple reason that the bud has become the flower.
And I have this immense feeling of arriving.
Now there is nowhere to go, nothing to achieve.
I have become what nature, existence, life, wanted me to become. Good, bad, famous, notorious, it doesn't matter what; but this is what existence wanted me to be.
I feel immensely blissful that I have not in any way interfered with nature, life, existence; I have not let them down.
I am a religionless man.
Every religious person is a religionless man.
Only those who are religionless in the sense that they don't need religion, are fulfilled. If you need religion something is wrong with you.
If you need God something is really very very wrong with you; otherwise what are you going to do with God? Have you ever thought that if by chance you meet God .... People

have come to me asking how to see God, how to meet God. I said, "That I will arrange. But first tell me, what will you do if you by chance meet God? What is your next program? You will look silly, God will look silly; and once you have found God then your life will be pointless." That's why nobody ever finds God. Life remains a searching, a seeking.

God is like the horizon: it seems to be just there, so close; it is meeting the earth, the sky is meeting the earth. You go on and on and on, but the distance between you and the horizon remains exactly the same. As you move, the horizon goes on moving away from you. The horizon does not exist, it only appears to.

And remember, appearance is not reality. The sky and the earth meet nowhere. It is an illusion.

God does not exist. But the hungry, starving, unfulfilled, discontented human mind wants something there -- close enough so that you can believe in it; and yet, however, whatever way you try to reach it, the distance remains the same.

"God" is as distant from Judas as it is from Jesus, equally distant -- because it is a horizon. It doesn't matter if you are a Judas or a Jesus: "God" is as far away from the greatest criminal of the world as it is from the greatest saint of the world. It doesn't matter because it doesn't exist, it is simply a horizon point. That horizon point is called religion.

You need it if you are not fulfilled here and now.

If you are fulfilled here and now, who bothers about the horizon?

I have never bothered, I have never tried to reach the horizon; there is no need. And even if I meet the horizon

what am I going to do with it? I will have to come back home again.
Religion is the need of the sick mind -- a pagan is not sick. Religion is not his need, but religion is his gift to existence. I don't need religion, but whatever I have been giving to the world is religion.
And only a man who does not need religion can give. If you yourself are in need, how can you give it? I don't need it. In fact I am so much burdened by it that I go on giving it to anybody.
I am reminded of an ancient parable. A sage in the Himalayas refused throughout his whole life to initiate anybody. He became famous for that, that he is the greatest sage because he does not hanker for followers. Kings came to be initiated; he refused point-blank, telling them, "Just get lost!"
He had only one boy, a poor orphan who had no place anywhere to go to; so he said, "You can live with me and you can do a few things for me." That was the only person who was with the old sage.
One day suddenly he called the boy and said, "Go down to the plains and tell anybody you meet, `If you want to become a disciple, don't waste time -- go immediately. This is the last day of my master. By the evening, as the sun is setting he will leave the body.'"
The boy could not believe it, because he had seen even kings being refused. He said, "Anybody? or do I have some guidelines about whom I have to tell? -- because you have refused great scholars, great saints. Whom am I to call? And so suddenly -- where am I going to get them? And by evening you will be gone so there is not much time. I will

run, but I cannot promise you that I will bring persons who are qualified, because I have seen every kind of person refused by you; nobody was qualified."
The old man laughed, and said, "You don't understand. You simply go. Everybody is qualified, you just bring anybody! And when I say `anybody' I mean anybody; anybody you meet just bring. Time is short -- by the evening I will be gone."
The boy went. By the afternoon he came with thirteen people, a strange bunch. One man was going to commit suicide, he was just climbing up the mountain. The boy met him first. The boy said, "First take initiation, then you can jump. What is the hurry? And my master is willing today. This will be simply foolish ... I am not against your suicide -- that is your business -- but my business is right now to find people, anybody."
The man said, "Will he give me initiation?"
The boy said, "Certainly. You just follow me. And we have to find more people: evening is coming close."
He said, "Okay, I can commit suicide at any time, that's not a big deal. I was going to commit suicide because of my wife. This is better; becoming a sannyasin, one is finished with the wife, one has renounced the world -- this is better than suicide. You came at the right time. But will he accept me? -- because I am in every way disqualified. I am a thief, I have been in and out of jail many times; I am a drunkard. There is nothing evil that I have not done in my life. Will he accept me?"
The boy said, "Don't be worried, you just come with me."
Shopkeepers, unemployed people who were standing before the employment office ... the boy said to them, "At

least today don't waste your time -- you can stand here tomorrow. Come take the initiation. The great master is willing."
They said, "If he gives initiation, then who cares about employment? Just to be known as his disciple will be enough. Even this employment exchange officer will come and touch our feet. We are coming!"
It was a strange lot. The boy was worried: "I don't think that these people that I am taking ....
He will hit me, but what can I do? Where can I find kings and great scholars in this small village? And there is no time for me to go to Varanasi and find real scholars, wise people. He did not give them the chance when they came before. He is such a strange old guy."
Very afraid, he entered. He said, "I have brought thirteen people. I could not manage to bring more because somebody was too busy with his work, somebody was going in a marriage procession; they said, `Today it is not possible. After three days ....' Only thirteen people I have brought, and they are not qualified in any way. All are the rottenmost people because they were uselessly sitting there. They said, `Okay, let us see what this initiation is. They are not even religious.":
The old man said, "Don't be worried -- you bring all of them."
The boy said, "All of them?"
"Yes," he said, "all of them, because time is short and I have to initiate them."
He initiated all those thirteen people. Those thirteen people were also shocked. They said, "You are going to leave? Then this will always remain a mystery, that your whole

life you refused, refused such qualified people -- anybody would have been proud to have them as his disciples. And you are accepting us -- just third-rate, rotten people living in this village. And we have come here just because we had nothing to do, so we thought, `Let us see what is this initiation.' We don't know anything about religion, about initiation."

The old sage said, "Don't be worried. There is no mystery in it. The times I refused were the times I had nothing to give. It was not a question of their qualifications, it was a question of my qualification. I had nothing to give them. I had not blossomed myself, and I cannot cheat people.

"Today I have blossomed, but unfortunately I am the kind of flower which blossoms in the morning and by the evening the petals fall and disappear. Now I have something to give. It doesn't matter who you are -- qualified, unqualified does not matter at all. Does a flower ask you, `Are you qualified to receive my fragrance?' So why should I ask that? You just take it, I am burdened; before I leave this world I want to share something. I want to go with the contentment that I am not a poor man, that I am dying an emperor, not a beggar."

Religion is given by those people who have no need of religion.

Only a pagan can become a buddha.

And only a pagan becoming a buddha releases the fragrance called religion.

But it is not his need.

His need is to share it.

His need is to shower it on all -- known, unknown, familiar, stranger, it doesn't matter.

His need is that of a raincloud; just to shower.